

Honda Accord

Bob Rivers

And now, I'm going to do a song with great social and political influence.

It goes like this...

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Honda Accord.

Mercedes insurance I cannot afford.

If I drove a Porche, I'd still be ignored.

So oh Lord, won't you buy me a Honda Accord.

Oh Lord, won't you buy me some silicone implants.

The breasts that you gave me don't shake when I dance.

Them doctors make mountains out of hills made for ants.

So oh Lord, won't you buy me some silicone implants.

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a good looking male.

My boyfriend is lazy, and big as a whale.

Spends all of my money (when he's not in jail).

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a good looking male...

Everybody...

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Honda Accord.

Mercedes insurance I cannot afford.

My car's held together by a big bungee cord...

So oh Lord, won't you buy me a Honda Accord.

That's it