

# 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