

# Taxi Cab

## The Nitros

Unsentimental  
Driving around  
Sure of myself  
Sure of it now  
You stand this close to me  
Like the future was supposed to be  
In the aisles of the grocery  
In the blocks uptown  
I remember  
Remember well  
But if I'd forgotten  
Could you tell?  
In the shadow of your first attack  
I was questioning and looking back  
You said, "Baby, we don't speak of that"  
Like a real aristocrat  
Compound to compound  
Lazy and safe  
Wanting to leave it  
Wanting to wait  
When the taxi door was open wide  
I pretended I was horrified  
By the uniform clothes outside  
Of the court yard gate  
  
You're not a victim  
But neither am I  
Nostalgic for garbage  
Desperate for time  
I could blame it on your mother's hair  
Or the colors that your father wears  
But I know that I was never fair  
You were always fine  
Unsentimental  
Driving around  
Sure of myself  
Sure of it now  
You stand this close to me  
Like the future was suppose to be

In the eyes of the grocery  
In the blocks uptown  
I remember  
Remember it well  
And if I'd forgotten  
Could you tell?  
In the shadow of your first attack  
I was questioning and looking back  
You were standing on another track  
Like a real aristocrat

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