

Michale Graves

"1119"

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Heading down the highway
California, get high
I can see the long road behind me

Dressed so tight, Saturday night
Mr. Scarecrow, hit the lights
All the pretty girls want a good time

Never gone away
Lost in the bathrooms of my waste
It's piled up inside
Somebody knocking at the door

One, one, one, nine

Heading down the highway
California, dreams of big time
Horror business

Beautiful brown eyes
Blue eyes, green eyes, her eyes

Dressed so tight, Mr. Saturday Night
Hollywood scarecrow loves to fight
All the pretty girls want a good time

Never gone away
Lost in the bathrooms of my waste
It's piled up inside
Somebody knocking at the door

One, one, one, nine

Comatosed and skeletons
Crimson pearls of decadence
Searching for the arrogance
To get me through the innocence
Hanging rainbows storm clouds loom
Witches shelter laugh and boom

I can still hear the music
Can you still hear the music

A thousand miles left to go
Magic breaths of grimple smoke
Pumpkin seeds of fading time
Always us, one, one, one, nine

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