

Taxi Driver

Gym Class Heroes

I took cutie for a ride in my death cab
She tipped me with a kiss
I dropped her off at the meth lab
Before she left, she made a dashboard confessional
And spilled her guts in cursive But what's worse is
I could still see her bright eyes like sunny day real estate
Oh my, and in a funny way the ceiling tastes
So high, but no chance
My little chemical romance left a bad taste in my mouth
But I imposed her like, "Hey, Mercedes, why the long face?
Why you cryin'? No need
Just put on this coheed and fall out"
Boy meets girl, Jimmy eat world
But Schlep eats pills till he's all out Not once, not twice, she was thrice times a lady
Mackin' on brand new, but I had to
Bounce over to the postal services to
Pick up these pills that take care of my nervousness And on the way I saw planes and mistook
them for stars.
She played games, but she took 'em too far
At The Drive-In, watching soft porn and you can tell by the trail of the dead
That there was somethin' in the popcorn Hop in my cab destination: Midtown
Just to get up with some kids that like to get down
I made my rounds and that was that
In between the frowns and scraps and heart attacks
And I remember I seen her ass in early November
On a Thursday, takin' back Sunday for a refund
She shot a wink like no hard feelings
Then, she jetted to Brazil
Man, them pills had me spun This is the story of the year, right here
This is hot water music
Cook your Ramen to it

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