

**Fran Healy****"Everybody's Got A Ticket To Ride Except For Me And My  
Lightning"**

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C'mon, it's such a joy, c'mon you metal boy  
C'mon let's take it easy  
C'mon let's make it sleazy  
Everybody's got a ticket to ride  
Except for me and my lightning  
Your insides ooze out, the electrodes are in  
The electrodes are in so your eyeballs pop out  
Someone controlling me  
Can't be happening to me  
Sweat-chilling cold, I watch death unfold  
How true is this? Get it over with

I think I'm gonna be dead, I think it's today  
Electric wires pinned to my head, I'm frying away  
I've got a ticket to ride the lightning  
Death is in the air, it's bringing me down  
Strapped in the electric chair, death is all around  
Before I get to riding so high  
Someone help me, oh please God help me  
Flashing before my eyes  
Someone help me, oh please God help me  
Wakened by horrid scream burning in my brain  
Freed from this frightening dream  
I can feel the flame

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