

Gas Hed Goes West

Live

If I was half alive then you were dead
Subsistin' on that same old bread
It's the memory that hides the whole wide world
It's the gas hed's love of AmericaIt's the memory that hides
Take your photographs back
For the love of all Gods
Our gas hed marches on
Our gas hed marches onHe's a bonified man, a star amongst his clan
And the only one that let me ride
It's the memory that dies, our gas hed was right
When they lanced his skull there was puss and lightIt's the memory that dies
So take your photographs back
For the love of all Gods
Our gas hed marches on
Our gas hed marchesIt's the memory that dies
And make your photographs black
For the love of all Gods
Our gas hed marches on
Our gas hed marches onIt's the memory that dies
So take your photographs back
For the love of all Gods
Our gas hed marches onGas hed is on the radio, radio, radio
Gas hed is on the radio, radio, radio
Gas hed is on the radio, yeah

Lyrics provided by

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