

Violent Femmes "Gimme The Car"

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Come on dad gimme the car tonight
Come on dad gimme the car tonight
I got this girl I wanna
Come on dad gimme the car

Come on dad gimme the car tonight
I tell you what, I tell you what I'm gonna do
I'm gonna pick her up, I'm gonna get her drunk
I'm gonna make her cry, I'm gonna get her high
I'm gonna make her laugh, I'm gonna make her shh

Woman, woman, woman, she gotta knows she's it
'Cause I'm gonna touch her, all over her body
Gonna touch her, all over her body
Gonna touch her, all over her body
Gonna touch her, all over her body

And she can touch me, all over my body
She can touch me, all over my body
She can touch me, all over my body
She can touch me, all over my body

Time goes by
I can feel myself growing old
Burning insides
Makin' this boy turn out cold

What's wrong, what's right?
And I don't care when I hate my life
What's wrong, what's right?
Know people don't care when they hate their life

But how can I explain personal pain?
How can I explain personal pain?
How can I explain my voice is in vain?
How can I explain the deep down driving, driving,
driving?
Were driving, were driving, were driving

Hey dad speaking of driving
Come on dad gimme the car tonight
So much he don't understand

Just might never make it to a man

Come on dad gimme the car

Come on dad I ain't no runt

Come on girl gimme your

'Cause I ain't had much to live for

I ain't had much to live for

You know, I ain't had much to live for

You know, I ain't had much to live for

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