

# The Jeep Song

## The Dresden Dolls

I've been driving around town  
With my head spinning around  
Everywhere I look, I see  
Your '96 Jeep Cherokee  
You're a bully and a clown  
You made me cry and put me down  
After all that I've been through  
You think I'd hate the sight of you  
But with every jeep I see  
My broken heart still skips a beat  
I guess it's just my stupid luck  
That all of Boston drives the same black, fucking truck  
It could be him or am I tripping  
And I'm crashing into everything  
And thinking about skipping town a while  
Until these cars go out of style  
I try to see it in reverse  
It makes the situation hundreds of times worse  
When I wonder if it makes you want to cry  
Every time you see a light blue Volvo driving by  
  
So don't tell me if you're off to see the world  
I know you won't get very far  
Don't tell me if you get another girl  
Baby, just tell me if you get another car  
It could be him or am I tripping  
It could be him  
The number of them is insane  
Every exit's an ex-boyfriend memory lane  
Every major street's a minor heart attack  
I see a red jeep and I want to paint it black  
It could be him or am I tripping  
And I'm crashing into everything  
I can't wait till you trade the damn thing in  
By then they will have put me in the looney bin  
It could be him my heart is pounding  
It's just no use, I'm surrounded  
But one day I'll steal your car and switch the gears  
And drive that Cherokee straight off this trail of tears

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