

Head Automatica, Tip Your Hooker

Enjoy your summer in hell

Nashville
In a coupe deville
I swear we drove
Through an oil spill
And the shacks on the road side
Trade hats for water jugs
Tennessee
In a beat up Dart
Weeds rollin dark
In these parts
And the lines on the road cork
screw like the steeplechase

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 mizer
Atop a hill of pennies
Too high to find her
And my love shines
Just like a golden tooth
Chamomile
For nerves of steel
You mass market
Your mass appeal
And the devil riding shotgun
Prays for a summer in hell

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