

Me and you
Sam and Jane
Our group
Formed again
All Ugly
But decent
Like a toad

All free
Like a bird
But on road
Our group
Formed again

Beer can
In our hands
We listen
To bad bands
On the tattered leather seat of your father's Volkswagen van
We tried to have gender equality
By placing a woman
Next to each man

I said shit! what is this? is it rain?
You took your
Foot and put
It on your
Other foot
And
With the calmness of a goddamn priest
Started reciting your fucking list
As I said
It is much
Better To
We go by
A good plane
Or even
A bad train
I told you

Come on girl
You talk like
We are going to visit Barack Hossein

Me and Sam
You and Jane
We are a group of four
Because three of us are full of pain
And one of us
Their daddy has two cars