

## Motor-ready

Alabama Thunderpussy

Hold your laughter, soon right after  
The facts are brought to our attention  
Barely notice what you know best  
Which is almost nothing

Why is there always a reason?  
Or something you're your whining about  
I've heard the same old story  
It's growing extremely boring  
See right through your innocence  
Nice disguise the excuses  
Could have been better, not terrible  
For the first try.

Quarts of turmoil dripping quickly  
Out of the leaking mouth of yours  
Skidding tires, fumes inspire no  
Caution flags to prevent the danger

I'll make it easy if that's what you want.  
Just hit the highway, when I need you I'll phone.  
Don't bother sending any letters to ask if tempers have cooled  
since the night you left.  
I haven't bothered turning the porch light on.  
I think it's quite clear this isn't your home anymore.

Who's ever closest I don't notice anyone waiting for your return.  
You ought to know this it came from your lips with the rest of  
the obvious lies  
My reactions are distractions for pleasing my own sick humor  
Short conversations, complications you've got to watch what you  
say  
This disaster arriving soon twisting the truth with each phase  
of the moon

Is this what the future holds for me?  
Now I've found a certain type of honesty  
No make believe or bullshit from you.