## **Move the Car**

The story it grows older, The story is no story here I never knew what it is, And there's no sign of it ending As I am it and ought to be, They're telling me I am

R: Bowling race car driver, Superficial hitman you're On the list at every door, You don't bowl or race fast cars

Composition competition you drive Just because I don't go, To the church where you reside I might as well go for it, The nineties won't be back again Until I'm forty-eight years old I can be the hungry, As I eat my words again, Appealing yet apalling Rising to my falling, I'm going to extreme ends, I'm gagging on their scene

## R:

You shift, I'm the driver, Over time in it's defense, I move their car And for a moment it makes sense, But I fail them in the end In the arms of old age, Knowing only one to lose Feeling nothing more to hide, Consider life a forgery As you're gagging on your scene, Admit to fraudulence Driven to this thought, Death is certain, faith is not

## R:

Composition competition You drive competition Competition I'm losing I fail it in the end Lagwagon