

# License from a Cereal Box

Gob

It seems every time we're driving down  
The trans Canada #1  
The traffic's growing worse everyday  
It doesn't really help When there's a bozo at the wheel  
Slowing down cutting people  
Off I don't think it's funny  
Hit the gas, hit the brakes in a traffic jam I think I'm late for work got your license  
From a cereal box  
You don't know how to drive  
You're just a fucking jerk It never fails getting on  
There's always something going  
Wrong a lot of cars a lot of smog  
(Well, not as much as L.A.) It's pretty hazy when a blowout in a tire  
Becomes such a big desire for idiots to watch  
Slow down it makes me crazy  
Think you know how I feel What I need is a new automobile  
Like the game spy hunter  
I could enjoy anyone who would annoy  
Set the missiles seek and destroy

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