

Say Anything "Ahhhhh...Men"

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Staring out the window of our tour bus
And it's just the horny driver and us
Sit and trade wit and smoke and we cuss
Talking 'bout our friendly border drug bust

And I know the future's cloudy and gray
Record like mine, give up or go gay
You're looking down on me with blue and black eyes
Pissing down a storm from purple night skies

And I know the concept's muddy and trite
That all that is large and all that is slight
Flowing in the stream of holy floodlights
Writing holy books, Lord knows we bite

But if this is your will in my testament
I will bow to no belief that they bent
Still I'm just a sperm begat from your love
Basking in the bread, the blood of your dove

Can I lie with you in your grave?
Can I lie with you in your grave?

There's a crack in the edge at the end of the world
Where I will sit with my love in it's fluorescent swirl
Eat us up, break it down to the tiniest cell
In a room with a view and a window to hell

Where those who buried bodies in their barrels of fun
Will be marched through museums that display what
they've done
They'll be shot up through the sky by a cannon of sin
Where we'll reluctantly let them in

So can I lie in your grave at the edge at the end of the
world?

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Eat us up, break it down to the tiniest cell
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So can I lie in your grave?

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