

## Gas Hed Goes West

Live

If I was half alive  
and you were dead  
subsisiting on that same old bread

It's the memory that hides  
the whole wide world  
it's the gas hed's love of america

It's the memory that hides  
take your photographs back  
for the love of all gods  
our gas hed marches on  
our gas hed marches on

He's a bona fide man  
a star amongst his clan  
and the only one that let me ride

It's the memory that dies  
our gas hed was right  
when they lanced his skull  
there was puss and light

It's the memory that dies  
so take your photographs back  
for the love of all gods  
our gas hed marches on  
our gas hed marches on

It's the memory that dies  
and make your photographs black  
for the love all gods  
gas hed marches on  
gas hed marches on

It's the memory that dies  
so take your photographs back  
for the love of all gods  
our gas hed marches on  
our gas hed marches on  
gas hed is on the radio, radio, radio...