

Good Clean Fun, Hang Up And Drive

Driving, you're no better than a drunk,
so ask yourself, do you feel lucky punk?
Your attention, should be focused on the road,
you're like a time bomb, waiting to explode
You're important, or that's what you claim,
but to call you, someone would have to be lame
Because you're a danger, to all that you see,
you should hang up, and listen to me
I know to keep in touch makes you feel more alive
But when you're on the highway and you're going 35
You can make the call when you arrive
It's time for you to hang up and drive

Car phone, a license to kill,
you're a big spender, how high is your bill?
From talking, you've got nothing to gain
except cancer, a tumor in your brain
It's just gossip, diarrhea of the mouth
So pick a lane, you can go north, you can go south
You're clueless, you don't know what's up.