

Chasing Furies

"¿come Es La Vida?"

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Hey there sour grapes. I am your man.
Given it what it takes, and all that I can.
But hey there doctor, won't you let me bleed?

Hey there Jesus. I am your man.
Livin' on an empty stick, on Heroine.
Writing you a postcard that reads "I'll be coming soon"

Hey Ya, Como Es La Vida

Hey there astronaut floating in space.
Living a dream in an aluminum case.
But my only aluminum is a beer can to my face.

All ove' All ove' All over again.
I'm stuck in these boats and they are wearin' thin.
Oh the black child in Africa I think I feel your pain.

Hey Ya, Como Es La Vida

Hey there misery I see your ugly stare.
So I rolled up my ball of hope and I chucked it in the air.

Hey Ya, Como Es La Vida

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