

South Central Cartel

"Driving"

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drip drip drip on the windshield
all the cars pass me by
on a long road from somewhere
in a car with no lights
but jesus told me to come here
and judas says its a lie
and maybe I'm doubting thomas
but only when peter denies
its going to be a long way home from here
saw a girl on the roadside
she was holding a book
she read me chapters and verses
and all the things I mistook before
all the things that she told me
were things I already knew
she's the perfect reminder of all the things I've been
driving through
I guess it just gets lonely in this car
I thought that you might stay and keep me awake
all the roses
wrapped in letters
that were never sent
to the girl who needed them the most
you're a liar
back seat driver
such a whiner when things get complicated
keep it simple so everyone will understand
there's a chance that a change might occur in the
depths that I'd go for you
still i keep driving
unaware of where I'm driving to

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