

Less Than Jake, How's My Driving, Doug Hastings

Right!

Friday night on coke with a crow bar,
Left at two in the back of Doug's car,
Without a plan and being fucked up,
Looking for somethin', somethin', yeah, for ourselves.

Friday night at three at a side door,
Doug said "Try to get the door just once more."
I said "Man, this all fucked up.
Looking for somethin', somethin', yeah, for ourselves."

Feelin' kinda weird and I'm thinkin' to myself,
Feelin' kinda weird and I'm thinkin' to myself,
"Fuck, Doug,
I'm not going out like this."
He said "Man, I'm all I got and I won't be missed."
And this makes, this makes no sense to me
It ain't the way,
the way its supposed to be.

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Yea hey

How's my driving?