

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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