

Stunt Driver

The White Buffalo

Thinkin' he's a stunt driver
Drives with no headlights on
Maybe he lost his way
Maybe he lost his home
Maybe ain't got no soul
Maybe it's in the lost and found
Maybe he's sideways
Maybe he's upside down

Maybe he's another lost soul
Come to get it on, get it on child

He just parked on the lawn
You know it don't give two shits
He's wakin' to the morning sun
Maybe it's time to quit
Maybe he ain't got no voice
Maybe he got no words to say
Don't think you'd understand
No one listens anyway

Maybe he's another lost soul
Come to get it on, get it on child

Callin' all cars is anybody there

Holdin' a sign, does anybody care
Follow the forces of evil everywhere
Chasin' the lost souls on down

Thinkin' he's a stunt driver
Follows no book or code
Ya know that he a ramblin' man
Until his heart explodes
Maybe he's all alone
Maybe got no heart to fill
Maybe he got no choice
Maybe he lost his will

Maybe he's another lost soul
Come to get it on, get it on child

Four white wooden crosses by the side of the road
Throw a dozen dead roses out the passenger window
Push the pedal to the floor watch the road erupt
He got a belly full of bourbon, keep one eye shut