

Truck Farm

Assembly of Dust

With baited breath and open arms
I passed the gates of an old junkyard
It was a truck farm with crops of trucks
I laid down cash and I picked one up
laid down cash and I tried my luck

This ain''t no joke the motor runs but the gears are broke
This ain''t no lie the wheels won''t turn damn thing won''t drive
This ain''t no good at all

So I kicked the tires and I popped the hood
The truth poured out like I thought it would
I had been swindled but the deal was made
Never gonna see the bread I paid
I''ll never see the bread I paid

The seller was a cheater and this overheating beater doesn''t work
I really want to leave here but this overheating beater doesn''t work

I found some gas out in the back
poured it free and I struck a match
the flames were ragging, so I turned around
The more I looked the less I found
I guess this farm''s got barren ground