Locked In The Trunk Of A Car

The Tragically Hip

They don't know how old I am
They found armour in my belly
From the sixteenth century
Conquistador, I think
They don't know how old I am
They found armour in my belly
Passion out of machine revving tension
Lashing out at machine revving tension
Brushing by the machine revving tension

Morning broke out the back side of a truck stop
End of a line, a real rainbow likening luck stop
Where you could say I became chronologically fucked up
Put ten bucks in just to get the tank topped off

Then I found a place, it's dark and it's rotted
It's a cool, sweet kind of place where the copters won't spot i
t
And I destroyed the map, I even thought I forgot it
However, every day I'm dumping the body

It'd be better for us if you don't understand
It'd be better for me if you don't understand

Then I found a place, it's dark and it's rotted
It's a cool, sweet kind of place where the copters won't spot i
t
And I destroyed the map that I carefully dotted
However, every day I'm dumping the body

It'd be better for us if you don't understand
It'd be better for us if you don't understand
It'd be better for me if you don't understand

Let me out
Let me out
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Let me out
Let me out