

For Sale: Ford Pinto

Rosie Tucker

Wolfy's watching car wrecks on the internet
It's hard to look away, some sicko's made a playlist
Pick you up at eight, I'm rolling in a Pinto
Fender-bend a cop car, flaming out in claims court

So fucked, it's not even funny
But you've got ways of making me laugh

Yeah, time is a trash compactor, I'm feeling pressed
But at least you're here with me, and we've got sexual tension
Bending over backwards, doing my best
To make the most of my minutes diminishing in a garbage world

You tell me to-
You tell me to-

Wolfing down Doritos, licking on my fingers
Anger on my tongue, Doritos in my anger
I can make it numb, get salty, spicy, bitter
Drink a lot of water, try to wake up different

So fucked, I swear nothing matters
But you've got ways of making me talk

Time is a trash compactor, I'm feeling pressed
But at least you're here with me, and we've got sexual tension
Bend me over backwards, I'm doing my best
To make the most of my minutes diminishing in a garbage world

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You tell me to breathe like it's easy, like it's easy
Like it's something I've been doing for years