

## Buck 65

### "Sore"

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Vultures and helicopters, overhead I'm breaking down  
Used car blues, it's no time to joke around  
The only solution I can think of so far  
Is to smash out the windows with a crowbar  
And as the headlights shatter into stars one by one  
I curse at the road and try to knock out the sun  
I kick in the corner panels, son of a whore  
The paint starts to chip off as I rip off one of the doors

Same hotel room again with the right mixture  
Of terrible smells and dead flies in the light fixture  
I listen to the oldies station, half asleep and kind of  
smokey  
Girl in the next room is howling like a coyote  
Hand in my pants, feeling like a phyllistine  
All eyes empty, every door way a guillotine  
I'm drunk on loneliness, out of shape and half eaten  
The phone don't work and God's in a staff meeting

Out of breath at the end of a long summer  
Waiting for a phone call that isn't a wrong number  
A smile from a pretty girl, feet don't fail me  
I sleep like a baby and get out of jail free  
I spit my teeth in my hand and read the classifieds  
Poke holes in my memories until I'm satisfied  
I'm drawn to familiar environments and dangers  
I look at my photo albums and all I see are strangers

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