

Suicide Machine

Highly Suspect

Gasoline
A big death machine
Well, this whole damn scene can go and get fucked
Do you know what I mean?
I'm fuckin' Steve McQueen
So hop on the back bitch, and keep your chin tucked

Yeah, I'm a suicide machine
The rocker, the roller
The out of controller
The nightttime rider

Somebody hold my coat
I'm gonna rip some Coke
And if I'm lucky, it might just wake me up
'Cause I'm wide asleep
Tanning under the moon
Next to a can of Modelo filled with cigarette butts

Yeah, I'm a suicide machine
The rocker, the roller
The out of controller
The nightttime rider

Yeah, and there's nothing left between my ears
I have no fears
Just lots of fucked up dreams
Of haunting memories
There's nothing left for me
I tried so hard to believe in love
Hahaha

There's nothing left for me
Beyond these broken dreams
And haunting memories
And gasoline
Yeah, gasoline!