Brucie dreams life's a highway too many roads bypass my way Or they never begin. Innocence coming to grief

At the hands of life - Stinkin' car thief, that's my concept of sin

Does heaven wait all heavenly over the next horizon ?

But look at us now, quit driving, some things hurt more much mo re than cars and girls.

Just look at us now, start counting, what adds up the way it di d when we were young ?

Look at us now, quit driving, some things hurt much more than c ars and girls.

Life's a drive through a dust bowl, what's it do, do to a young soul

We are deeply concerned, someone stops for directions, Something responds deep in our engines, we have all been burned Will heaven wait all heavenly over the next horizon?

But look at us now, quit driving, some things hurt more much more than cars and girls.

Just look at us now, start counting, what adds up the way it di d when we were young ?

Look at us now, quit driving, some things hurt much more than c ars and girls.

Little boy got a hot rod, thinks it makes him some kind of new God

Well this is one race he won't win,

'Cos life's no cruise with a cool chick

Too many folks feelin' car sick, but it never pulls in.

Brucie's thoughts - Pretty streamers

- Guess this world needs it's dreamers may they never wake up.

But look at us now, quit driving, some things hurt more much more than cars and girls.

Just look at us now, start counting, what adds up the way it did when we were young?

Look at us now, quit driving, some things hurt much more than c ars and girls.

But look at us now, quit driving, some things hurt more much mo re than cars and girls.

Just look at us now, start counting, what adds up the way it di d when we were young ?

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