

Fireside

"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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