

Gob

"License From A Cereal Box"

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It seems every time we're driving down
The trans Canada #1
The traffic's growing worse everyday
It doesn't really help

When there's a bozo at the wheel
Slowing down cutting people
Off I don't think it's funny
Hit the gas, hit the brakes in a traffic jam

I think I'm late for work got your license
From a cereal box
You don't know how to drive
You're just a fucking jerk

It never fails getting on
There's always something going
Wrong a lot of cars a lot of smog
(Well, not as much as L.A.)

It's pretty hazy when a blowout in a tire
Becomes such a big desire for idiots to watch
Slow down it makes me crazy
Think you know how I feel

What I need is a new automobile
Like the game spy hunter
I could enjoy anyone who would annoy
Set the missiles seek and destroy

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