

# Tariq, Chevrolet Way

How can you be so loved?  
How can you be so hated?  
In the same day, in the same day,  
to be so wanted, so baited?

My girl she loves me good,  
I think she always will too.  
But in southern Alberta, southern Alberta,  
his neck went redder as the sky turned blue.

(CHORUS:)  
In the Chevrolet way,  
I'm thinkin about the world today.  
It's a four-by-four road,  
more torque, more load.  
It's a Chevrolet way yeah,  
so you better get the hell out of the way.  
You better get the hell out of the way.

A tiny island oasis,  
two men both nameless and faceless,  
on a joyride, on a joyride,  
to find victims in tourist places.

Two women drunk and stumblin,  
stepped out onto the street.  
Hitch-hikin, hitch-hikin,  
the last thing that they heard was a black man's tires screech.

(CHORUS)

This land is your land,  
this land is my land.  
This land is their land.  
I've changed the song and,  
but I didn't steal it,  
but still I feel it.  
Somebody take it away,  
I'm not gonna make it today.

He blew his head wide open,  
with all her letters around him.  
It's a sad day, it's a sad day,  
but she always knew that one day, he'd slip away...

(CHORUS)

Yeah-a-yeah hah!