

Driver Education

Indigo Girls

I fell for guys who tried to commit suicide,
With soft rock hair and blood shot eyes.
He tastes like Marlboro cigarettes, Reese's Peanut Butter Cups,
A Pepsi in his hand, getting off the school bus. Films and drills and safety illustrations
The crushed cars of driver education Now its tattooed girls with a past they can't remember,
Who pledged allegiance to a life of bending the curriculum.
She tastes like spring, there she goes again,
Drinking with the older guys, tripping by the lakeside. Films and drills and safety illustrations
The crushed cars of driver education When you were sweet sixteen, I was already mean and
Feeling bad for giving it up to the man just to make the scene.
Where were you, back when I had something to prove,
With the switchblade set and the church kids learning my moves? I ran for miles through the suburbs of the
seventies,
Pollen dust and Pixie sticks, kissing in the deep end
Of swimming pools before I knew what's in there.
We come into this life waterlogged and tender. Films and drills and safety illustrations

Songwriters

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