

You'll Need a New Backseat Driver

The New Pornographers

I've heard you get lots of mileage
Out of the speed of sound
It's how we tracked you down
And in the Morse code of the brake lights
In the message it's uttering
The medium is everything
It says "You're set free or you get my love"
But what else would you do for fun around here?

If you're gonna travel and never arrive there
You'll need a backseat driver

Every turn is timed and torn up
It's the language of quick goodbyes
And they will metastasize
And in the Morse code of the brake lights
Repeating and stuttering
Are the words of a child king:
"You can't make me, I won't do this"
So what do you do for fun around here?

If you're gonna travel and never arrive there
You'll need a backseat driver

And I'll grow back into it
I know it's time that we got going
Though it's unsafe at every speed
And I'll grow back into it
I know it's time that we got going
Though it's unsafe at every speed

I've heard you get lots of mileage
Out of the speed of sound
It's how we tracked you down
And in the Morse code of your brake lights
You said "so what do you do for fun around here?"

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You'll need a backseat driver
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