

Unit F

"Ride"

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Drivin' that chop caddy creep show,
Hundred and sixty, mean and low
Under the evil moonlight.
Drivin' through the hot, desert night,
Little demonette sitting next to me
Off to Vegas to get married.
Gonna get hitched in the temple of sin,
Got us a ghoul for a chaplain.

Straight to the top of the bottom in the city of lights.
Baby, let's ride. Mama, let's ride.

Have an itchy finger that's got to be pleased
Feeling those satin panties
It's so hot it can't be right.
Got a lot of cash in the city of lights.
Flyin' through the hot, desert night,
Like bats of evil under neon light,
Corked to the gills with redemption.
Our saving grace is we're ready to win!

Snakes and scorpions watchin' me go
Yucca Mountain's nuclear glow.
Skeleton's from where? I don't know.
Faces from the past, maybe they're ghosts.

Gettin' it all in the chapel of love.
Elvis visited from above.
Blessed us all in the chapel of sin.
Now we're ready to cash it in.
Trippin' through the night desert fast and low.
Christian Bob on the radio
Screaming at me, telling me where I'm gonna go.
I'll see him in hell. I already know!

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