

Ahhh... Men

Say Anything

Staring out the window of our tour bus
and it's just the horny driver and us.
Sit and trade wit, and smoke and we cuss
talking about our friendly border drug bust.

And I know the future's cloudy and gray
record like mine, give up or go gay.
You're looking down at me with blue and black eyes
pissing down a storm from purple night skies.

ah-uh-huh, ah-uh-huh, ah-haa, ah-uh-huh

And I know the concept's muddy and trite
that all that is large and all that is slight
is flowing in the stream of holy flood lights
writing holy books, lord knows we bite.

But if this is your will and my testament
I will bow to no belief that they bent
still I'm just a sperm begat from your love
basking in the bread, the blood of your dove

ah-uh-huh, ah-uh-huh, ah-haa, ah-uh-huh

Can I lie with you in your grave?
Can I lie with you in your grave?

There's a crack in the edge at the end of the world
where I will sit with my love in this fluorescent swirl
eat us up, break it down, to the tiniest cell
in our room with a view and a window to hell.

Where those who buried bodies in their barrels of fun
will be marched through museums that display what they've done.
They'll be shot up through the sky by a cannon of sin
where we'll reluctantly let them in.

So can I lie in your grave, at the edge at the end of the world
where I will sit with my love in this fluorescent swirl
eat us up, break it down, to the tiniest cell
in our room with a view and a window to hell.

Where those who buried bodies in their barrels of fun
will be marched through museums that display what they've done.
They'll be shot up through the sky by a cannon of sin
where we'll reluctantly let them in.

So can I lie in your grave?
(Can I lie with you in your grave?) (2x)
So can I lie in your grave?
(Can I lie with you in your grave?) (2x)
So can I lie in your grave?