

Satan Is My Motor

Cake

I've got wheels of polished steel
I've got tires that grab the road
I've got seats that selflessly hold my friends
And a trunk that can carry the heaviest of loads
I've got a mind that can steer me to your house
And a heart that can bring you red flowers
My intentions are good and earnest and true
But under my hood is internal combustion
And Satan is my motor
Hear my motor purr
The Satan is my motor, motor
I hear my motor purr
A Satan is the only one who seems to understand
I've got brakes
I'm wide awake
I can stop this car at any time
At the very last second, I can change directions
Turn completely around if I feel so inclined
I've got a mind that can steer me to your house
And a heart that can bring you red flowers
My intentions are good and earnest and true
But under my hood is internal combustion power
And Satan is my motor
I hear my motor purr
A Satan is my motor, motor
I hear my motor purr
A Satan is the only one who seems to understand
A Satan is my motor
Hear my motor purr
Satan is the only one who seems to understand

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