

Drive

Blind Melon

His feet are dirty
And his face, his face is long
And while he's peeking out
Through his hair, he hides the pain
Till that Lennon song comes along
He'll turn it off and say "Can you drive?"

Drive

Can you drive?

Drive

Can you drive?" Jimmy, we need to borrow this for a minute

'Cause we need to escape

I am signing to escape Now there's so many things that

He's gonna do, yeah, in five lifetimes

Hell, I couldn't do 'em all

Hey hell and while he's rolling his own smokes

He says to me, "He's buying a new ride today

A classic deal the boss will give"

He said the same thing two weeks ago You've seen that sweaty jet rag feeling come over him
And I've seen that boy nod no, into a dream a time or two Hey, hey and on his way out his glazed stare

Will make you stop and wonder

Hey William, is that the last time

I'm gonna look at you? {But the next day phone will ring

And it will be him} Can you drive?

Drive

Can you drive?

Drive

Can you drive? Jimmy, what would you say?

What would you do?

Oh should I pray

Or do you think that this blind mind

Would listen to me, anyway?

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