

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 nighttime 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 nighttime 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!