

Tire Kicking

Tourniquet

[Words & Music: Ted Kirkpatrick] Car for sale - what a deal - I assure you it's a steal
Come and check it out some night - can't I see it in the light? Kick the tires if you wish - 32 psi?
That's not bondo - It's all stock - do you think that I would lie?
Has it been in any wrecks - my mechanic wants to check
Oh no, to the contrary - to check it it's not necessary I know many verses and have studied many years
Can't you see how holy my exterior appears? Armor on all 4 tires - you sure are looking good
But you will be bent out of joint if I lift up that hood I thought I knew you pretty well - but under stress you fell
apart
You do just fine if you are driving up and down the block
But find a road with lots of curves - I see a sponge and not a rock
Find a road with lots of curves - I see a sponge and not a rock For all these years I've known the Lord
And each year means a higher score
If people tell you your a horse you better saddle up Have you noticed sin I lack? - odometer has been turned back
I exposite under toil - but that engine sure burns oil I never miss a week of church - the transmission has a lurch
In our friendship you can trust - hey that frame is full of rust I have some timely news for you
The car you sell is not so new
It isn't meant to run A1
So as a test or just for fun For once lets see your real side
The humble side that doesn't lie
When pressures come that doesn't fly
For once let's see your real side

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