

## Second Hearse Same As The First

### The Copyrights

Pick up the phone and call in dead to work  
If you never go back, I promise it won't hurt  
Don't give tomorrow another look  
Rip up your license burn your checkbook  
Just wish I could let myself off the hook  
Then I'd pick up the phone  
Pick up the phone, and we'll be gone

Scrape up the stone to know it'll be alright  
If you don't know where you're gonna sleep tonight  
But you know, it's all within your reach  
Go outside, lay your heart on the street  
If only I could practice what I preach

We used to think, that now we know better  
Today we realize that we only know worse  
And we're dreaming, if we're thinking  
It's gonna get better on its own before the hearse