

Little while back I got thinking don't use the ute much
anymore
Should retire the old girl gracefully, I'd look beaut
in a new Commodore
They told me it'd take three weeks, three weeks, pigs
fuckin' arse
Cause as soon as I signed the dotted line, the fuckin'
bullshit started

Hey GMH you cunts. Where's me fuckin' car
You told me it'd take three weeks, it's been three
fuckin' months so far
I could've crocheted a fuckin' Commodore by the time
you cunts got started
GMH you cunts where's me fuckin' car

If I'd wanted to listen to bullshit
I woulda' played one of me own CD's
And I could've fertilized the fuckin' Nullabour
With the crap you've fed to me
And as far as fuckin' excuses, mate I'm a married drunk
I tell lies for a livin', so don't practice on me ya
cunt

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You told me it'd take three weeks, it's been three
fuckin' months so far
I could've crocheted a fuckin' commodore by the time
you cunts got started
GMH you cunts where's me fuckin' car

Next time I come to see you, I'm gonna bring me mongrel
kids
And let'm loose in your fuckin' showroom while I drink
ya fuckin' piss
And when the cops com'n round up my mob and sling us
out the fuckin' door
I'll go and do what I should've done, I'll go and buy a
fuckin' Ford

Not happy mate

Hey GMH you cunts. Where's me fuckin' car
You told me it'd take three weeks, it's been three
fuckin' months so far
I could've crocheted a fuckin' commodore by the time
you cunts got off your arse
GMH you cunts where's me fuckin' car

I'll dob you in ya cunts, I'll tell John Laws on you
He'll kick the fuck out of you
I saw GMH suck Kevvys cock.

Not happy Mate