

Chris Knight "My Old Cars"

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Everyone I ever owned, excpet the one I'm driving now
Been stripped down to the bare bone and sent outta
town
There's a Mustang and a GTO, bloody seats, and caved
in grill
There's a scar on my forehead, for every busted
windshield

My old cars, they haunt me still
Cuase I droven every one of 'em over the edge
It's a wonder I wasn't killed
My old cars, rise up from the wheel
I wish to hell and back was far enough
to outrun, your memory

I drive by that junkyard, count the times you broke my
heart
Watchin' Jack play with a socket wrench
Drinkin' beer and yankin' parts
I can count these broken bones, cause broken bone will
heal
But I can't stand to count the times you said I love you,
aint no big deal

My old cars, they haunt me still
Cuase I droven every one of 'em over the edge
It's a wonder I wasn't killed

My old cars, rise up from the wheel
I wish to hell and back was far enough
to outrun, your memory

Last week I bought a 442, black as ace of spades
I sold my half of grandpa's land, bes he's rollin' is his
grave
My friends say I'll get over you,
but my friends they just dont know
Gonna take her out on a 41, see how fast she can go

My old cars, they haunt me still
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It's a wonder I wasn't killed

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