

Gimme the Car

Violent Femmes

Come on dad gimme the car tonight
Come on dad gimme the car tonight
I got this girl I wanna
Come on dad gimme the carCome on dad gimme the car tonight
I tell you what, I tell you what I'm gonna do
I'm gonna pick her up, I'm gonna get her drunk
I'm gonna make her cry, I'm gonna get her high
I'm gonna make her laugh, I'm gonna make her shhWoman, woman, woman, she gotta knows she's it
'Cause I'm gonna touch her, all over her body
Gonna touch her, all over her body
Gonna touch her, all over her body
Gonna touch her, all over her bodyAnd she can touch me, all over my body
She can touch me, all over my body
She can touch me, all over my body
She can touch me, all over my bodyTime goes by
I can feel myself growing old
Burning insides
Makin' this boy turn out coldWhat's wrong, what's right?
And I don't care when I hate my life
What's wrong, what's right?
Know people don't care when they hate their lifeBut how can I explain personal pain?
How can I explain personal pain?
How can I explain my voice is in vain?
How can I explain the deep down driving, driving, driving?
Were driving, were driving, were drivingHey dad speaking of driving
Come on dad gimme the car tonight
So much he don't understand
Just might never make it to a manCome on dad gimme the car
Come on dad I ain't no runt
Come on girl gimme your
'Cause I ain't had much to live for
I ain't had much to live for
You know, I ain't had much to live for
You know, I ain't had much to live for

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