

Flames And Flat Tires

Squirrel Flower

This car won't drive the way I want
Busted engine or busted lung
Kicking myself for buying those parts
Off of that guy back in Des Moines
Before the drought started

But I'll get it fixed up soon enough
And you'd better watch out for me
Flying down the road in
Flames and flat tires, baby
Flames and flat tires

This car won't drive itself
I mean it could, but I don't try it
That's the way you live
And that shit's on fire, baby
Veering down cobblestone streets at 4 in the morning
Firestorms busted both my headlights

But I'm getting back on track soon enough
And you better watch out for me
Flying down the road in
Flames and flat tires, baby
Flames and flat tires

Trying to recall how the rain felt on my skin
And scream to anyone who'll listen!
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