

# Old 97's, Won't Be Home

You're a bottle-cap away, from pushing me too far  
Well the problem's getting big and it's a compact car  
So I won't feel so bad, I did all I could do  
Now I'm on wounded knee and we're at Waterloo  
So please get out, of my car

::Chorus::

I was born in the backseat of a Mustang  
On a cold night in a hard rain  
And the very first song that the radio sang  
Was 'I Won't Be Home No More.'

You're a rattle-trap tonight, my ears are getting tired  
So listen for awhile, before this thing expires  
It was bound to fail because of where I'm from  
Now the moon's at four o'clock and it's high time kingdom come  
So please get out, of my car

::Repeat Chorus 2x's::

I'm pulling off the road, I'm opening the door  
I'm giving you the pavement, I'm telling you what for  
You're no more than a thought  
And you're getting smaller in my rearview mirror  
Yeah, you're getting smaller in my rearview mirror  
Yeah, you're getting smaller

::Repeat Chorus until it fades::