

# Coin for the Ferryman

Nickelback

Flying down the highway like a bat out of hell  
My buddy Bradley's in the middle [?] he's lookin' out the window  
We just got high and hopin' no one could tell  
But with the icky and the sticky it don't matter where the wind blows  
Lighter in my hand and I got nothing to burn  
Except a little turpentine inside of those five paint cans  
Pick up a shotgun and we'll all take turns  
But don't you ever say a word cause you know momma's gonna hate that

The dice that we've been rollin'  
Where our lives are bitter stolen  
When you're walking through the fire for fun  
Tidal wave in motion  
You can't hide from the explosion  
In 3...2...1

We're smokin' dynamite  
Too many fuses to light  
(Our kingdom come, on the run)  
Gonna steal, beg and borrow  
A thousand Fahrenheits  
And we're about to ignite  
(So keep the throttle to the bottom)  
We may never see tomorrow  
If tonight's our time to go, the one thing I know  
We'll need a coin for the ferryman  
Leave us a coin for the ferryman

Countin' every nickel, dime and five dollar bill  
So we've been stealin' gasoline and laying low out on the backroads  
The city lights are glowin' over the hill  
And we can make it, but we take the chance of never coming back home

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One for the road and one for those who never leave  
One for the Lord and take it from the devil  
Don't even try, 'cause you know you can't hide  
Better run, better run, better run

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