

My grandpa had a rifle that he took from a Vietcong
But he pawned it on a guitar when he got back from Saigon
Every now and then I think about him when I set down to play
Swing Low Sweet Chariot, Amazing Grace
So let the beat roll on, I'm 'bout to get in the zone
I been locked up all by myself but I'm known to grow my own
I burn it till it's gone like there ain't nothing wrong
I'm just out in the shade watching the world go up in flames
(Up in flames)
I was born from barbwire, I been stuck out in the fray
I'ma shed this mortal coil like a canebrake rattlesnake
I'm gonna feast among the righteous, gonna see my friends again
I'ma dance outside the gates, hoping like hell they let me in
So let the beat roll on, I'm 'bout to get in the zone
I been locked up all by myself but I'm known to grow my own

I burn it till it's gone like there ain't nothing wrong
I'm just out in the shade watching the world go up in flames
(Up in flames)

(Oh, yeah)

(Oh, yeah)

(Oh, yeah)

California's burning, it's snowing in the pines
They say the world is ending, well, maybe it's about time
Have we forgot about the children? Forgot about love?
Have we forgot about forgiveness from the good Lord up above?
So let the beat roll on, I'm 'bout to get in the zone
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(Up in flames)

Watching the world go up in flames

Watching the world go up in flames

(Oh, yeah)

(Oh, yeah)

(Oh, yeah)

(Oh, yeah)