

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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