

Spikes To You

Drive Like Jehu

'A' frames, statuettes, sunset magazine, they're lining up to do their jobs
But I swear to god I seen: bits and guts and pieces hanging from the trees,
Stumpy mow the lawn, c'mon, ya gotta bare piece a' ground. Pour some
Concrete, buy a sofa, lay yer body down... your kids are fucking in your
Garbage, they're waiting for your job, got the mouths around your
Paycheck, got joysticks for your saws.