

Beck, One Foot In The Grave

There's a dead hobo on the patio
And an old barbed wire on the funeral fire
Well, you roll out the carpet
And it better be red
And it better be long
As the troubles in my head
Gonna be living' one foot in the grave

Well, I was sitting' at home,
Cooking' up a steak
Satan came down, dressed like a snake
Well, he called my name
As I turned up the flames
And then I realized I was out of mayonnaise
Well, you be living' one foot in the grave

Yeah, don't go throwing'
No coupons on my grave
Don't go carving'
No happy face on my tombstone Woah! Woah!