

## Yard Trip #7

### Screaming Trees

Yard trip number seven  
Is the one that they painted on the lawn  
If we load it up into this gun  
Soon it'll all be gone

Quarter to eleven  
On the day of my birth  
In the desert wind  
I will have a grin that might  
Shatter the earth

Woah, woah, woah, woah (woe)

There's three short ways to live again  
Crumble like paper upon my skin  
They all tell you to try  
But you're gonna cry  
When no one cares where you been

Couple days of driving  
In circles, I'd rather spin  
We got eight more lives  
And two more tries  
And six ways for tripping me out

Yard trip number seven  
Is the one they tried to steal from heaven  
And if we load it up into this gun  
soon it'll all be gone

And we have to do it via question and answer response, that we  
have to put it on-line

OK

so, uh, the question will be "What kind of trees are you?" the  
reply would be "Screaming Trees"

OK

Simple - to the point.