

The Faint

"The La-Z-Boy 500"

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Let's sing a song about smoke and flames
That burnt down our lazy yesterdays
Let's pretend this poverty is fine
And sit on our front porches like we do it all the time
Go!

Out on these mean streets it's all the same
I watch my shoes while they take me on my way
And I step to the beat everywhere I go
All the televisions screaming out these windows

And we're just waiting for the end

When the bell tolls I'll be fine
They say that living is a lot like dying
When the bell tolls I'll be fine
They say living is a lot like dying
A lot like dying

All the buzzards are circling overhead
Nobody's crying cause we're already dead
I sold my days off, now I sit around
Like every other waste of space living in this town

This is the only chance we have

When the bell tolls I'll be fine
They say that living is a lot like dying
When the bell tolls I'll be fine
They say living is a lot like dying
A lot like dying

Your Jesus, he cannot save you this time
Your precious savior is laughing while you die

When the bell tolls I'll be fine
They say that living is a lot like dying
When the bell tolls I'll be fine
They say living is a lot like dying
When the bell tolls I'll be fine
They say that living is a lot like dying

Your Jesus savior won't save you this time
Your precious savior is laughing while we die

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