

# Alamo Race Track, Stanley Vs. Hannah

Don't trust a man with the creepy little eyes  
He's at once a friend but you're scared inside  
Then he beats you up 'cause you bust his lip  
And you ask yourself what have I done  
Then he locks you up in the trunk of his car

Don't forget that  
Number I wrote on the back of your hand

And the freaks are in the back  
You're not alone that's why I understand  
And you walk the walk and talk the talk  
And we park our cars at the same garage  
And my stomach hurts like I'm in a storm

Don't forget that  
Number I wrote on the back of your hand  
Don't forget that  
Number I wrote on the back of your hand

Hannah  
(repeat)