

# Drive She Said

## Stan Ridgway

Sittin' right behind me, I could smell her perfume  
It was something I smelled before  
Went through a red light while I spilled my drink  
I could feel something sticky on the floor  
I said, "Miss you gotta tell me where you wanna go to  
I can't keep driving 'round the same block"  
So I crumpled my cup and pulled the gum off my shoe  
And then she told me, "Just shut up and keep your eyes on the road""And just drive," she said  
"Just drive," she said, "Just drive," she said  
Well, I watched her grip her hands on the bag in her lap  
While I scratched the bald spot on my head  
I knew then that my cab was just a getaway car  
But I shut up and drove like she said  
I took a bite off my donut then I offered her one  
I said, "Lady, are you in a fix?"  
Then she reached in her purse and she pulled out a gun  
And said "Now, just shut up and keep your hands on the wheel""Just drive," she said "Just drive," she said  
"Just drive," she said "Just drive," she said  
"Okay, okay"Then the moon disappeared and it started to rain  
So I turned the windshield wipers on full  
And on the bag in her lap I saw the name of a big bank downtown  
And I said, "You don't have to worry about me, nope"Then I turned the headlights on just for a minute  
I thought I saw the both of us  
On some kinda tropical island someplace  
Walkin' down a white sandy beach, eatin' somethin'"Just drive," she said "Just drive," she said  
"Just drive," she said "Just drive," she said  
We pulled outta traffic down a dark side street  
She was fixin' her hair in the mirror  
I made a left turn at a yellow light  
Drove my cab fast towards the pier  
She boarded the boat and turned and blew me a kiss  
And later on, when the squad car came 'round  
I ate a handful of peanuts and I told 'em this  
"I don't remember much, except just keep your hands on the wheel""Just drive," she said, "Just drive," she said  
"Just drive," she said, "Just drive," she said  
"Just drive," she said, "Just drive," she said  
Hey, hey, hey, y'all, get outta my way  
Call ya Sunday drivers  
Hey, you want one of these, slim jims? They're good  
What? What? You don't you don't want one?  
Well, they're 100% meat

Songwriters

STANDARD RIDGWAY FUNSTENPublished by  
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