

## Brown Mercury Comet

### The Frustrators

My window won't roll up because the handle's all screwed up  
The fumes I'm breathing in will make me vomit  
But that don't make me frown, I'm showing all the town  
My brown Mercury Comet.

My friends gotta climb in through my door. Their side don't work no more  
There's paint, tape, and bondo there upon it  
But that won't slow me down I follow chicks around  
In my brown Mercury Comet

I'm under it all day and in it every night  
The brakes may squeal, but I still feel everything's alright.

If someone wants to race I look him in the face  
I never win but still I like to flaunt it  
With no muffler I have found I have the winning sound  
In my brown Mercury Comet