

## **Cows "Tourist"**

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Driving through the wreckage of a maze of bones  
You're talking to your mommy on the telephone  
You say "Mother dear, can we please have some steaks  
tonight?"

While death is circling you just like a satellite  
You're driving through disaster in your Cadillac  
You're a fucking tourist  
You've got your mind all twisted up just like a rope  
Don't worry If you buy on time you still have hope  
You blast that rock-n-roll music into your ears

You're a rebel, you're a rocker--you're drunk on beer  
You're driving through disaster in your Cadillac  
You're a fucking tourist  
You've wanted to kill yourself because you were so sad  
It was the best goddamned idea that you've ever had  
You had seen a dead dog lying on the road  
Four billion corpses, they're all stone cold  
You're driving through disaster in your Cadillac  
You're a fucking tourist

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