Rx7

Mi6

i've walked this road, a thousand times before
it just breaks down on me, mazda machinery
a rusted shell from, nineteen eighty four
and so i try to find, inside my feeble mind
a way, to fix my mistakes
oh my god,
my innocent fascade
there's no appologies, for all the pieces that are found
and i still believe,
there's somethin up my sleeve
it just left my transmission on the ground

replacement parts, aren't always hard to find
cause there's a million more, down on the basement floor
the perfect time, to leave it all behind
drove it into the ground, it makes a funny sound
so then, i'll turn it on again
i haven't much to say today
cause you want me to throw it all away
and everytime, i think i'm doin fine
you find some other way, to break apart today

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