

Jacob Diefenbach

"Drive To Kill"

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Im just the spare AIR-BAG in your passenger seat,
John Cougar Mellencamps playing loud on repeat,
And every time I open my mouth to sing you turn up the
radio.

I HOLD MY BREATH as we veer to the left.
I feel the seat belt cutting into my chest.
Guess, if youre gonna be cut, best be cut by the best.
You clap, with a tap of the dash board:

Boys in cars,
Drive To Kill,
Buy them both with dollar bills.
I was real,
I was free.
Guess you couldn't fathom me.
Watch the days,
Watch them pass,
Sweep them up like broken class.
In the bin,
Write a song,
Happily I move along.

The sun is rising on a beat-up car
And everybody acts like a superstar.
Dont really know who these people are,
But I hope they think I'm HARDCORE.
Maybe its the paranoia in the air,
But I dont really feel Im fitting in here.
I seem to remember a time when I didnt care.
Tony says, Maybe you were safe there?

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Drive To Kill,
Buy them both with dollar bills.
I was real,
I was free.
Guess you couldn't fathom me.
Watch the days,
watch them pass,
Sweep them up like broken class.
In the bin,

Write a song,
Happily I move along.

Were gonna change the world one day,
But well boogey woogey woogey til we find a way
To get there on a down-hill slide;
To get there on a sugar high.
Boy, were gonna pucker up down in Hades,
Lending lip gloss sticks to the NICOTINE ladies,
Who want us in their car:
Boys like you can get far down here.
Drive To Kill, baby.

It was a nice surprise when you found your keys
And when you drove like you kiss I was oddly pleased
To find a man whose car wasnt merely another
Shining manifestation of PHALLIC INSECURITY.
Because easy does its fine by me
And your regard for personal safety
Leaves me wondering about the things you can read
about a man
In the strangest places.

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