

Get Dead

Backyard Babies

You say it's wrong
But I say alright
Alright is wrong
Or might is right
Everything is fucked so bad
So messed up so sad
You ain't feeling so fine
When there's too much speed along the line
And there's freak confusions in your bed
And you got triple sixes in your head

So get dead on an anything-can-happen-day
Baby, get dead, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah

I walk on by
I need a higher
Place to go away
On an anything-can-happen-day
There's freak confusions in your bed
And you got triple sixes in your head

So get dead on an anything-can-happen-day
Baby, get dead, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah

I said, get dead

See what I hear
Feel what I fear
So what's new, what you trying to do
I make no deals with you

Get dead on an anything-can-happen-day
Baby, get dead, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah

I said, get dead
Get dead
Baby, get dead
Get dead