

Yard Trip #7

Screaming Trees

Yard trip number seven
Is the one that they painted on the lawn
If we load it up into this gun
Soon it'll all be gone

Quarter to eleven
On the day of my birth
In the desert wind
I will have a grin that might
Shatter the earth

Woah, woah, woah, woah (woe)

There's three short ways to live again
Crumble like paper upon my skin
They all tell you to try
But you're gonna cry
When no one cares where you been

Couple days of driving
In circles, I'd rather spin
We got eight more lives
And two more tries
And six ways for tripping me out

Yard trip number seven
Is the one they tried to steal from heaven
And if we load it up into this gun
soon it'll all be gone

And we have to do it via question and answer response, that we
have to put it on-line

OK

so, uh, the question will be "What kind of trees are you?" the
reply would be "Screaming Trees"

OK

Simple - to the point.