"drivin outa nowhere my eye begin to fly i see this world is on the take. what's the use a talkin... better put your foot down... you know some cars ain't got no breaks." you're squirrel food baby. "a new head-on collision might be a good excuse." go tell the sisters say a prayer for whitey black. poor poor boy, so far off the track. "C'mon...what's with the nursery rhyme?? Eighty seven rubies underneath my backseat i'm gonna pick up somethin i cant buy." you're crazy. "a nice new definition might be of some kind use." go tell the sisters... poor boy...so far off the track. aII the pearls you're stealin, Whitey they will end up one day at the bottom of the sea. "I doubt it baby. I'll make a new decision (i just don't know what for,) go tell the sisters say a prayer for w.b." Oh, Dear Lord don't you bring him back.