

Travis

Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine

I'm not a racist but I am
I served my time in Vietnam
I've got three jobs, this is one
Sometimes I wish that I'd kept my gun
This country's going down the tubes
I can't afford to pay my dues
Unless you've got some sponsorship
For Christ sakes, buddy
Don't get sick
Don't grow old
Don't be poor
Do what you're told
Yeah, are you from Europe?
Well so am I, I came here in 1955
Half American, half asleep
Same day a rain will come
And wash the streets
The CIA, the KGB
It's all the same conspiracy
The whole damn country's on the skids
You better tell your kids
Don't get sick
Don't grow old
Don't be poor
Or underprivileged
Do exactly what you're told
Keep the meter running
Until we reach our destination
The grim reaper isn't coming
He's been otherwise detained
With apocalypse practice
And his other occupation
Behind the wheel of his taxi cab
That's driving me insane
They took 4,000 headers on a bus ride
Left 'em dribbling at the seaside
Where the sun would keep them warm
Give a guy a uniform
They live out on the freeway now
They're waiting till your car breaks down
Don't take the American dream to bed
One of these days you'll wake up dead

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