

Busted Again

D.R.I.

Driving down the freeway
As if I was on downers
Followed off the exit ramp
By a scene from close encounters
Out of the van
Walk a straight line
Lost count of the beers
Somewhere around nine
Drunk and driving, boy
You really fucked up
Now you're in the squad car
Hands in back, cuffed
Seven hundred dollars
Or eight months, son
Checked my pockets, but
I knew I had none
They took away my license
They said I can't drive
Said that I should thank them
I'm "lucky to be alive"
Locked in a cell
For weeks at a time
My friends got me out
My bail was my fine
Now I'm on the outside
Me and all my friends
Drunk and driving reckless
Just waiting to get caught again

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