

# 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!