Tastes Like Funk

I Set The Sea On Fire

I'm gonna sing my blues, to the rattle of a sidewinder
Sing it to insomniac kids, and set their heads on fire
So turn that gain way higher, it'll help you find your blue skies sunny eyes
And while the whole street sleeps, you and IGet blazed, get blazed and we raise a glass for the end of days
I could have been anything I could have been a saint
but in the end we all die just the same
And when I'm dead I'm dead and I'm done
all I wanna say is that it was fun
Cause I 'ain't no hippy and I 'ain't no punk
but I love that tastes cause it tastes like funkLet there be peace on Mother Earth, and god will save the Queen
And then we'll move it to the promised land, in the back of a blacked out limousine
Do it for your grey lunged martyrs, and do it for your twisted spine Fathers
Do it for your ha-ha heroics, of the unsung poetGet blazed, get blazed and we raise a glass for the end of days
I could have been anything I could have been a saint
but in the end we all die just the same
And when I'm dead I'm dead and I'm done
all I wanna say is that it was fun
Cause I ain't no hippy and I ain't no punk
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