

Joey Cape, Move The Car

The story it grows older, the story is no story here
I never knew what it is, and there's no sign of it ending
As I am it and ought to be, they're telling me I am

[Chorus:]

Bowling race car driver, superficial hitman you're
On the list at every door, you don't bowl or race fast cars
Composition competition you drive
Just because I don't go, to the church where you reside
I might as well go for it, the nineties won't be back again
Until i'm forty-eight years old
I can be the hungry, as i eat my words again, appealing yet appalling
rising to my falling, I'm going to extreme ends, I'm gagging on their scene
You shift, I'm the driver, over time in it's defense, I move their car
And for a moment it makes sense, but I fail them in the end
In the arms of old age
Knowing only one to lose
Feeling nothing more to hide
consider life a forgery
As you're gagging on your scene
admit to fraudulence
Driven to this thought
Death is certain, faith is not
Composition competition you drive competition
Competition I'm losing
I fail it in the end