

My Old Cars

Chris Knight

Everyone I ever owned, excpet the one I'm driving now
Been stripped down to the bare bone at Sam's Salvage Yard
There's a Mustang and a GTO, bloody seats, and caved in grilld sent outta town
There's a scar on my forehead, for every busted windshieldMy old cars, they haunt me still
Cuase I droven every one of 'em over the edge
It's a wonder I wasn't killed
My old cars, rise up from the wheel
I wish to hell and back was far enough
to outrun, your memoryI drive by that junkyard, count the times you broke my heart
Watchin' a jackleg with a socket wrench
Drinkin' beer and yankin' parts
I can count these broken bones, cause broken bone will heal
But I can't stand to count the times you said I love you,
aint no big dealMy old cars, they haunt me still
Cuase I droven every one of 'em over the edge
It's a wonder I wasn't killed
My old cars, rise up from the wheel
I wish to hell and back was far enough
to outrun, your memoryLast week I bought a 442, black as ace of spades
I sold my half of grandpa's land, bes he's rollin' is his grave
My friends say I'll get over you,
but my friends they just dont know
Gonna take her out on a 41, see how fast she can goMy old cars, they haunt me still
Cuase I droven every one of 'em over the edge
It's a wonder I wasn't killed
My old cars, rise up from the wheel
I wish to hell and back was far enough
to outrun, your memoryI wish to hell and back was far enough
to outrun, your memory

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>