

Spikes to You

Drive Like Jehu

'A' frames, statuettes, Sunset Magazine
They're lining up to do their jobs but I swear to God
I seen bits and guts and pieces hanging from the trees
Stumpy mow the lawn, c'mon, ya gotta bare piece a' ground
Pour some concrete, buy a sofa, lay ye body down Your kids are fucking in your garbage
They're waiting for your job
Got the mouths around your paycheck
Got joysticks for your saws

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