

# Dudley Saunders, Bad Driver

I'm a real bad driver  
but he was so skinny  
that wind filled his skin up  
just like a balloon  
and it looked like muscles  
to each passing car  
and they said, hey that's a fag  
can lift up weights on a bar

and the emergency lane  
is my middle of the road  
and the traffic jams curse me  
to hell in code  
but the cars like to scatter  
just like real nervous flies  
when my pick-up truck belches  
some hell to the sky  
and my grate seem to smile  
with a murderous eye  
when I flicker my brights  
with a wink and a lie  
and we wave 'em  
wave 'em  
wave 'em all  
goodbye

and I drive a vein  
empty of t-cells and t-birds  
in a night that's a body  
with its blood in the dirt  
and his story pours out  
with the sweat on his brow  
from his festering mouth  
spitting details of how  
pappy talked like a knife  
then drips off his lips  
and his granny push out  
and gets caught at the hips  
so his brain's just a womb  
knocked up family-style  
that I swear will grow barren  
on this crooked mile  
yeah he's got a cunt-mouth  
birthing out  
his family  
and he'll push them all out  
and leave 'em go rambling  
and they'll wait on his grave  
where he won't be buried  
'cause that hole will say no  
to a butt-fucking fairy

so it's just you and me boy  
alone with no cops  
for as long as the road  
and this truck  
never stops

it never stops