Angry Salad "Rico"

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I'd say for certain to watch over me Phone rings at half past three I'd say for certain to watch over me When the phone rings at half past three

My mind and it's coming back to back To me from my dreams Only knows that bad news never sleeps

Yeah, Rico carved his name in a tree
Not with a knife but with his life or so it goes
Yeah, in dreams I see his face
I recognize the place right next to 'Dashboard Jesus'

Cold snow, a small red river flowed In the stage of the lone headlight Clothes shorn, it seems that They've been worn for the last time tonight

I knew then, these couldn't be my friends They know enough to know that You don't make snow angels with your face down Angels with your face upon the ground

Rico carved his name in a tree

Not with a knife but with his life or so I'm told

Yeah, in dreams I see his face

I recognize the place right next to 'Dashboard Jesus'

Had to get me home in time In time to tape 'The Simpsons' And it seems, I lost this time It seems that last song that they heard

The last song that they heard
It plays on and on and on
And on and on in my head
It seems the last song
That they heard was 'Sweet Emotion'

It's cold, it's cold, it's cold, oh my friend Rico It's cold, it's cold, it's cold, oh my friend Rico

(It gets colder as I touch his shoulder It gets colder, and he'll get no older)

Yeah, in dreams I see his face I recognize the place right next to 'Dashboard Jesus'

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