

# Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Beautiful Disaster

Will you be my Mary Magdalene, would you be my American dream  
Will you mix your perfume up, from diesel fumes and gasoline  
Be my sweet insurgence, load the magazine  
Let's shoot out the lights tonight, we've been waiting too long for them to turn green

Now, take the wheel, the highway's clear  
I got the throttle, now baby you steer  
Let's squeeze every drop out of this machine  
The coffee, the diesel, the methamphetamines  
'Til this Goddamn rig can't run no faster  
Baby ain't we a, beautiful disaster

Stars burn their brightest, just before they burn out  
Here in our prime, I know it's just the way of things  
So if were short on years, baby we're long on miles  
So let's grind the gears, and sink the needle in the red on all the dials

## REPEAT CHORUS

You know I love to watch them angels  
Fightin' over you  
Heaven knows they left me... long ago

Oooh, la salvadora, oh, sweet catastrophe  
Ahh, siren song, the captain says there's nothing wrong  
As I dash my ship upon your shore, a mad, drunk, and reckless troubadour  
I'm outside here hollerin' at your door, begging you for more of you

Now, take the wheel, the highway's clear  
I got the throttle, now baby you steer  
Let's squeeze every drop out of this machine  
The coffee, the diesel, the methamphetamines  
'Til this horses scream we can't run no faster  
Baby ain't we a, beautiful disaster  
Baby ain't we a...beautiful disaster