Bobs "Kill Your Television"

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Kill your television

Baby on board

I heart my dog's head

I honk for the Lord

I believe you Anita

You can't hug your kid with nuclear arms

I brake for animals

I brake for the blues

I brake just like a little girl

Virginia is for lovers

If this van's rocking don't bother knocking

I'd rather be fishing

I'd rather be dancing

If you can read this you're too damn close

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I honk for the Lord

The light at the end of the tunnel

Is the headlamp of an oncoming train

Elvis is dead -- give it up, already

I'm lost but I'm making record time

Anarchy begins at home

Get your rosaries off my ovaries

Don't mess with the locals

Yes, I do own the road!

Lost your cat -- Look under my tires

My kid beat up your honor student

If the people lead, leaders will follow

I may be slow but I'm in front of you

My parents think that I'm in college

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