

Satan Is My Motor

Cake

I've got wheels,
Of polished steel,
I've got tires that drive,
The road,

I've got seats that selflessly,
Hold my friends,
And a trunk that can carry,
The heaviest of loads,

I've got a mind that can steer me,
To your house,
And a heart that can bring you,
Red flowers,

My intentions are good,
And earnest, and true,
But under my hood,
Is internal combustion power,

And Satan is my motor,
Hear my motor power,
Satan is my motor, motor,
Hear my motor power,

Satan is the only one,
Who seems to understand,

I've got brakes,
I'm wide awake,
I can stop this car,
At anytime,

At the very last second,
I can change directions,
Turn completely around,
If I feel so inclined,

I've got a mind that can steer me,
To your house,
And a heart that can bring you,
Red flowers,

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And earnest, and true,
But under my hood,
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