

Zero Wheels

Pears

I've never done my taxes
I can't even cook an egg
And I never broke the ceiling
But I broke my stupid leg
Back when I was just a kiddie
I was climbing up the slide
Cause the simplest equations
Leave me deeply mystified

Zero wheels in my wheelhouse
Hop in my chryster
It's as big as a whale
And it's thar she fuckin' blowin'
Blazin' insular trails
With a capacity for knowledge
Only geared toward petty crime
If you've never gotten started
You can stop on a dime
I got

Zero wheels in my wheelhouse baby
Just tire irons and cinderblocks

For terms of my improvement
Open up to section 8
Cause I require more assistance
Than you might anticipate
I learned early to accept
The things I can control
And now I never lift a finger
But to dig myself a Hole and count

Zero wheels in my whellhouse baby
Just tire irons and cinderblocks

I'm doin' donuts in a driveway
Dreamscape, one square foot landlocked

Making noise, and breaking all my toys
And throwin a goddamn fit
Is all I've ever known
The pencil marks the none I've grown
A La-Z-boy my throne
I am complete
Disappointing whole

Zero wheels