

M.o.d

"Just Got Fired"

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Five across the eyes, sweat beads down my brow
I got a feeling and its pretty bad
I'll hide it just for now
Polish up the chrome, polish up my bone
Hanging out with six dumb, dumbs,
In my funeral home

Cross hairs, crossed paths
You die, I laugh
I leave, you bleed
I'm firing you, cause you fired me
I cash my final check, but you cash in your chips
You look kind of funny begging and crying
Like a bitch
You should have seen your face, when then
The dummies hit
You opened like a ripened, rotten bag of gutless shit
Cause I've just been fired
You die...
Just been fired

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