Eskimo Joe "Why Are All The Cars Outside Real"

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Get in the car

You know the way

Going on a holiday

Up in the morn

Quarter to six

Frozen milk on weet bix

We'll see happier times

If we don't cross imaginary lines

On the back seat it'll be fine

Cause we got four hours to drive

That's if we get there alive

Oh yeah

Stop on the way

Fill up with gas

Pity I can't feel my ass

Throw in the tape

You know the one

All the kids can sing along

I think it's round the next bend

The post cards that I won't send

They're always full of shit

So you'll get over it

End of the day

Feel much the same

Going home is such a shame

Wait for a year

Cause you know then

We can do it all again

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