

Crown of Laffs

Urge Overkill

I had a vision of the Corrupt Man
the clouds were parting
and the sky was cyan
Pulled off the main road
cause my wheels were warm
I'm shifting down
the lights are cherry
I just can't begin
with an open hand
I started talking to the Man O'Grace
I said - HEY GOD
COULD YOU TAKE
YOUR FOOT OFF MY FACE
And in His eyes I was just like Him
I guess I was only dreaming again
But you make me feel
like I'm the King O' the Road
and I need you to ride beside me
Someone take this Crown that is my head
then you play the King cause I'll be dead
I will take this Crown O'Laffs from my head
cause I just can't end with an open hand