

# The La-Z-Boy 500

## The Falcon

Let's sing a song about smoke and flames  
That burnt down our lazy yesterdays  
Let's pretend this poverty is fine  
And sit on our front porches like we do it all the time  
Go! Out on these mean streets it's all the same  
I watch my shoes while they take me on my way  
And I step to the beat everywhere I go  
All the televisions screaming out these windows  
And we're just waiting for the end  
When the bell tolls I'll be fine  
They say that living is a lot like dying  
When the bell tolls I'll be fine  
They say living is a lot like dying  
A lot like dying  
All the buzzards are circling overhead  
Nobody's crying cause we're already dead  
I sold my days off, now I sit around  
Like every other waste of space living in this town  
This is the only chance we have  
When the bell tolls I'll be fine  
They say that living is a lot like dying  
When the bell tolls I'll be fine  
They say living is a lot like dying  
A lot like dying  
Your Jesus, he cannot save you this time  
Your precious savior is laughing while you die  
When the bell tolls I'll be fine  
They say that living is a lot like dying  
When the bell tolls I'll be fine  
They say living is a lot like dying  
When the bell tolls I'll be fine  
They say that living is a lot like dying  
Your Jesus savior won't save you this time  
Your precious savior is laughing while we die

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