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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