Swim Good

The Chicharones

That's a pretty big trunk on my Lincoln town car, ain't it?
Big enough to take these broken hearts and put 'em in it
Now I'm driving 'round on the boulevard trunk bleeding
And every time the cops pull me over
They don't ever see them, they never see them
And I've got this black suit on
Roaming around like I'm ready for a funeral
Five more miles till the road runs out
I'm about to drive in the ocean
I'ma try to swim from something bigger than me
Kick off my shoes and swim good and swim good
Take off this suit and swim good and swim good, good
Got some pretty good beats on this 808 CD, yeah
Memory seats I'm sitting on stay heated
I would've put tints on my windows but what's the difference?
When I feel like a ghost, no Shwayze, ever since I lost my baby

And I got this black suit on
Roaming around like I'm ready for a funeral
One more mile till the road runs out
I, I'm about to drive in the ocean
I'ma try to swim from something bigger than me
Kick off my shoes and swim good and swim good
Take off this suit and swim good and swim good, good
I'm going off, don't try stopping me
I'm going off, don't try saving
No flares, no vest, no fear
Waves are washing me
I, I'm about to drive in the ocean
I'ma try to swim from something bigger than me
Kick off my shoes and swim good and swim good
Take off this suit and swim good and swim good, good

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