

Driver

Phish

I'll tell you about the driver who lives inside my head
Starts me up and stops me, and puts me into bed
He opens up my mouth when it's time for me to talk
And fires up my legs when he wants me to walk Keeps my eyes open for most of the day
Adds to my memories the things that people say
When he makes decisions, I don't have to wait
But sometimes it seems that he's got too much on his plate Like this morning when I woke up and he dressed me
in this shirt
That looks a little ragged where he dragged me through the dirt
I'm moving through this life and I'm thinking about the next
And hoping when I get there, I'll be better dressed

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