

Butch Walker, Race Cars And Goth Rock

I see him look at you and speak with such eloquence
All I can do is rhyme eloquence with precedence
It's the only word I think about
When your his and not mine...
(So unkind, so unkind)
And it gets so annoying like a chick magazine with 17 subscription cards shoved
in between
They fall past my seat
And they land at my feet
Right next my pride, now can you beat that?

And what I can I say I come racecars and Goth rock
And what can you do
You're just California gridlock
I'm a broken down Camaro overheated
But you'll never know you're the one that caused this crash

7 days passed since your last break up note
With its shaky and scribbled out, started over, broken words
That you wrote you know having what you needed wasn't good enough for you
Never do, never do
And now you're in his house that's the size of a mall
I've never seen a grand piano look so fucking small
You know probably one of many things that are small about him too

And what I can I say I come racecars and punk rock
And what can you do
You're just California gridlock
I'm a broken down amaro overheated
But you'll never know you're the one that caused this crash

Can we just try to forget that we were ever very different
Cause the tattoo on your shoulder tells me baby that ain't true
But I like that in you, so quit tryin' to prove yourself
And wake up and lose yourself in me

And what I can I say I come racecars and cock rock
And what can you do
You're just California gridlock
I'm a broken down Camaro overheated
But you'll never know you're the one that caused this crash

And what I can I say I come racecars and pop rocks
And what can you do
You're just California gridlock
I'm a broken down Camaro overheated
But you'll never know you're the one that caused this crash