

Free or Dead

Atmosphere

So here I am, trying to be the man, right?
Using my gun to see at night sleeping with my flashlight
In the afterlife I hope the AC works
So while I wait well I'm a pass out and taste this curve
And she attacked with flirts, smacked my nerves
Wearin' that black skirt
Got my nature so hard it made my back hurt
I cracked a smirk cuz I was dumb and drunk
she gave wink and a smile and dropped a quarter in my cup
man, people are kinda odd so I keep my eyebrow raised
I only hear the words for what they mean, know what I mean?
and I do believe in God cuz I keep comin across all these fine women
with low self esteem, you know what I mean.
I've got attention deficit, I've got the bedroom eyes
I've the storms in my head, I've got my telephone voice
I've got to make a decision of whether I live or die
I'd rather just run cuz either way it's one hell of a choice

my car is like my own personal universe
she's my drug and it only takes twelve bucks to fill 'er up
but in my galaxy there ain't no room for Earth
so I'm leavin it cuz I can feel the oil pressure building up
turning over the ignition of my solar system
check the gauges, push in the tape, put my foot on the brake
shift existence, light my cigarette
and take it state to state until I crash into my fate

now I'm giving back everything they gave me, not a damn thing
it'll take me more than a good DJ to save me, and I'm not dancing
I can't seem to make up my bed, much less my mind
so I'm a take another puff to my head, and press rewind
I wish this car had cruise control, so I could rest my legs
I've got this itch to prove my soul, and test my fate
doing hunny in a sixty five, got stopped by a copper
caught, spotted, and radared by a chopper
Wisconsin style!, over the limit by forty miles
Watch me smile, cuz I ain't been around here for a long while
grabbed my paper, gave her thanks?, have a nice day
yo, word of advice, trade the doughnuts in and gets some rice cakes
back to my travels, running from my shadows
passin hitchhikers and bikers honkin the horn harrasin the cattle
hair back sticking to the seat, sweat drippin from the heat
diggin through a cooler of gruel, I'm looking for something to eat
yo, there's a Hardee's at the next stop
don't wanna, but I need ta'
cuz I'm craving something to chase the taste of this tequila

(uhh, yeah, you guys got value meals? can you put some barbecue
sauce... I wanna honey bun. change that shit. I want chicken pebbles.
no, onion bun, onion bun. onion rings. extra pork. word up. can you
supersize that? yo girl, you got kind of a pretty voice. yo girl, what
time yu get off work?)

90 east towards Chicago, on my way to Cincinnati
I won't ever let em catch me, and I won't ever make em happy
watch your wives and your daughters when I'm passin through the
hometown, castin lines into the water, catchin goldfish out your bowl

and I'm as cool as the cat that came to school just for lunch
I'm the rebel pissin in the public pool, just for fun
takin my peace
I need release, and I don't think I'm a find it in between your legs
yo, I'm just jokin, only going to the corner to get some eggs
so when she starts makin the coffee I toss my bags in the back seat
and I can remember it all like it must have happened last week
sometimes I stop to think, for all the money I've spent
how I'd rather live in a tent than bust my ass and pay the rent
but I'm eager to pay my dues, and I'd be glad to pay the tollbooth
and I've agreed to sing the blues ever since the day I broke loose
just like a blindfolded child walking through the toy store
voice, not even aware that the world is my oyster