

I don't know just where it
all goes, I', in debt up to my nose
Get credit now for 20 percent, buy a car, don't spend a cent
Take a ride, don't you like nice,
you can look good for a price
Go to London for a year, hope you can survive on a beer
I feel us sinking in credit quicksand
I feel us choking
Oh, we owe, we owe, we owe, we owe

I don't know who thought that I would do well with a credit line
First it was a stereo, then a snowboard and a phone
Finally found a new guitar, put some money down on a car
Next gig aint for seventh weeks, holy hell I'm up a creek

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I don't know where it all goes, guess it was the job I choose
Gone a week and late on rent, my landlord is always bent
You'd think I could save a dime, working alway, all the time
Wanna quit but I don't know, oh we owe, we owe, we owe,
we owe

I don't know where it all went, haven't got a single cent
Took my car away from me, now I'm riding RTD
Cut my card up yesterday, guess it's the price I pay
Got a new one in the mail - look at me settin sail

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