

## Joey Cape "Move The Car"

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The story it grows older, the story is no story here  
I never knew what it is, and there's no sign of it ending  
As I am it and ought to be, they're telling me I am

[Chorus:]

Bowling race car driver, superficial hitman you're  
On the list at every door, you don't bowl or race fast  
cars  
Composition competition you drive

Just because I don't go, to the church where you reside  
I might as well go for it, the nineties won't be back  
again  
Until I'm forty-eight years old  
I can be the hungry, as I eat my words again, appealing  
yet appalling  
Rising to my falling, I'm going to extreme ends, I'm  
gagging on their scene

You shift, I'm the driver, over time in it's defense, I  
move their car  
And for a moment it makes sense, but I fail them in the  
end

In the arms of old age  
Knowing only one to lose  
Feeling nothing more to hide  
Consider life a forgery  
As you're gagging on your scene  
Admit to fraudulence  
Driven to this thought  
Death is certain, faith is not

Composition competition you drive competition  
Competition I'm losing  
I fail it in the end

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