

Blues Traveler

"Go Outside And Drive"

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I've really got to clean up my room
You know it's been so long since I've seen
my floor
It's getting kind of scary in fact I suspect
That when I finally clear away I won't know
her anymore
How we'll have grown so far apart
From those early days with the fresh new
start
So in the end it won't matter at all
So why should I bother with the rise and the
fall
So I quietly lay back down
And watch TV
But these are the things we tell ourselves
Eventual stories designed to amuse
It's a game we play and we play it well
In fact we're so damn good that we try to
lose
So we can keep hiding
So we can survive
And keep on believing
Someday we'll go outside & drive
Gonna go outside & drive...
I have resolved not to leave my house
Till my floor comes back and my room is
clean
So I'm really kind of glad that my TV's here
While I concoct my plan to fulfill my dream
Now won't that be wonderful when I'll
finally be done
You know I just can't wait for it then I'll
start to have fun
It's getting hard lately to concentrate
All my appointments canceled cause I'm
horribly late
You know I think I need a prison
In order to dream of being free
But these are things we tell ourselves
Eventual stories designed to amuse
It's a game we play and we play it well
In fact we're so damn good that we try to

lose
So we can keep hiding
So we can survive

And keep on believing
Someday we'll go outside & drive
Now weeks have gone by and my room's not
done
In fact I could say that it's gotten much
worse
Old Chinese food and ravioli cans
Amongst the crumpled letters the mood's
quite perverse
But I got a new TV with a remote control
Styrofoam and instructions fill the hole
Where I once cleared a path where I once
blazed a trail
To the bathroom, but I fear that a nail
Is buried there now so I step very rarely
And try not to get out of bed
You know tomorrow I'll get up and I'll walk
out my door
And life will return to the way that it was
But I think I'm getting sick I'd better give it
a day
It mustn't get a foothold, but it usually does
So I'll sit right here till I'm old and gray
I need my rest after all I'm wasting away
And I just saw a cockroach crawl out of my
sneaker
I think he's biding his time till I get some-
what weaker
Things could still turn out alright
As long as I'm not dad
As long as I'm ...
I'm...I'm not..
I'm not dead, no I'm not dead
But these are the things we tell ourselves
Eventual stories designed to amuse
It's a game we play and we play it well
In fact we're so damn good that we try to
lose
So we can keep hiding
So we can survive
And keep on believing
Someday we'll go outside & drive
Gonna go outside & drive
What's it like outside

