

## **Rocket From The Crypt "Burnt Alive"**

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One, two

Where were you back in 1953?  
Too young to remember, but old enough to say  
That war lied

Did you hold a hair on the back of your neck  
Put a song in your head and memorize a bit  
Said, "War slide"  
Savor every tear, and you favor every tear

Ride on  
Be ready, be ready, be ready  
I like to ride on  
Be ready, be ready, be ready

I like to ride on  
Be ready, be ready, oh, be ready  
I like to ride on  
Be ready, oh, be ready, be ready

Burnt alive, so burnt alive  
Burnt alive, burnt alive

Do you remember 1968?  
Too dumb to worry but old enough to hate  
It and hide

A death to remember, photos came out gray  
Finger printed bruises or finger painted face  
When and why  
Did you drop the bomb on the back of her head?

Ride on  
Be ready, be ready, be ready  
I like to ride on  
Be ready, oh, be ready, oh, be ready

I like to ride on  
Be ready, be ready, be ready  
I like to ride on  
Be ready, oh, be ready, oh, be ready

I like to

Burnt alive, so burnt alive  
Burnt alive, burnt alive

Still there's reason to apologize  
For my thoughts  
And who made me feel so sorry too?  
You made me admit

Still, there's reason to apologize  
It's all my fault  
And who made me feel so sorry too?  
You made me admit

Ride on  
Be ready, be ready, be ready  
I like to ride on  
Be ready, be ready, be ready

I like to ride on  
Be ready, oh, be ready, be ready  
I like to ride on  
Be ready, oh, be ready, be ready

Burnt alive, burnt alive  
Burnt alive, yeah, burnt alive

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