

## Game Theory "You Drive"

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All over El Cerrito hair gets combed in tangles down  
And every radio's aligned onto the finest sound  
Look out for love lost when the lights are changing  
All last year's cassettes together melted on the ground

All over London, England young lines take the old lines  
on  
The weight of never making any difference almost  
gone  
But it's a headache being right when everybody waits  
To jump on you the first time that you're wrong

Across the nation every sports bar turns the pre-game  
on  
And every regular is sneering like we don't belong  
No it's not true I played a lot of baseball in my younger  
days  
One day the diamonds were all gone

The notices I never thought would be sent out have  
arrived  
The notices I never thought would be sent out have  
arrived  
Why can't we throw them in the faces that say we may  
not survive?  
Why can't we cruise the night alive?  
You drive

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