

Cows, The "Tourist"

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Driving through the wreckage of a maze of bones
You're talking to your mommy on the telephone
You say "Mother dear, can we please have some steaks
tonight?"
While death is circling you just like a satellite
You're driving through disaster in your Cadillac
You're a fucking tourist
You've got your mind all twisted up just like a rope
Don't worry If you buy on time you still have hope
You blast that rock-n-roll music into your ears
You're a rebel, you're a rocker--you're drunk on beer
You're driving through disaster in your Cadillac
You're a fucking tourist
You've wanted to kill yourself because you were so sad
It was the best goddamned idea that you've ever had
You had seen a dead dog lying on the road
Four billion corpses, they're all stone cold
You're driving through disaster in your Cadillac
You're a fucking tourist

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