

## Busted Again

D.R.I.

Driving down the freeway  
As if I was on downers  
Followed off the exit ramp  
By a scene from close encounters  
Out of the van  
Walk a straight line  
Lost count of the beers  
Somewhere around nine  
Drunk and driving, boy  
You really fucked up  
Now you're in the squad car  
Hands in back, cuffed  
Seven hundred dollars  
Or eight months, son  
Checked my pockets, but  
I knew I had none  
They took away my license  
They said I can't drive  
Said that I should thank them  
I'm "lucky to be alive"  
Locked in a cell  
For weeks at a time  
My friends got me out  
My bail was my fine  
Now I'm on the outside  
Me and all my friends  
Drunk and driving reckless  
Just waiting to get caught again