

## 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