

## 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

R: 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 appalling  
Rising to my falling,  
I'm going to extreme ends,  
I'm gagging on their scene

R:

You shift, I'm the driver,  
Over time in it's defense,  
I move their car  
And for a moment it makes sense,  
But I fail them 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

R:

Composition competition  
You drive competition  
Competition  
I'm losing I fail it in the end