

Miss Black America "Car Crash For A Soul"

Visit "[Car Crash For A Soul](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Skilled, professional teams have created,
In magnificent sweatshops,
This gold-plated plastic gangster
With a car crash for a soul
Keep the motor running
Let the good times roll
On over the precipice
My life came flat-packed
Inside, it's falling to pieces
But the surface remains intact
At the drive-in with a car crash for a soul
You call this a party?
It feels like a funeral

And we thought we'd died alone
These braindead functions never felt like fun
And now's the time for us to say,
"If we're gonna crash, they're gonna pay"
Yeah, yeah

Tonight we shine so bright
Tonight we kill the light
Our star is rising
Yours is falling

Shopping's just like sex in pornos:
Urgent and joyless
"I'm so modern everything is pointless"
With this smashed-up, burned out car crash for a soul
There's no big "FUCK YOU"
We just lost all self-control

And we thought we'd died alone
These branded boxes never felt like home
And now's the time for us to say,
"If they're gonna screw these corpses, they're gonna pay"
Yeah, yeah

Tonight we shine so bright
Tonight we kill the light
Our star is rising

Yours is falling

Visit [Miss Black America](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.