We Are Driven

Negativland

We are driven!
Driven!I'm the only me that ever there was
I'm the only me that ever there will be
And I'm singing and I'm singing about me being?
And I'm the only me that ever there wasHello.
Now let me tell you about myself.
I used to be a drunk,
And a chronic drunk-driver.
In the ten years between my first arrest, and having my license revoked,
I ranked up nineteen major traffic violations.
I caused six serious accidents,
Injured six people beside myself
And had my license suspended twiceHere's the scene:I was still driving, and drinking.Here's the scene:
It's friday night, you made it through the week, and now it's your turn.
The cheese...
You're going to unwind...
The cheese you intended to buy smeared on the headlight,
and the sardines, tied by their tails to the bumper.
You might crush a great big peanut,
under the left-front wheel of the automobile,
and put some mustard on the door handleWe are driven!
What makes it so mellow?I usually picture a quince, jammed up in the window,
and the juice running out of the quince and dripping down
on the side of the automobile.Pennysoft. You can count on it, Teddy.
Penny's smooth, light flavor makes for an evening of fine?I placed Mr.?, in the form of a?, on the radiator.Put it togetherActually, I tied the cat there by its tail
and let it screech and holler.Put it together with Pennysoft,
and you'll get onto why it's America's #1 Scotch.Drive, with your mind!
Driven... Driven... Driven...Tie the shoes to the steering wheel of the automobile
Have them actually get in your way, as you attempt to steer the car
Drive, with your mind!Then, one night I was driving home after work
And I, had a few. And I hit this kid on a bycicle.Slow down, Daddy!Guilt, is just a word!
Anger, is just a word!
Headache is just a word,
and Depression is just a word!Slow down, Daddy!How does someone know when it's time to be opressed?
How does someone know when it's not time to be opressed?How does someone know when it's time to be opressed?
And how does someone know when it's not time to be opressed?Please, slow down
Drive, with your mind.Why do I have to feel, like this?

Why, Do I, have to feel like this?
Why do I have to feel like this?I have got to apologize
(Repeat)I'm sorry.Drive, with your mind.
I've got to let those? know!
There's no? for liberty and there never will beAnger, is just a word
Pity, is just a word
And Depression, just a wordPlease, slow down. (Down, Down...)
Drive with your mind.
While the 2nd ammendment, the right to bare arms,
You could have two bare arms hanging out of a headlight.
Imagine yourself grabbing the hand-brake,
and having it bite you back, with a set of teeth.
You might have gasoline pour out of the schidometer
Everytime you exceed the speed limit
Here's the scene:
You can make it even more vivid, by making it cause an explosion.Here's the scene.
(Bycicle ringing . Car crash.)
Are you alright there? Are you alright?
Are you okay mister?
- My eyes, my eyes...
Did you get glass in them?
- No.
I watched you coming across that fire-?
When you got to this end, you started driving in circles.
- I know.
Have you been drinking, Mister?We are driven!
Drive with your mind
Driving is? shaped like a microphone, into the gates of hell.
Drive with your mindHe was just eleven. A little younger than my eldest boy.
I was too drunk to see him then, but I can see him now.
And I remember.I'm the only that ever there was.

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