The Sunday Driver

Cable

Another accident
Up on 95
Motor oil blues
Zero to sixty cruiseYou filthy loser, you Sunday driver
Why don't you buy me a golden sewer?
And paint the walls a pretty color
And paint the walls a pretty colorYou just walk right in
Like you still live here
Take your shit home
Because I don't want it anymore
Laughin' at you like a sick joke
You never amused meWhy don't you pour me a cup of coffee?
Put your head right through the windshield
Somebody please call the wrecker 'cause i'm all broken down.
Somebody please call the wrecker and have me towed away.

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