

Boom Box Car

Little Feat

Yes you drivin' me crazy with your boom box automobile
Yeah you drivin' me crazy with your boom box automobile

Now I'd love to see you lose the keys to that menace on four wheels

It's so amplified... ain't no wonder why your paint's begun to peel

And those sub woofers hammerin' they're givin' my head a pain
It's either you or me if it's me you see I'll jus' cop the plea.

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Hey judge... I'm insane
I'm sore insane

You and your boom box car
You and your boom box car
Ya gone and drove me too far
With your boom box car

With all this rap dap 'o' lappin' and those bass drums a flappin

n
At a million and twenty dee bees
It's got my eyeballs bleadin' and my eardrums pleadin'
I'm beggin' mercy, please, please, please
But what has got me so mad is when you tell me oh dad
Ya 'bout as square as you can be
Would ya think I's neater if I blew out your tweeters
With this 12 guage across my knees
Give up the keys

You and your boom box car
You and your boom box car
Ya gone and drove me too far
With your boom box car

You know that back in my day we'd drive our Chevrolets
And take our dates way up on Blueberry Hill
And with very straight faces say 'the submarine race
Well they start about a quarter 'til'
But now you and your clowns just like to ride around town
With you volume knobs at ten
And the only thing bangin' in your station wagon
Is the beat bouncin' off your head
Ya might be brain dead soon be stone deaf

From your boom box car
Yes your boom box car
You gone and drove me too far
In your boom box car