

Tori Amos, Cars And Guitars

If I choke boy
You start me up again
Restring my wires y'know
This gearbox can make the shift polish my rims
Damned if you do
Damned if you don't
I swear it seems of late boy
I've even curved this body to fit your bow

Still the rain can't confuse the thoughts that come
Come in rhythm
'cause it never was the cars and guitars that came between us
Still a thought says what if I
Keep on drivin'
Keep on drivin'

"Yeah that whip has skirt"
You said it proud
Sometimes I'd watch her idle while you'd tune her up
Me with my silencer on
You and your crocodile clip
Me and my alligator pears yeah
All trickedc out for the trip
That slid into a spin

You say that "I miss you"
You stop in at my drive-thru
You knwo who you'll order some some boy

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