

You're planning to park cars  
Hang your head on yourself  
Revving up a go-getter maker  
Trust fund on your belt

And everybody's got big plans  
Just don't count on yourself  
You'rebettin' to lose  
And you lose

A limousine driver  
I'd rather the tomb than the hearse  
Doesn't look like I'm better because the feeling's only worse  
Check your vitals, you're a dead man  
You're dragging your name along through the dirt  
It looks like it hurts

I never said I'd make it easy babe  
Yeah, my heart's the man  
(We can feel alone)  
I never said I'd take it easy babe  
I'm a working man  
(We can feel alone)  
Call your friends into a combination  
(We can feel at home)  
Well, I told you  
In a world we left unknown  
Well, I told you  
And the love we kept alone  
It's the beating of your mad heir

Cruising in my jet fighter  
Doing flips with the birds  
Would you cover my tail, man  
if I made a careless turn?

And everybody's got big plans  
Just don't count on yourself  
You'rebettin' to lose  
And you lose

I never said I'd make it easy babe  
But my hearts the man  
(We can feel alone)  
I never said I'd take it easy babe  
I'm a working man  
(We can feel alone)  
Call your friends into a combination  
(We can feel the jolts)  
Well, I told you  
Of the worlds of thousand stones  
Well, I told you  
Of the skies of mobile homes  
Well, I told you  
And the bombs we dropped below  
It's the beating of your mad heir

You know my lady  
She drives my Mercedes  
I want you  
You know my lady  
She drives my Mercedes  
I want you  
You know my lady  
She drives my Mercedes  
I want you  
You know my lady  
She drives my Mercedes  
I want you  
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