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