

# 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 in 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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