

Flamethrower

Econoline Crush

Kick start the beat box
The saints are marching through
While the house band plays the blues
Demons are the dealers here
I won't give you no refund
On all these borrowed goods
But the engine's running smooth
I'd throw the kill switch
Is killing me and you
Someone find the messenger
Something 'bout this place we're in
Don't forget to shoot
Now I want them dead
Once I would save them
I might not ever get
All the things she said
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
Everything is going to hell
I got this feeling
Don't know about this
I ain't one to be amused
Some of us have trouble
Forgiving some of you
A smooth cadillac ride
I'll be back, don't worry
Take me far away
Everything's okay
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Don't know how much you can tell
Everything is going to hell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Street walkers sleep well
Everything is going to hell
On a Sunday afternoon
About spending time with you
A million times they warned me
These tiny packages
Broke the bank and left
I've walked from miles
And I ain't seen nothing yet
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Is killing me and you

Something 'bout this place we're in
Don't forget to shoot
Someone find the messenger
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
I got this feeling
Don't think I hide it that well
Everything is going to hell (2x)