

Crome

Zebrahead

Chrome revolution, microphone pollution
Satellite days with a textbook solution
Get back, slide off the track
Like a lyric in a haystack Drunk off of crack, got my feet high
Never figured out where the dogs lie
Didn't mean to pry but the door was open
Lucy in the sky with her red hair token Do what you like, nothing lasts for ever
So get on it before you think twice
So you think you're clever
But everything worth while has got a price Money proof armor makes my mind calmer
Honey fully stacked in the back of the bomber
Comin' out playin' on the backboard, say
Like a dead weight scratch in the middle of the day It's a recline, not another decline
It's the days and the nights in the back of your mind
With a head change, everything is strange
But I'd rather be a smokestack out on the range Do what you like Do what you like, nothing lasts for ever
So get on it before you think twice
So you think you're clever
But everything worth while has got a price

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