Slacker

Hot Rod Circuit

he still drives late into the nite
with a beer in his hand
a cigarette to blend
he still hides all his contraband from all his friends right about this time
you can run and hide it takes time to wake an unclear mind
a million thoughts in your head when the concrete is your bed
he still hides all the evidence from all his friends.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/