Rent a Wreck

Suburban Kids With Biblical Names

All these rocky mountains
To play five songs and drink some more
And fall asleep
Getting taped by locals
Don't have the nerve to ask for food
And die of thirst in the backseats of rented wrecks
Let's hope these wheels got what it takes to carry us home

Backdrops made in denim
Teeshirt salesmen and the followers it gets
Single package systems
Soul dj's and you know the riot that that brings
I wanna turn all their dancefloors into a burning inferno of ba ba ba

I've played the piano
And I've played the guitar
I've played it in clubs
And I've it in bars
I visit your city and I've slept on your floor
I've borrowed your swings and I've heard you're hardcore
All the scores
Of the see to the a and the youth of today
And it's beautiful!

Still I can't get enough of it
Did you see me eating frosties from your fridge?
And the rice cookies that you never ate
Were all gone when you went into the kitchen

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