

My Car Makes Me Sin

Silage

Here we go...ha, ha, ha,
Pick it up...woh, woh.
Here we go...ha, ha, ha,
Pick it up...woh, woh.

I can't wait to trade it in,
And leave it with a grin.
I can't wait to get my wings,
And leave these dints and dings.

My car, makes me sin,
And is sends me into fits.
Of rage, I must repent,
Oh God please cool my engine.

And even if things were keen,
The light would never turn green.
And somebody would cut me off,
And tell me off, and then run me off.