

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