

Amitri Del**"Driving With The Brakes On"**

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Driving through the long night

Trying to figure who's right and who's wrong

Now the kid has gone. I sit belted up tight,

She sucks on a match light, glowing bronze, steering
on.

And I might be more of a man if I stopped this in it's
tracks

And said, come on, let's go home. But she's got the
wheel,

And I've got nothing except what I have on.

When you're driving with the brakes on

When you're swimming with your boots on,

It's hard to say you love someone

And it's hard to say you don't

Trying to keep the mood right, trying to steer the
conversation from

The thing we've done.

She shuts up the ashtray, and I say it's a long way back
now hon

She just yawns. And we might get lost someplace

So desolate that no one where we're from would ever
come

But she's got the wheel and I've got to deal from now
on.

But unless the moon falls tonight, unless continents
collide,

Nothing's gonna make me, break from her side

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