

Gas Hed Goes West

Live

If I was half alive
and you were dead
subsisting on that same old bread

It's the memory that hides
the whole wide world
it's the gas hed's love of america

It's the memory that hides
take your photographs back
for the love of all gods
our gas hed marches on
our gas hed marches on

He's a bona fide man
a star amongst his clan
and the only one that let me ride

It's the memory that dies
our gas hed was right
when they lanced his skull
there was puss and light

It's the memory that dies
so take your photographs back
for the love of all gods
our gas hed marches on
our gas hed marches on

It's the memory that dies
and make your photographs black
for the love all gods
gas hed marches on
gas hed marches on

It's the memory that dies
so take your photographs back
for the love of all gods
our gas hed marches on
our gas hed marches on
gas hed is on the radio, radio, radio...