

Alexisonfire, "Hey, It's Your Funeral Mama"

The sky is blue, the grass is brown
My head is buried inside this helmet
And the ever present threat of parasites
So take my hand, let's get these motors running!

So you drive red (you drive red)
And I'll drive black (I'll drive black)
(We'll see who's machine was recently serviced)
We'll slit these rows of Goodyears like a knife

We don't fear [5x]
These machines

I got the scoop, I got the scoop
And it doesn't look so good, so good for you

So you drive red (you drive red)
And I'll drive black (I'll drive black)
(We'll see who's machine was recently serviced)
We'll cut these rows of Goodyears like a knife
Like a knife, like a knife, yeah
We'll cut this row of Goodyears like a knife

So you drive red (you drive red)
And I'll drive black (I'll drive black)
(We'll see who's machine was recently serviced)
We'll cut this row of Goodyears like a knife.