

Amy Ray "Driver Education"

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I fell for guys who tried to commit suicide
With soft rock hair and blood shot eyes
He tastes like Marlboro cigarettes, Reese's peanut
butter cups
A Pepsi in his hand, gettin' off the school bus

Films and drills and safety illustrations
The crushed cars of driver education, driver education

Now it's tattooed girls with a past they can't remember
Who pledged allegiance to a life of bendin' the
curriculum
She tastes like spring, there she goes again
Drinkin' with the older guys, trippin' by the lakeside

Films and drills and safety illustrations
The crushed cars of driver education, driver education

When you were sweet sixteen yeah, I was already mean
Feelin' bad for givin' it up to the man just to make the
scene
Where were you, back when I had somethin' to prove
The switchblade set and the church kids learnin' my
moves?

I ran for miles through the suburbs of the seventies
Pollen dust and Pixie sticks, kissin' in the deep end
Of swimmin' pools before I knew what's in there
We come into this life waterlogged and tender

Films and drills and safety illustrations
The crushed cars of driver education

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