

# Have To Drive

Amanda Palmer

I have to drive  
I have my reasons, dear  
It's cold outside  
I hate the seasons here  
I suffer mornings most of all  
I feel so powerless and small  
By ten o'clock I'm back in bed  
Fighting the jury in my head  
We learn to drive  
It's only natural, dear  
We drive all night  
We haven't slept in years  
We suffer mornings most of all  
We saw you lying in the road  
We tried to dig a decent grave  
But it's still no way to behave  
It is a delicate position  
Spin the bottle  
Pick the victim  
Catch a tiger  
Switch directions  
If he hollers  
Break his ankles  
To protect him  
We'll have to drive  
They're getting closer  
Just get inside  
It's almost over  
We will save your brothers  
We will save your cousins  
We will drive them far away  
From streets and lights  
From all signs of bad mankind  
We suffer mornings most of all  
Wake up all bleary eyed and sore  
Forgetting everything we saw  
I'll meet you in an hour at the car

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