

# Angry Salad, Rico

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'