

# Hey, It's Your Funeral Mama

[Alexisonfire](#)

The sky is blue, the grass is brown  
My head is buried inside this helmet  
The ever present threat of parasites  
So take my hand, let's get these motors running Drive red, so you drive red  
And I'll drive black, I'll drive black  
We'll see who's machine was recently serviced  
We'll slit these rows of good years like a knife We don't fear, we don't fear  
We don't fear, we don't fear  
We don't fear these machines I got the scoop, I got the scoop  
And it doesn't look so good  
So good for you So you drive red, drive red  
And I'll drive black, I'll drive black  
We'll see who's machine was recently serviced  
We'll cut this row of Goodyear like a knife  
Like a knife, like a knife, yeah  
We'll cut this row of Goodyear like a knife So you drive red, you drive red  
And I'll drive black, I'll drive black  
We'll see who's machine was recently serviced  
We'll cut this row of good years like a knife

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