

This Car Drives All by Itself

The Wombats

This car drives all by itself
And this car drives all by itself

And you can force it but it doesn't want to move an inch
You can't buy its loyalty this time
You can tempt it with a pocket full of shiny things
Still there's no room left in paradise

And the kids aren't wrong
And the kids aren't wrong
And the kids aren't wrong this time
I'm looking for a spark in the heart of the light

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You can drag the years behind you, you can let them go
Still she'll laugh at you behind your back
There's no water here there's just the wide open road
And it leads you up the garden path

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I see a tunnel at the end of the light
And it's killing me slowly with its tune
I'm always a mess come the end of the night
Oh but we keep, keep dancing though we're out of time
Oh hold on baby, baby yeah it's alright 'cause

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