

# Flamethrower

## Bobby Jealousy

Kick start the beat box  
The saints are marching through  
While the house band plays the blues  
Demons are the dealers here  
I won't give you no refund  
On all these borrowed goods  
I'd throw the kill switch  
But the engine's running smoothSomething 'bout this place we're in  
Is killing me and you  
Someone find the messenger  
Don't forget to shoot  
Once I would save them  
Now I want them dead  
I might not ever get  
All the things she saidDon't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hellDon't know about this  
I ain't one to be amused  
Some of us have trouble  
Forgiving some of you  
A smooth cadillac ride  
Take me far away  
I'll be back, don't worry  
Everything's okayDon't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hellStreet walkers sleep well  
On a Sunday afternoon  
A million times they warned me  
About spending time with you

These tiny packages  
Broke the bank and left  
I've walked from miles  
And I ain't seen nothing yet  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell  
Something 'bout this place we're in  
Is killing me and you  
Someone find the messenger  
Don't forget to shoot  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell  
Don't know how much you can tell  
Don't think I hide it that well  
I got this feeling  
Everything is going to hell (2x)

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