Head Automatica, Sacramental Narcotics

enjoy your summer in hell

Nashville
in a coupe deville
I swear we drove through
an oil spill
and the shacks on the roadside
trade hats for water jugs

Tennessee in a beat up dart weeds roll it dark in these parts the lines on the road could screw like the steeple chase

I don't want to go to jail I don't want to go to jail I don't want to go to jail and say I'm poor

sound the alarm inside give me some time to hide ring the alarm ring the alarm sound the alarm inside

You're rich you're rich you're a wealthy miser atop a hill of pennies, too high to find her and my love shines just like a golden tooth

camomile for nerves of steel you mass market your mass appeal and the devil riding shotgun prays for summer in hell

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