

Soul Coughing, City Of Motors

Three times dark, first in the mind
Second on Java Street, the dead car there
The hood blown out with a BB gun
Manuela said she saw the brakes fail
Manuela said she saw the brakes fail
An empty body, but it still bled
Oil from the axle, and it left a trail
Ran down Java Street, and formed a pool
Manuela saw the moon in there.
Manuela saw the moon in there.

And I hear it rumbling,
I hear transmission grind.
I bear witness.
I have the clutch now.

Three times darker on the rooftops,
Man jumps between and grabs the rail,
Man tries the door but the door is locked,
Man gouge the hinge and goes down the stairs.
Man gouge the hinge and goes down the stairs.
Dull bright morning and the tools are gone.
Detectives with flashlights in the elevator shaft.
Manuela tells detectives she saw him there.
Stuck in the hinge is a sliver of a fingernail.
Stuck in the hinge is a sliver of a fingernail.

And I hear it rumbling,
I hear transmission grind.
I bear witness.
I have the clutch now.

Three times dark on the turnpike.
From the Motor City to the City of Dis.
They traced his travel by his credit card.
No sleep, smokes, and he's nauseous.
No sleep, smokes, and he's nauseous.
Flips an ash like a wild, loose comma.
Ash hits the oil around the pump,
Travels to the pump and the pump explodes.
Witness says he saw the car jump.

And I hear it rumbling,
I hear transmission grind.
I bear witness.
I have the clutch now.
And I hear it rumbling,
I hear transmission grind.
I bear witness.
I have the clutch now, now, now, now, now, now, now.