

# Cars

## Now, Now Every Children

We're moving slow passing accidents  
and we're singing to the ambulance  
saying oh my god I don't care about the car  
and oh my god I don't care at all My words can't compare to your integers and numbers  
and I can't be a bag to board a plane  
oh I know I know I'm not inside  
I'm not in sight I've found where you have been  
and I know it won't be long  
before we are found again I haven't got plastic on my teeth  
but i can make you feel like it's open season  
I'll take what i want and take what you have  
but I'd put it back if I had the chance

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