

Beck

"One Foot In The Grave"

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There's a dead hobo on the patio
And an old barbed wire on the funeral fire
Well, you roll out the carpet and it better be red
And it better be long as the troubles in my head
Gonna be livin' one foot in the grave

Well, I was sittin' at home, cookin' up a steak
Satan came down, dressed like a snake

Well, he called my name as I turned up the flames
And then I realized I was out of mayonnaise
Well, you be livin' one foot in the grave

Yeah, don't go throwin' no coupons on my grave
Don't go carvin' no happy face on my tombstone

Woo!
Woo!

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