

Sidewinder

Tomahawk

I consume everything the world shoves in my face
I drink, I eat, I live it
And it is not my choice
No more crack in voice
Yeah
Unicorns and trolley cars
Blank checks and dollar cards
Get your nuts out of your bank account
The hunt is on
(The hunt is on, the hunt is on, the hunt is on)

You shoot a grenade
Out of your flames
Like a plumber from a clogged drain
Variety is the spice of death
[?] strain

Like a fat man on a plane
Well there's no trust fund kids
Can't find the money kin
On the lips of the stone wind
Stand in line like cows
I repeat
Stand in line like cows
And snort like fuckin' sows
Remember, boss, remember
The world go 'round for the both of us
The both of us
Well, it's a seventh inning stretch, huh?
Stand up, stretch it out
Cut me like a bonesaw
It's an unwritten law
And the world still goes 'round for the both of us
Aw, for the both of us