





"STOLEN CAR"

WORDS BY DAVE BIDINI • PICTURES BY SCOTT MARSHALL



I DREAMED I DROVE A STOLEN CAR.  
THROUGH THE FIELDS, ACROSS THE YARD..



TAKING OUT  
THE FENCES THAT  
I'D BUILT BETWEEN  
ALL MY FRIENDS.

THROUGH THE SNOW,  
THEY SHAGGED AGAIN.

I SAID GOODBYE, WAVED THEM ON THEIR OWN.

I DROVE  
ALL NIGHT.

I DROVE  
ALONE.



GOODBYE, SUBURBAN MOTHER BONE,  
FOR EVERY KID IN EVERY HOME.



BEAUTY BECOMES YOU-  
BE WHO YOU ARE.  
IF I SHOULD ROB A  
CORNER STORE...



OR KILL A COP WHO  
PRAYED FOR MERCY.

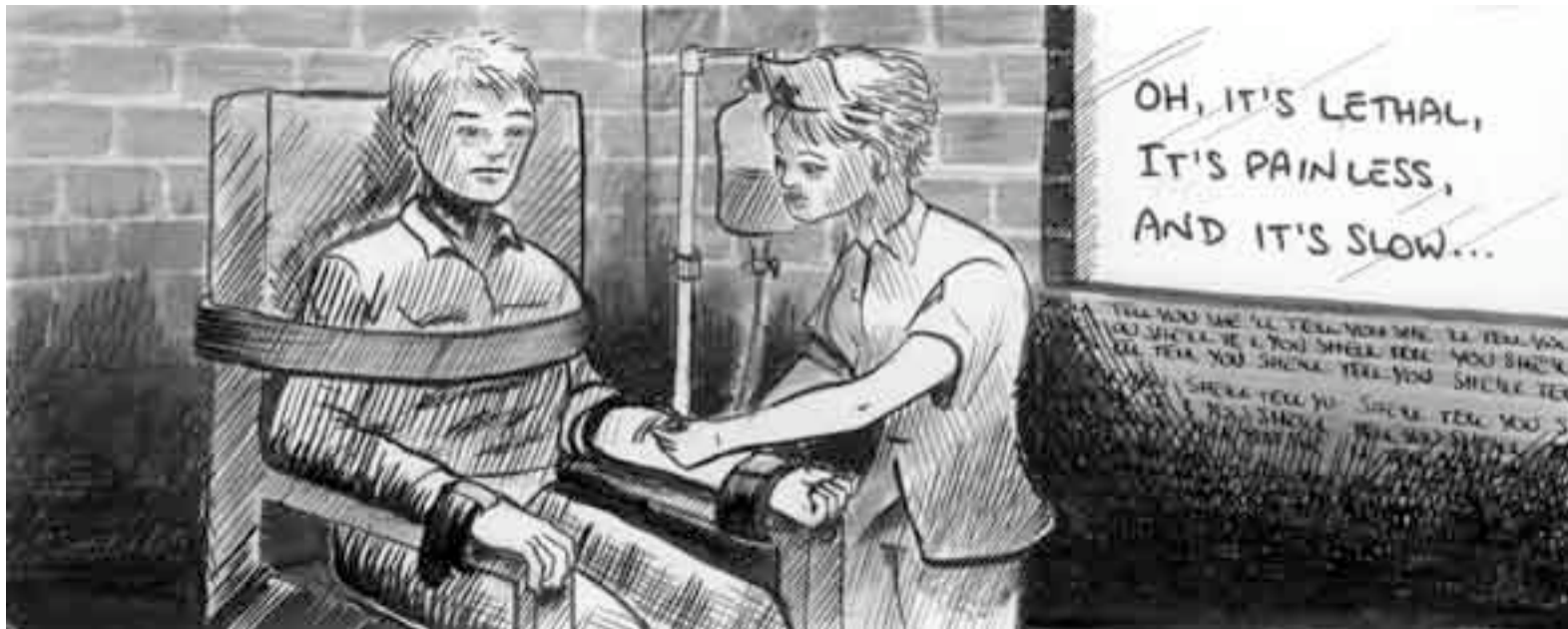


FORGIVE ME, I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
MADE ME THIS WAY.

BUT I'LL BE ALL RIGHT,  
AND YOU'LL BE OKAY.







OH, IT'S LETHAL,  
IT'S PAINLESS,  
AND IT'S SLOW...

TELL YOU ME I'LL TELL YOU ME TE TELL YOU  
YOU SHOULD BE A YOU SHOULD TELL YOU SHOULD  
TELL YOU SHOULD TELL YOU SHOULD TELL  
SHOULD TELL YOU SHOULD TELL YOU SHOULD  
TELL YOU SHOULD TELL YOU SHOULD  
TELL YOU SHOULD TELL YOU SHOULD



NO MATTER HOW  
SMART YOU ARE,  
HOW COULD YOU  
KNOW?

SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE'LL TELL YOU  
YOU SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE  
TELL YOU SHE'LL TELL YOU  
SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE'LL TELL YOU




IT'S BETTER THAN  
LIVING ; IT'S BETTER  
TO DRIVE AWAY...

DRIVE AWAY DRIVE AWAY  
DRIVE AWAY DRIVE AWAY DRIVE  
AWAY DRIVE AWAY DRIVE AWAY



I DON'T NEED ANGER  
TO MAKE ME TOUGH..  
ACID SCARS, OR  
MARIJUANA...



A DREAM, A KISS,  
ONE FINAL WISH,  
A GIRL WHO'S BENT  
TO PAY MY RENT:  
ALL THESE THINGS  
ARE DISAPPEARING.



THE WORLD  
IS SWIMMING,  
THE STARS  
ARE BRIGHT.

I WISH I  
WERE WITH  
HER TONIGHT.



NO MATTER HOW SMART  
YOU ARE, HOW COULD  
YOU KNOW?

SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE'LL TELL YOU

SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE'LL

SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE'LL







UNLEADED  
FUEL ONLY

VOLTS

IT'S HARDER THAN LIVING, IT'S HARDER TO DRIVE AWAY...  
DRIVE AWAY...  
DRIVE AWAY...  
DRIVE AWAY...  
DRIVE AWAY...  
DRIVE AWAY...