

'68 Fastback

Zach Bryan

Take my soul, take my heart
Tear me apart
If I'm good for anything
It's all of this suffering
So use me for parts

To you I'm just salvage
I ain't ran right in years
So drive me then gut me
Deceive and fuck me
Then disappear

Take all my jokes
And tell them to them
And act like you're someone
That could be someone
Worth loving

And steal all the good parts
You found in me
Yeah, you'll sell 'em quick
Yeah, you'll sell 'em cheap
Hey, you'll give 'em for free

But I cleaned all my pistons
I'm running on 91
And I'm piecing myself
Back off the shelf
One by one

And now I've got a driver
Who chooses the high road
They don't use me for scraps
Or throw my ass back
When I hit potholes

And I'm flying down freeways
Going 117
And a '68 Fastback
Looks like a hatchback
Racing me

Ah, I believe
You cannot tear down
What's built up strong now
Thankfully

Oh, I believe
That you cannot tear down
What's built up strong now
Thankfully

And I'm flying down freeways
Going 117
And a '68 Fastback
Looks like a hatchback
Next to me