Cable, The Sunday Driver

Another accident Up on 95 Motor oil blues Zero to sixty cruise

You filthy loser, you Sunday driver Why don't you buy me a golden sewer? And paint the walls a pretty color And paint the walls a pretty color

You just walk right in Like you still live here Take your shit home Because I don't want it anymore Laughin' at you like a sick joke You never amused me

Why don't you pour me a cup of coffee?
Put your head right through the windshield
Somebody please call the wrecker 'cause i'm all broken down.
Somebody please call the wrecker and have me towed away.

Sunday driver, caught on radar Yeah, you don't love me You just slit my throat