

## **Cars, The**

### **"Don't Go To Pieces"**

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What's it gonna be?  
Red jacket girl, lover, midnight spree  
What's it gonna be?  
You look so imperial

What's it gonna be?  
You tried and you tried  
But you couldn't hook your shoelace  
What's it gonna be?  
Know you got intention, difficult to see

You can make the switch  
You can have your wish

What's it gonna prove?  
Turning all the dials, makin' all the right moves  
What's it gonna prove?  
It's all so mystical

What's it gonna prove?  
You look so tacky in your chrome drip belt  
What's it gonna prove?  
You're ready to rage and startin' to melt down

You can make the switch  
You can have your wish

Don't go to pieces, b-b-baby  
Don't go to pieces  
Don't go to pieces, b-b-baby  
Don't go to pieces

What's it gonna show?  
All left out and ready to go  
What's it gonna mean?  
You feel like trash but you look so clean

What's it gonna do?  
All of them angels jealous of you  
Where's it gonna go?  
Anyplace, faster pace, overcome the low blow

You can make the switch  
(Ooo)  
You can have your wish

Don't go to pieces, b-b-baby  
Don't go to pieces  
Don't go to pieces, b-b-baby  
Don't go to pieces

Don't go to pieces, b-b-baby  
Don't go to pieces  
(Ooo)  
Don't go to pieces, b-baby  
(Ooo)

(Ooo)  
Don't go to pieces  
(Ooo)  
Don't go to pieces, b-baby  
(Ooo)  
Don't go to pieces  
(Ooo)

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