Call 911

John Scofield

The sun no longer shines on your side
Remember this cold
When the fog won't lift in your town
And you turn old
I heard you killed your only friend last year
You're such a disease
You can buy your other friends
But you can't buy me
Chorus
Disarm, can you hear the British ambulance
Breaking down, trick, bomb still goes

Tick tick time on by, watching me explode
When did I create you?
Did you ever destroy me?
Can this be settled with questions?
I can't think of anything.
I'm just a little boy with an untrained voice
But I have cannons for arms
I play the guitar and songs
With hidden missiles and bombs
Repeat Chorus

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