

Move the Car

Lagwagon

The story it grows older the story is no story here i
never knew what it is and there's no sign of it ending
as i am it and ought to be they're telling me i am
(chorus) bowling race car driver superficial hitman
you're on the list at every door you don't bowl or
race fast cars composition competition you drive
just because i don't go to the church where you
reside i might as well go for it the nineties won't be
back again until i'm forty-eight years old i can be
the hungry as i eat my words again appealing yet
apalling rising to my falling going to extreme ends i
am gagging on their scene (repeat chorus) you shift
i'm the driver over time in it's defense i move their
car and for a moment it makes sense i fail them in the
end i fail it in the end in the arms of old age knowing
only one to lose feeling nothing more to hide
consider life a forgery as you're gagging on your
scene admit to fraudulence driven to this thought
death is certain faith is not (repeat chorus)
composition competition you drive competition
competition i'm losing i fail it in the end

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