

## Spoiler Alert

### They Might Be Giants

This truck is driving out of my mind  
But this truck has a mind of its own

Which is a lucky thing  
'cause my leg is so short  
That I can't reach the brake

This truck is driving out of my mind  
But this truck has a mind of its own

Which is a lucky thing  
'cause my leg is so short  
That I can't reach the brake

Something is nagging at me  
But never mind it's gone

This truck can practically  
Find its own way without my help  
Maybe I should lie back and cover my eyes  
I think I'll do that

Yeah, now I'm totally resting  
I'm reclining while I'm driving  
Why have I not tried this until now?  
I'm letting go, I'm letting go

Here comes the last page  
All I need is an ending

Nearing the end of the last page  
And the end of the whole book

Yeah, what to do with these loose ends?  
I should change the beginning  
But I shouldn't be typing  
While I'm driving

While I'm making a phone call  
While I'm searching through the glovebox  
While I'm writing it all down while it's happening

They're gonna be so impressed  
When they get a load of me

It's like I've got two extra pairs of hands  
Two to write, two to steer, one to scratch  
My head and one to cover my eyes  
Which would help me to think up an end

Yeah, some kind of punctuation mark  
Some kind of, some kind of  
Some kind of trouble up ahead  
What the hell, what the hell