

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