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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