Amanda Palmer "Have to Drive"

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I have to drive
I have my reasons, dear
It's cold outside
I hate the seasons here

I suffer mornings most of all I feel so powerless and small By ten o'clock I'm back in bed Fighting the jury in my head

You learn to drive It's only natural, dear You drive all night We haven't slept in years

We suffer mornings most of all We saw you lying in the road We tried to dig a decent grave But it's still no way to behave

It is a delicate position
Spin the bottle
Pick the victim
Catch a tiger
Switch directions
If he hollers
Break his ankles
To protect him

We'll have to drive They're getting closer Just get inside It's almost over

We will save your brothers
We will save your cousins
We will drive them far away
From streets and lights
From all signs of bad mankind

We suffer mornings most of all Wake up all bleary eyed and sore Forgetting everything we saw

(I'll meet you in an hour at the car)

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