

Brown Mercury Comet

The Frustrators

My window won't roll up because the handle's all screwed up
The fumes I'm breathing in will make me vomit
But that don't make me frown, I'm showing all the town
My brown Mercury Comet.

My friends gotta climb in through my door. Their side don't work no more
There's paint, tape, and bondo there upon it
But that won't slow me down I follow chicks around
In my brown Mercury Comet

I'm under it all day and in it every night
The brakes may squeal, but I still feel everything's alright.

If someone wants to race I look him in the face
I never win but still I like to flaunt it
With no muffler I have found I have the winning sound
In my brown Mercury Comet