Yard Trip #7

Screaming Trees

Yard trip number seven's
The one that they painted on the lawn
And 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 would have a grin
That might shatter the earth
WhoaThere'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've beenCouple days of driving in circles I'd rather spin
We've got eight more lives and two more tries
And six ways for drifting beyond
WhoaYard trip number seven's the one they
Tried to steal from heaven
And if we load it up into this gun
Soon it'll all be gone
Whoa

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