

O.I.d. "Won't Be Home"

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You're a bottle-cap away, from pushing me too far
Well the problem's getting big and it's a compact car
So I won't feel so bad, I did all I could do
Now I'm on wounded knee and we're at Waterloo
So Please get out, of my car

::Chorus::

I was born in the backseat of a mustang
On a cold night in a hard rain
And the very first song that the radio sang
It was "I won't be home no more."

You're a rattle-trap tonight, my ears are getting tired
So listen for awhile, before this thing expires
It was bound to fail because of where I'm from
Now the moon's at four o'clock and it's high time
Kingdome come
So please get out, of my car

::Repeat Chorus 2x's::

I'm pulling off the road, I'm opening the door
I'm giving you the pavement, I'm telling you what for
You're no more than a thought
And you're getting smaller in my rearview mirror
Yeah, you're getting smaller in my rearview mirror
Yeah, you're getting smaller

::Repeat Chorus until it fades::

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