Locked In The Trunk Of A Car

The Tragically Hip

They don't know how old I am, they found armour in my belly
From the sixteenth century
Conquistador, I think
They don't know how old I am, they found armour in my belly
Fashioned out of machine revving tension
Lashing out at machine revving tension
Rushing by the machine revving tension
Morning broke out the backside of a truck-stop
The end of a line a real, rainbow-likening, luck stop
Where you could say I became chronologically fucked up.
Put ten bucks in just to get the tank topped up.
Then, I found a place it's dark and it's rotted.
It's a cool, sweet kinda-place
Where the copters won't spot it
And I destroyed the map, I even thought I forgot it,
However, everyday I'm dumping the body.
It'd be better for us if you don't understand.
It'd be better for me if you don't understand

Then, I found a place it's dark and it's rotted.
It's a cool, sweet kinda-place
Where the copters won't spot it
And I destroyed the map that I'd carefully dotted,
However, everyday I'm dumping the body.
It'd be better for us if you don't understand.
It'd be better for me if you don't understand

Let me out
Let me out