

# Boxcar Racer

## Blue Merle

I'm walking the streets  
With my hands in my shoes  
I'm out on a date with a picture of you I got a boxcar racer  
It's faster than the speed of sound  
It takes me away from here She's walking the streets  
With her hands in her shoes  
And she's in love with a boy  
Who only gives her the blues She loves the boxcar racer  
Because he's faster than the speed of sound  
He takes her away from here And if you look, oh if you look  
You'll find nothing at all, you'll find nothing at all  
But if it's good, oh if it's good, you find a love a great love  
If you let it go So now I'm walking the streets  
All alone in the night, I take a look at myself  
And kiss you goodbye but why? I was a boxcar racer  
I was driving so fast that I couldn't slow down  
I was running away from here I was a boxcar racer  
Who was driving so fast that I couldn't slow down  
I was running away from here

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