

Gimme The Car

Violent Femmes

Come on, dad, gimme the car tonight
Come on, dad, gimme the car tonight
I got this girl, I wanna...
Come on, dad, gimme the car

Come on, dad, gimme the car tonight
I tell'ya what I'm gonna do
I'm gonna pick her up
I'm gonna get her drunk
i'm gonna make her cry
I'm gonna get her high
I'm gonna make her laugh
I'm gonna make her... shh...

Woman, woman, woman
I know she's it
'Cause I'm gonna touch her all over her body
Gonna touch her all over her body
Gonna touch her all over her body
Gonna touch her all over her body
And she can touch me all over my body
She can touch me all over my body
She can touch me all over my body
She can touch me all over my body

Time goes by, I can feel myself growing old
Burning inside, it's making this boy turn out cold

What's wrong, what's right, I don't care when I hate my life
What's wrong, what's right, you know, people don't care when they hate their life
But how can I explain personal pain, how can I explain personal pain
How can I explain my voice is in vain, how can I explain the deep down
Driving, driving, driving, we're driving, we're driving, we're driving...

Hey, dad, speaking of driving...
Come on, dad, gimme the car tonight
So much he don't understand
Just might never make it to a man

Come on, dad, gimme the car
Come on, dad, I ain't no runt...
Come on, girl, gimme your...

'Cause I ain't had much to live for
I ain't had much to live for
You know I ain't had much to live for
You know I ain't had much to live for