

Truck Farm

Assembly of Dust

With baited breath and open arms
I passed the gates of an old junkyard
It was a truck farm with crops of trucks
I laid down cash and I picked one up
laid down cash and I tried my luck This ain't no joke the motor runs but the gears are broke
This ain't no lie the wheels won't turn damn thing won't drive
This ain't no good at all So I kicked the tires and I popped the hood
The truth poured out like I thought it would
I had been swindled but the deal was made
Never gonna see the bread I paid
I'll never see the bread I paid The seller was a cheater and this overheating beater doesn't work
I really want to leave here but this overheating beater doesn't work

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