

## Zebda

### "Chrome"

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Chrome revolution  
Microphone pollution  
Satellite days with a textbook solution  
Get back, slide off the track  
Like a lyric in a haystack  
Drunk off of crack  
Got my feet high  
Never figured out where the dogs lie  
Didn't mean to pry  
But the door was open  
Lucy in the sky  
With her red hair tokin'  
Do what you like  
Nothing lasts for ever  
So get on it before you think twice  
So you think your clever  
But everything worth while has got a price

Money proof armor  
Makes my mind calmer  
Honey fully stacked in the back of the bomber  
Comin' out playin' on the backboard  
Say  
Like a deadweight scratch in the middle of the day  
Its a recline, not another decline  
It's the days and the nights in the back of your mind  
With a head change, everything is strange  
But I'd rather be a smokestack out on the range  
Do what you like

[Repeat Chorus]

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