

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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