

I Can't Slow Down

Sloppy Seconds

I can't slow down, 'cause I'm too pumped
My girl left town, and I got dumped
My best friend drowned, and I got jumped last night
My heart says "cry", my mind says, "murder"
My throat says "dry", my gut says "burger"
My mom says "why?", but I never heard her right
I got a spring in my step, as I fall on my face
The winter months left a real bad taste
In the corner of my mouth, 'cause I can't fly south...
But I can't listen to the voice of reason
No more -- 'cause I love this season
Summer is back in town and I can't slow down
I can't help feeling like I'm on the run
'Cause you got the wheel, and I got the gun
There's car to steal, and I'm gonna have fun tonight
I got an old, black Ford; a black leather jacket
A full floorboard of mayonnaise packets
Hang on, Lord, 'cause I'm gonna wreck it tonight!
I've been a real good boy through the month of May
But I can't wait another day
There's no Route 66 and it makes me sick
But I can't listen to the voice of reason
No more -- 'cause I love this season
Summer is back in town and I can't slow down
I can't slow down, 'cause I'm too loaded
The car broke down, the tank exploded
A wall downtown, and I almost rode it through
(Downtown -- There's a wall downtown)
I can't sit still 'cause I'm too wired
Can't pay bills, 'cause I got fired
I've had my fill, I'm sick and tired of you
I got a smile on my face and a price on my head;
A knife in my hand and a girl in my bed;
A key to the Pearly Gates and I can't wait!
But I can't listen to the voice of reason
No more -- 'cause I love this season
Summer is back in town...
and I can't slow down!