Driving Driving Driving

Kimya Dawson

I'm not a conspiracy theorist, but I read blogs by scientists
And I believe they know, more than we are being told
By the mainstream media sources who want the truth to hold its horses
so there isn't mass hysteria as the sea floor erodes
And those in and on the ocean all say hey what's this commotion
and they try to get away but they are moving in slow motion
because their bodies are so heavy from a substance thick and deadly
they say I don't want to die It's all your fault I wasn't ready
I'm so sorry and I'm scared and sad and mad and unprepared
to see the stuff that's in the sea evaporate into the air
where it will gather and form clouds that travel north upon the wind
and drop their cool refreshing poison raindrops on our crops and children.
So this may be the end I've always thought the end of man
would be exactly what we need for the earth to stand a chance
And I always thought I would be fine If this happened if my lifetime
But now that I'm a mother it is really terrifying
And I've always identified with a turtle's soft insides
Because there are times when I really need to hide
But even the strongest, toughest, thickest shell is not designed
to survive, to survive, to survive
Something of this magnitude
Because water is fluid and oil is crude
And it billows way down deep and it sticks to grains of sand
And it floats upon the surface where the birds all try to land
And it's ruining the marshes ecosystems are destroyed
And the people all along the Gulf Coast are now unemployed
While the men who cut the corners still scream DRILL, DRILL, DRILL
from their yachts far away and their mansions on the hill
And they turn away the cameras and scream KILL, KILL, KILL
As they burn endangered sea turtles alive
They're burning turtles alive
And the seas are all connected, And we are all connected
And you're living in denial if you think you won't be affected
You can't hide behind your flag because water knows no border
It will creep in every crevice it'll seep in every pore
They lie about the damage the solutions are illusions

There's no cover up big enough to hide this huge a contusion
On the face of our mother, yeah that's right, mother earth

Is the cost of every living thing what your product is worth?
We are all afflicted with an underground addiction
Learned desire for convenience be the cause of our extinction?
And the industry's the master and we are all the slaves
and we're DRIVING, DRIVING, DRIVING to our GRAVES, GRAVES, GRAVES
The industry's the master and we are all the slaves
And we're DRIVING, DRIVING, DRIVING to our GRAVES, GRAVES, GRAVES
We must teach our kids to love themselves and let them live their lives
What will they be if they grow up? Whatever they like.
It's crucial to raise children who don't do what they're told
Who will fight for what's right and who can't be bought or sold
I want nothing of this business I am staying underground
And I'm gonna ride the railroad and let my guard down
We can forage, and ride bikes, and jump in lakes, and go on hikes
We can sing and sing for hours and click LIKE, LIKE, LIKE
When somebody posts something good we share and spread the truth
It's time to define what success means to you
I hope my kid will never be another cog in their machine
Trapped inside a box trying to remember her dreams
They will sell us all out for their GREED, GREED, GREED
As we cry for the earth while she BLEEDS, BLEEDS, BLEEDS
So hold on to your loved ones, hold on for dear life
Try to walk like thunder leaving footprints that are light
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