

# Cake, Satan Is My Motor

I've got wheels of polished steel  
I've got tires that grab the road  
I've got seats that selflessly hold my friends  
And a trunk that can carry the heaviest of loads

CHORUS:

I've got a mind that can steer me to your house  
And a heart that can bring you red flowers  
My intentions are good and earnest and true  
But under my hood is internal combustion power

And Satan is my motor  
(satan is my motor)  
Hear my motor purr  
Satan is my motor, motor  
Hear my motor purr  
Satan is the only one who seems to understand

I've got brakes I'm wide awake  
I can stop this car at any time  
At the very last second I can change direction  
Turn completely around if I feel so inclined

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