

Backseat Drivers

The Fold

Were Hollywood stopping
As the same old song comes on a stereo
And I dont feel a thing
Except your hands in mine And its all or none, I am one
Who dont believe in half hearted attempts
Oh, Im taking this one serious, its serious Its the sound of a hand across your face, singin like
Its a sad place but where do I fit in, singin like Im through with the words
Im gonna start to live this out for you
And I dont feel a thing
Except your hands in mine And its all been done, we had fun
The time has come to state our best defense
Taking this one serious Its the sound of a hand across your face, singin like
Its a sad place but where do I fit in, singin like Its a car of backseat drivers, where do I fit in, singin like
A car of backseat drivers afraid to take the wheel, sing it back
It's serious Either one of us takes the wheel or all of us take the fall, singin' like
(Serious)
Either one of us takes the wheel or all of us take the fall, sing it back
(Serious)

Songwriters

Keith Richard Mochel; Daniel Castady; Mark Rhoades II; Aaron Kyle Green Published by
THIRSTY MOON RIVER PUBLISHING INC.; TRUCK TREATMENT MUSIC Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>