

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