Stokin The Neighbors

Lagwagon

Sunday night's a perfect night to mow some neighbor's lawn
And I'm drunk and at the helm before too long
And Chris will gladly ride shotgun navigating seems like fun
Drunk and out of gas we drive around and crashWe drivin' through the yard there's nothin' we can do
Dave's behind the wheel and he's had more than one or two
Suburban families slumber in civility awakened to the sights
And sounds of the yard they're blowin' down in their death machineDrive, drive, drive, drive, drive, driveDave's a midnight landscaper he's workin' over time
And he is full throttle, full throttle tonight, alright
He was almost home, just one more block
He had to hit that last mailbox dumped it in a ditch, ain't that a bitchDave had to run, Dave had to bail
He was havin' too much fun to spend that night in jail
He had no triple a for a tow truck
I called 'em anyway only to hear them say, hey pal, you're fuckedDave's a decent guy like most of us until he drinks
And then his liquid mind takes over how he thinks
And then all that matters is havin' fun pullin' off the next beer run
On one too many nights, the party's overYou drivin' through the yard, there's nothin' you can do
Dave's behind the wheel and he's had more than just a few
Suburban families slumber in civility, awakened to the aftermath
The neighbors have been stoked

Songwriters
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