

All, On Foot

There's no car that I can't break
But there's no bus that I can take
So I'm walking, always walking
Can't afford to put you into the shop
You're never on the road, you're always on blocks
You're broken, always broken
I'll scam a ride from my best friend
Something is wrong with my car again
Body's all rust, your motor's fried
Junkyard said they wouldn't give me a dime
I'm hating, really hating
I'm not even gonna get you fixed
Trade you in, you piece of shit
You're worthless, totally worthless
I'll scam a ride from my best friend
Something is wrong with my car again
Busted engine, four flat tires
When i turn the key, you catch on fire
You can't be American
You must be Mexican or from Japan
"You're foreign", I said, "You're foreign";
Just turn over for Christ's sake
Take a little ghost ride in to the lake
You're history, fucking history
I'll scam a ride from my best friend
Something is wrong with my car again
Is wrong with my car again
Something is wrong with my car again