

# Flamethrower

Econoline Crush

Kick start the beat box  
The saints are marching through  
While the house band plays the blues  
Demons are the dealers here  
I won't give you no refund  
On all these borrowed goods  
But the engine's running smooth  
I'd throw the kill switch  
Is killing me and you  
Someone find the messenger  
Something 'bout this place we're in  
Don't forget to shoot  
Now I want them dead  
Once I would save them  
I might not ever get  
All the things she said  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
Everything is going to hell  
I got this feeling  
Don't know about this  
I ain't one to be amused  
Some of us have trouble  
Forgiving some of you  
A smooth cadillac ride  
I'll be back, don't worry  
Take me far away  
Everything's okay  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Everything is going to hell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Street walkers sleep well  
Everything is going to hell  
On a Sunday afternoon  
About spending time with you  
A million times they warned me  
These tiny packages  
Broke the bank and left  
I've walked from miles  
And I ain't seen nothing yet  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell  
Is killing me and you

Something 'bout this place we're in  
Don't forget to shoot  
Someone find the messenger  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell  
Don't know how much you can tell  
I got this feeling  
Don't think I hide it that well  
Everything is going to hell (2x)