

## **Assembly of Dust "Truck Farm"**

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With baited breath and open arms  
I passed the gates of an old junkyard  
It was a truck farm with crops of trucks  
I laid down cash and I picked one up  
laid down cash and I tried my luck

This ain't no joke the motor runs but the gears are  
broke  
This ain't no lie the wheels won't turn damn thing  
won't drive  
This ain't no good at all  
So I kicked the tires and I popped the hood  
The truth poured out like I thought it would  
I had been swindled but the deal was made  
Never gonna see the bread I paid  
I'll never see the bread I paid

The seller was a cheater and this overheating beater  
doesn't work  
I really want to leave here but this overheating beater  
doesn't work

I found some gas out in the back  
poured it free and I struck a match  
the flames were ragging, so I turned around  
The more I looked the less I found  
I guess this farm's got barren ground

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