

# Driver Education

## Indigo Girls

I fell for guys who tried to commit suicide  
With soft rock hair, blood shot eyes  
Tastes like Marlboro cigarettes, Reese's Peanut Butter Cups  
Pepsi in his hand, getting off the school bus  
Films and drills, safety illustrations  
The crushed cars of driver education, 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, 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  
The crushed cars of driver education  
Films and drills and safety illustrations  
The crushed cars of driver education, driver education  
Driver education, driver education, driver education

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