

Crown of Laffs

Urge Overkill

I had a vision of the corrupt man
The clouds were parting and the sky was cyan
Turned out, the man looked 'cause my wheels were warm
I'm shifting down, the lights are turning
I just can't begin with an open hand
I started talking to the man of brass
I said, "Hey cop, could you take your foot off my face?"
And in his eyes I was just like him
I guess, I was only dreaming again
"She makes me feel like I'm the king of the road
And I need you to ride beside me"

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