

## Highway 90

I'm driving down Highway 90  
Going back for the hair of that dog that bit me  
I'm gonna bite back while I can  
Are you my boy? Are you my man?  
Driving down Highway 90  
And the road becomes a boy to a bullet, to a brain  
The sky, all of this gray matter looks like rain  
90 90 90 90  
Driving down Highway 90  
I dream about a girl, she lives so fast  
She coulda been a Super Sonic Chica  
If she could get off her ass  
Driving down Highway 90  
I dream about a day at the comic book store  
I didn't wanna be a groupie  
But I guess I am a comic book whore  
90 90 90 90  
Driving down Highway 90  
Lock my up in a disco and throw away the key  
I wanna be Donna Summer  
But I'll bet she wouldn't wanna be me  
Driving down Highway 90  
Highway 90  
90 90 90 90  
Driving down Highway 90  
Got vivarin in my body and a soda by my side  
I'll also be a freak this time next week  
Oh, I don't wanna think - just drive  
Driving down Highway 90  
I'm a fish in a 4-lane ghost car stream  
Now just stay on my good side  
This car is mean  
90 90 90 90  
Buddha just commended me on my auto set