

# 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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