

## Firehouse

### "Fernandez Must Die"

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He's gone away  
He's so distracted  
He must be sick in some way  
Well so they say  
He's already gone home  
That's why he is all alone

Invisible to the eye

Hey, three is a crowd  
I'll see you tomorrow  
Hey, three is a crowd  
Stay away until tomorrow

Look at his hair  
Look at those clothes that he wear  
Let's pick a fight with him were  
Everybody can see  
Let's fool him to come around  
Then he'll get his face pound

He gets on my nerves all the time

You fucked up.

You're busy on your back  
Trying out everybody

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