

Tell Em All to Go to Hell

Ezra Furman

I'm a runaway dog, and I'm kicking up dust
In a Chevy Express with a hood full of rust
And a head full of dead ends
And thoughts of young redheads
Who don't have my number no more

I'm caught in a mouse-trap I set for myself
Where I sneer at ideas of material wealth
And I sleep in the alley
And I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of the fabulous four

Tell 'em all, tell 'em all
Tell 'em all, tell 'em all
Oh Man!
Tell 'em all to go to Hell

I'm blown like a leaf 'cross the United States
By a force that'll grab you and throw you away
And I'm too young to die
Or I'm too scared to try
But I guess that there's no way around it

It's a double-bind, baby, a Catch-22
How nobody knows you until there's no you
Cause it all drifts away
Or dissolves into gray
At the moment that you're saying that I think that I've found it

Tell 'em all
Tell 'em all, tell 'em all
Good God!
Tell 'em all to go to Hell