

Ashes

Tom MacDonald

This shit is rock and roll to me, there's no controlling me
I sold my soul and stole the gold from royalty
I'm locked and loaded 'til the motor overheats
I'll rock the boat in seas I'm not supposed to be
The Holy Ghost is in my broken bones
And Heaven only knows what being broke awoke in me
The homes of those who tried to slow my roll
And throw me to the wolves will turn up burned and smouldering
I'm filling the coffins with everything that I wanted
And then I'll drag 'em behind me so they will not be forgotten
I hit the bottle so often that when I did hit the bottom
It didn't even hurt even a bit, but now I proceed with caution
And I've been haunted by rotten bodies, the path that I've plotted
Been full of haters and demons, I burn the bridge when I cross it
I got a dollar in my pocket that I'm saving just in case
I get to where I'm headed, and I still need change

I feel the ghost of rock and roll take hold of me
An overdose of I don't care what you believe
So fuck 'em all, I'm Jimmy Page, I'm Kurt Cobain
I'm Rolling Stones, lay Guns N' Roses across my grave
Ashes to ashes, mama
Ashes to ashes, papa

This shit is blood and guts to me, it's mud and rust to me
That type of feeling when you love destructively
Its claws are stuck in me, it promised luxury
If I said I trust you, you are dumb for trusting me
Hate me publicly or wait for company
Or pray to God, your devil never summons me
Either way, you don't have shit to say
Without a Tom MacDonald, you exist because of me
I'm fueling the fire with little beautiful liars
They burn the brightest, then I pull out every tooth with the pliers
They get a funeral suitable for the rumours that ruined
All of the truth in my music, I took the food out the fryer
I've been hell and back without a burn, my boots made of iron
I keep a cooler full of booze 'cause I'm a juvenile tyrant
I never lose, I get with Lucifer, and he knows who I am
So when you meet him, say I said, "What up?", there's zero survivors

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Bitch, I got bands
Don't want no revenge
'Cause, bitch, I got plans
All I need is my fans
With the world in my hands
I'm burning the people who said that I can't
I'm burning the churches that worship the damned
Then housing the holy wherever I stand

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