Locked In The Trunk Of A Car

The Tragically Hip

They don't know how old I am They found armour in my belly From the sixteenth century Conquistador, I think They don't know how old I am They found armour in my belly Passion out of machine revving tension Lashing out at machine revving tension Brushing by the machine revving tension

Morning broke out the back side of a truck stop End of a line, a real rainbow likening luck stop Where you could say I became chronologically fucked up Put ten bucks in just to get the tank topped off

Then I found a place, it's dark and it's rotted It's a cool, sweet kind of place where the copters won't spot i t And I destroyed the map, I even thought I forgot it However, every day I'm dumping the body

It'd be better for us if you don't understand It'd be better for me if you don't understand

Then I found a place, it's dark and it's rotted It's a cool, sweet kind of place where the copters won't spot i t And I destroyed the map that I carefully dotted However, every day I'm dumping the body

It'd be better for us if you don't understand It'd be better for us if you don't understand It'd be better for me if you don't understand

Let me out Let me out