

7:30 AM, Alerted to life by a song on the radio
The evening is over
Another morning, another opportunity
To do something progressive prove that he's worthy
Up and out the door by 9 O'clock
The sun is shining up and down the block
There's children in the corner waiting for a bus
That will take them to school and exploit their trust
He starts the car, sparks with one crank
It's those good ol' fashioned American mechanics
And even though he'd rather own a new import
It's dependable and more important it's all he can afford
Stops by the coffee shop to pick up some smokes and a cup of Joe
Back into the Ford with the windows rolled up
So when the radio rocks he can sing along freely
With the lights out it's less dangerous
At the top of his lungs the words burst through shameless
Pushing that dream, trying to beat the time
Oh well whatever nevermind
Nothing else matters when your knifing through traffic
Wishing it was a stickshift, it's an automatic
Listening to the road, voice of the nomad
How he'd love to leave drive away never go back
Wheels keep on turning, turning turning and turning
Alone is when he finally feels like a person
Light another Nat Sherman
Crack the window, feel the wind blow
Serenity tenfold
God bless whoever invented sunglasses
And while your at save the saints that work the fast food drive throughs
Objects are closer than they appear
Cuz when your by yourself there ain't one else to lie to
Talk radio gets a lot of play in his vehicle
It teaches him topics to dicuss with real people
So when he stops to get gas or hit that coffee shop
His neurotic ass can act like he knows a whole lot
Pour some sugar on me, my counterfeit personality
He's a loner dottie, he's a rebel
He's gonna drive the escort to the middle of that meadow
Thinking about how he can leave this city
Fill the tank and towards the water he'll flee or,
Maybe he should just go get a picture at the CC
And find a stool at the bar where he can stare at the TV
Either way tomorrow will be just like today
And that's all it takes to make the change
He loves to drive more than he loves being alive
And this town doesn't even know his real name

It goes bye bye Miss American Pie
Drove the Ford to the border to disturb the order
If only that he'd know that he wouldn't be missed
Maybe then he could have grown to exist
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