

One Foot in the Grave

Beck

There's a 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