

Driving with the Brakes On

[Del Amitri](#)

Driving through the long night trying to figure
Who's right and who's wrong, now the kid has gone
I sit belted up tight, she sucks on a match light
Glowing bronze, steering on
And I might be more of a man if I stopped this in it's tracks
And said, "Come on, let's go home"
But she's got the wheel and I've got nothing
Except what I have on
When you're driving with the brakes on
When you're swimming with your boots on
It's hard to say you love someone
And it's hard to say you don't
Trying to keep the mood right, trying to steer the conversation
From the thing we've done
She shuts up the ashtray, and I say "It's a long way back now hon"
And she just yawns
And we might get lost someplace so desolate that
No one where we're from would ever come
But she's got the wheel and I've got to deal
From now on
When you're driving with the brakes on
When you're swimming with your boots on
It's hard to say you love someone
And it's hard to say you don't
But unless the moon falls tonight
Unless continents collide
Nothing's gonna make me
Break from her side
'Cause when you're driving with the brakes on
When you're swimming with your boots on
It's hard to say you love someone
And it's hard to say you don't
It's hard to say you love someone
And it's hard to say you don't

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