

Fold, The "Backseat Drivers"

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We're Hollywood stopping as the
Same old song comes on your stereo
And I don't feel a thing, except your hand in mine
It's all or none, I am one who don't believe in half
Hearted attempts
I'm taking this one serious, it's serious

It's the sound of a hand across your face, singin' like
It's a sad place but where do I begin, singin' like

I'm through with words
I'm gonna start to live this out for you
And I don't feel a thing, except your hand in mine
And it's all been done, we had fun but the time has
come
To state our best defense
I'm taking this one serious

It's the sound of a hand across your face, singin' like
It's a sad place but where do I fit in, singin' like

It's a car of backseat drivers, where do I fit in, singin'
like
A car of backseat drivers, afraid to take the wheel,
singin' like

Either one of us takes the wheel, or all of us take the
fall, singin' like

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