

The Arrogant Worms, Horizon

From the deepest, darkest depths of...WHITBY!
Comes this sordid tale of speed...
Murderous mayhem..
Cataclysmic combustion...
Picturesque powered pistons...
Accellerating automotive alarms...
Stunningly stupifying stereo stunts!
One man... a dream... a car... a 1984... Plymouth... HORIZON...

I loved the car from tail to grill
I wouldn't change a thing
I wouldn't trade the ashtray
For the Queen's engagement ring
But things they started going wrong
And went from bad to worse
The clutch went kinda funny
Then I couldn't use reverse
Still I loved my baby
And would not admit defeat
Just because it left a trail
Of rust along the street
It kept on running bravely
On duct tape and a prayer
Plus a monthly tribute to
The guy who did repairs
It all seems so unfair (The man was glad the day he bought)

Horizon!
Horizon!

Till one day on the parking lot
They called 401
My car became the meat between
A Buick-Honda bun
I saw some parts go flying
That you really need to drive
My car had become roadkill
Though it never was alive
Left a muffler in the passing lane
A hubcap in the slow
The windshield on the median
A headlight in the snow
And as I skidded off the road
The other drivers laughed
My middle-finger greeting
Would be my epitaph
Death would come at last (Here lies the man who dared to buy)

Horizon!

Now I look at my bent fender
The twisted wheel rim
I wonder if Horizon
Will ever drive again
But I know that this was not the end
Road warriors die hard
And I signed this Mr. Iacoca's
Organ donor card
The steel will get recycled
And they'll build another car
Bigger, faster, stronger
An automotive star
My quest will then begin
And revenge will soon be mine

As I drive my gleaming three-door
Orange Chrysler Frankenstein
Searching for that Buick
To try to end its days
We'll settle off the score
And then we'll drive away (The sun will rise again on the)

Horizon!
My Horizon!
My Horizon!