

Why the hell we waitin' in line?  
A billion cars in front and behind  
We're going the way of the dinosaur  
And they'll make petrol out of us next time  
But everything would be all right  
If this coffin that I'm in was a kite  
I'd sail on home to my TV set  
I'm glad Sopranos are on Sunday night

Hey you in the car in front of me  
I've got a message for you  
Could you pass it on to  
The guy sittin' in the car in front of ya  
Ask him to pass it along, too...  
If we all drive 25  
We're getting nowhere  
If we all drive 75  
We'll get there faster  
If we all drive 105  
We'll get to heaven on time

Bumper-to-bumper grumps  
All racing to get over the hump  
Then we realize what's on the other side  
And it's not wonder why we come undone  
But I won't let it get me down  
I just take a look around  
My windshield is a movie screen  
And everybody's actin' like a clown

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And in the endzone, we see a couch  
With our TV dinner eyes  
So if you see my window rollin' down  
I've got a chainsaw for a mouth to cut you down to size

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We'll get to heaven on time