

Gloria Record, The "The Immovable Motorist"

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All the wasted life

In my car tonight

I got steel and bolts and lots of holes inside

I'm immovable

Got a tired soul

I'm afraid I just don't feel quite like myself sometimes

I get angry so easy anymore

And miss the signs

All the burning lights

In this town tonight

The suburban sprawl

All those even lines

And if you don't feel lonely

Then you can't feel anything at all

And if you don't feel lonely

Then you can't feel anything at all

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