

Econoline Crush, Flamethrower

Kick start the beat box
The saints are marching through
Demons are the dealers here
While the house band plays the blues
I won't give you no refund
On all these borrowed goods
I'd throw the kill switch
But the engine's running smooth

Something 'bout this place we're in
Is killing me and you
Someone find the messenger
Don't forget to shoot
Once I would save them
Now I want them dead
I might not ever get
All the things she said

Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell

Don't know about this
I ain't one to be amused
Some of us have trouble
Forgiving some of you
A smooth cadillac ride
Take me far away
I'll be back, don't worry
Everything's okay

Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell

Street walkers sleep well
On a Sunday afternoon
A million times they warned me
About spending time with you
These tiny packages
Broke the bank and left
I've walked from miles
And I ain't seen nothing yet

Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell

Something 'bout this place we're in

Is killing me and you
Someone find the messenger
Don't forget to shoot

Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell (2x)