

Mike Doughty, I Wrote A Song About Your Car

Giving it up, I don't mind
Giving it up, I don't mind
Every last drop,
Little bit

I wrote a song about your car
I wrote it with your hips in mind
Will you be my friend?
Will you be a friend of mine?

I wrote a song about your car
I wrote it strong and splendid
And true
And all the feelings that I feel
I strive and yearn to feel them
For you

I walked up to the accident
And I chatted up the girl inside:
Will you be my friend?
Will you be a friend of mine?

I wrote a song about your car
I wrote it fine and feckless
And good
And all the days that I'm alive
I strive to understand, not
To be understood

Dogged up by the rain
And at your door again
Seeking anything
I'm a roustabout
And I'm bound to roust you out