

Mundy "Carpound"

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It's three o'clock on monday,
there's one more hour of school,
there's nothin in my lunchbox,
the teacher's lost his cool,
i'm staring out the window,
i can't wait to be free,
free of all this bullshit,
to act out all my dreams.
Meet me at the car pound
with some cans of spraypaint,
i can bring some cigarettes
'cause mama's gone away
and daddy's playing poker,
he don't care anyways
he's been out since friday,
squanderin' all his pay
Tonight i plan to make it,
to be free at last,
free of all this bullshit,
to hike up my mast,
i'll write you when i get there,
i'll send you my address,
'cause i have got to get this
lorry off my chest.
Meet me...Â...Â...Â...
And you can bring your girl along,
well if she brings her lovely friend
and we'll show them what us town boys
do with some time to spend
and bring some coca cola,
i found a bit of whiskey
'cause it could be a long time
'till i'm back here with yee
Meet me..
And daddy's just a joker,
he don't care anyway
he's been out all weekend
squanderin' all his pay

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