

Down by the racetrack waiting with their signs
The ugly broken people got no place to go
And a guilty boy scout with his conscience in his hand
Buys some reconciliation

Ain't going to be me, no, thinking
Ain't going to be me, no, thinking
Ain't going to be me, no
Only 29 years left on my loan

You stand there freezing on the side of the road
To remind me of all the good things that I'm so glad I own
The only reason I leave you in the cold
Is if I took you home to feed you, you'd be somebody I know

And on the corner you tell me the same old lies
Like I believe you gas can guy
Every single dollar that I gave you and you drank
How many gallons are in your tank?

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