

Rock-n-Roll Pizzeria

Less Than Jake

Man, it's really strange
This city never stays the same
It's always "I've got to keep on moving
And I've got to keep on going"
But just maybe it's to keep itself sane
That it's always "I've got to keep on moving
So I don't have any feeling"
So I'm on my way out of this place
That has me turning numb
I'm on my way
All the feeling in this place
Has all up and gone
So with one hand on the wheel
The other out the window
With a smile on my face
And my middle finger up
With one hand on the wheel
This city's going crazy
Without a care that it's all fucked up

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