

Bad Car

Terri Clark

I know it's a bad car
I know it's a piece of junk
I know the best tire on it,
Is in the trunk

Just when you start to pass
It always starts to shake
Cause over 55 it's a bitch to drive
On the interstate

It's broke down more than it runs
But I'm broke down knowing that it's done

It witnessed all those tears nobody ever saw me cry
When I broke the law through Arkansas to tell my dad goodbye
It didn't get there pretty, but it got me there that day
So it's a little hard to see it roll away

I know it's a bad car
I know that the windshield's cracked
And when it isn't leaking oil
It's leaking gas

It always needs a jump
It always needs Freon
Yea there's death and taxes,
And the check engine light is coming on

It heard the first bad word my first born ever said
Runnin late, when I hit breaks at a yellow turning red
There's still Kool-
Aid on the console that reminds me of that day
So I'm a little sad to see it roll away, roll away

It knows more of my secrets than I'll ever tell
So to keep from crying
As they tow it away I tell myself
I know it's a bad car
I know it's a piece of junk
I know the best tire on it,
Is in the trunk