

# One Foot in the Grave

Beck

There's s dead hobo on the patio  
And an old barbed wire on the funeral fire  
Well, you roll out the carpet and it better be red  
And it better be long cos the troubles in my head  
Gonna be livin' one foot in the grave

Well, I was sittin' at home cookin' up a steak  
Satan came down dressed like a snake  
Well, he called my name as I turned up the flames  
And then I realized I was out of mayonnaise  
Well, you been livin' one foot in the grave

Yeah, don't go throwin' no coupons on my grave  
Don't go carvin' no happy face on my tombstone