

Angry Salad, Rico

I'd say for certain to watch over me
Phone rings at half past three
I'd say for certain to watch over me
When the phone rings at half past three
My mind and it's coming back to back
To me from my dreams
Only knows that bad news never sleeps
Yeah, Rico carved his name in a tree
Not with a knife but with his life or so it goes
Yeah, in dreams I see his face
I recognize the place right next to 'Dashboard Jesus'
Cold snow, a small red river flowed
In the stage of the lone headlight
Clothes shorn, it seems that
They've been worn for the last time tonight
I knew then, these couldn't be my friends
They know enough to know that
You don't make snow angels with your face down
Angels with your face upon the ground
Rico carved his name in a tree
Not with a knife but with his life or so I'm told
Yeah, in dreams I see his face
I recognize the place right next to 'Dashboard Jesus'
Had to get me home in time
In time to tape 'The Simpsons'
And it seems, I lost this time
It seems that last song that they heard
The last song that they heard
It plays on and on and on
And on and on in my head
It seems the last song
That they heard was 'Sweet Emotion'
It's cold, it's cold, it's cold, oh my friend Rico
It's cold, it's cold, it's cold, oh my friend Rico
(It gets colder as I touch his shoulder
It gets colder, and he'll get no older)
Yeah, in dreams I see his face
I recognize the place right next to 'Dashboard Jesus'