Flamethrower

Big John Bates

Kick start the beat box
The saints are marching through
While the house band plays the blues
Demons are the dealers here
I won't give you no refund
On all these borrowed goods
I'd throw the kill switch
But the engine's running smoothSomething 'bout this place we're in
Is killing me and you
Someone find the messenger
Don't forget to shoot
Once I would save them
Now I want them dead
I might not ever get
All the things she saidDon't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hellDon't know about this
I ain't one to be amused
Some of us have trouble
Forgiving some of you
A smooth cadillac ride
Take me far away
I'll be back, don't worry
Everything's okayDon't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hellStreet walkers sleep well
On a Sunday afternoon
A million times they warned me
About spending time with you

These tiny packages
Broke the bank and left
I've walked from miles
And I ain't seen nothing yetDon't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hellSomething 'bout this place we're in
Is killing me and you
Someone find the messenger
Don't forget to shootDon't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell
Don't know how much you can tell
Don't think I hide it that well
I got this feeling
Everything is going to hell (2x)

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