

Second Hearse Same As The First

The Copyrights

Pick up the phone and call in dead to work
If you never go back, I promise it won't hurt
Don't give tomorrow another look
Rip up your license burn your checkbook
Just wish I could let myself off the hook
Then I'd pick up the phone
Pick up the phone, and we'll be gone

Scrape up the stone to know it'll be alright
If you don't know where you're gonna sleep tonight
But you know, it's all within your reach
Go outside, lay your heart on the street
If only I could practice what I preach

We used to think, that now we know better
Today we realize that we only know worse
And we're dreaming, if we're thinking
It's gonna get better on its own before the hearse