We're an American Band

Raging Slab

Driving in the south, the motor's on fire
Let's put it out, before the flames go higher
Monday matinee, in pull we are life's throb
So hard to choose between conceit and rock
Some college in the spring, the sound is all wrong

Reset the mate to our Flamin Groovies song
Driving, night again, they're late, car crash
We'll turn to look unless we're going too fast

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