

411**"Drivers Seat"**Visit "[Drivers Seat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

An observation from the greenhouse
A nifty cluster of insanity
Not that solid where the ice is thinner
Even for dog with a pedigree

You've seen them juggling with emotional devices
So confident and so relaxed
The league of hasty grown up poets
Bumping the world upon it's axis

And so it's time to take a stand
You've seen your life come shaped by foreign hands
And so it's time to make a move
Letting the world know that you greatly disapprove

You better stop that roadside drinking
Try find the key to the lock
Call a halt to the nightmare shrinking
See what's in that Christmas stocking

Of money, power, fame and passion
The "holy" foursome will spin the ball
The ghost of greed above the mansion
For leagues of copycats a standard call

And so it's time to take a stand
You've seen your life come shaped by foreign hands
And so it's time to make a move
Letting the world know that you greatly disapprove

Stranded like starfish on the shore, when the moon
Eclipses the sun
So the countdown do begin. No leg, no feet, no run
And when the water finally hits us, then it's either
Sink or swim
Examining the clockworks of the Gods, inside your
shiny
Skin
Stranded like ET's on the floor when the ships have
Left the pond
We are all left to float about, for countless years to

Come
No it is either do or die, the last and lonely tribe
Finding a way to leave the pond, to say a last goodbye

Scanning the same old pages
Look for a sign of greatness
Learning in the script of life
To know your self is self contagious

Hope for a glorious Sunday
Push back the crappy Monday
Eight days to cross the poles
And reach the soil of old Britannia

Angel, your mind is far from home, in a mayhem of it's
Own
These are the lost breaks of Babylon, the bad of
Adam's

Bone
Seeking the pleasure of his ground, as human flesh
and
Bone
Tell me has love gone slightly wrong or vastly
Overblown?

Chasing the monster of success and it's catalyzing
Sparks
Flexing the qualities you dispose for entering the game
Now it's either do or die, to keep you entertained
Keeping the audience on their toes, beyond the last
Refrain

Scanning the same old pages
Look for a sign of greatness
Learning in the script of life
To know your self is self contagious

Hope for a glorious Sunday
Push back the crappy Monday
Eight days to cross the poles
And reach the soil of old Britannia

On to the riverbeds of time
We're scattered driftwood in a sad and lonely line
A sum of incidents called "Life"
A place where "V.I.P." will grant no further rights

As we are swaying in the wind
The image left will go no deeper than your skin
But all our doings and our deeds

Propel the universe into love overbleed

Just as the river made a hole inside the mountain
You throw your soil into the soul of the great nothing
It's not so easy to describe, it looks as though you're
Binding time
But you must be waiting for the moments to arise

And so you find yourself in the driver's seat
Down the fishing line, the obstacles of time
And so you find yourself with a million options chiming
Time is such a bitch and fate it's little sister

Those universal minds, the archetypes of life
To the great minds of our time our admiration flies
All the poets and the queens, all the starlets of our
Dreams
To those who came before
And those who opened up the doors

And so you find yourself in the driver's seat
Down the fishing line, the obstacles of time
And so you find yourself with a million options chiming
Time is such a bitch and fate it's little liar

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