

# Drive

## Blind Melon

His feet are dirty  
And his face, his face is long  
And while he's peeking out  
Through his hair, he hides the pain  
Till that Lennon song comes along  
He'll turn it off and say  
"Can you drive?  
Drive  
Can you drive?  
Drive  
Can you drive?"  
Jimmy, we need to borrow this for a minute  
'Cause we need to escape  
I am signing to escape  
Now there's so many things that  
He's gonna do, yeah, in five lifetimes  
Hell, I couldn't do 'em all  
Hey hell and while he's rolling his own smokes  
He says to me, "He's buying a new ride today  
A classic deal the boss will give"  
He said the same thing two weeks ago  
You've seen that sweaty jet rag feeling come over him  
And I've seen that boy nod no, into a dream a time or two  
Hey, hey and on his way out his glazed stare  
Will make you stop and wonder  
Hey William, is that the last time  
I'm gonna look at you?  
{But the next day phone will ring  
And it will be him}  
Can you drive?  
Drive  
Can you drive?  
Drive  
Can you drive?  
Jimmy, what would you say?  
What would you do?  
Oh should I pray  
Or do you think that this blind mind  
Would listen to me, anyway?

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