

Fast Moving Cars

The Clarks

Lonely faces all along the way
Broken city all dressed up in gray
In the rain outside the restaurant

I make money but I still feel broke
I start drinking and I want a smoke
Doing doughnuts in the parking lot

Driving fast moving cars and drinking
Old in these bars and thinking I could
Paint all those stars

Empty bottles on an empty stage
End of story on the final page
Of a book that no one knows about

This is it this is my last goodbye
This is where my dreams go to die
In the trash behind the record shop

I'm driving fast moving cars and drinking
Old in these bars and thinking I could
Paint all those stars
Singing old timey songs and thinking I could
Right all these wrongs and drinking 'til the
Pain is all gone

After all this time I still believe
With a few tricks hidden up my sleeve
In the sun way down in Mexico