Tip Your Hooker

Head Automatica

Enjoy your summer in hellNashville
In a coupe deville
I swear we drove
Through an oil spill
And the shacks on the road side
Trade hats for water jugs
Tennessee
In a beat up Dart
Weeds rollin dark
In these parts
And the lines on the road cork
screw like the steeplechaseI don't want
To go to jail
I don't want
To go to jail
I don't want
To go to jail
And say I'm poorSound the alarm
Inside
Give me some time
To hide
Ring the alarm
Ring the alarm
Sound the alarm
InsideYou're rich you're rich
You're a wealthy mizer
Atop a hill of pennies
Too high to find her
And my love shines
Just like a golden tooth
Chamomile
For nerves of steel
You mass market
Your mass appeal
And the devil riding shotgun
Prays for a summer in hellI don't want
To go to jail
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