

Butch Walker

"Race Cars"

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Written by Butch Walker

I see him look at you and speak with such eloquence
All I can do is rhyme eloquence with presidence
It's the only word I think about
When your his and not mine...
(So unkind, so unkind)
And it gets so annoying like a chick magazine with 17
subscription cards shoved in between
They fall past my seat
And they land at my feet
Right next my pride, now can you beat that?

And what I can I say I come racecars and goth rock
And what can you do
You're just California gridlock
I'm a broken down camaro overheated
But you'll never know you're the one that caused this
crash

7 days passed since your last break up note
With it's shaky and scribbled out, started over, broken
words
That you wrote you know having what you needed
wasn't good enough for you
Never do, never do
And now you're in his house that's the size of a mall
I've never seen a grand piano look so fucking small
You know probably one of many things that are small
about him too

And what I can I say I come racecars and punk rock
And what can you do
You're just California gridlock
I'm a broken down camaro overheated
But you'll never know you're the one that caused this
crash

Can we just try to forget that we were ever very
different
Cause the tattoo on your shoulder baby tells me that
ain't true

But I like that in you, so quit tryin' to prove yourself
And wake up and lose yourself in me

And what I can I say I come racecars and cock rock
And what can you do
You're just California gridlock
I'm a broken down camaro overheated
But you'll never know you're the one that caused this
crash

And what I can I say I come racecars and pop rocks
And what can you do
You're just California gridlock
I'm a broken down camaro overheated
But you'll never know you're the one that caused this
crash

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