

The Art Of Driving

Black Box Recorder

La la la, la la la la la
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You're quite precautious
I know which button should be pressed
Let's go out driving
I'll wait until you pass the test
We can get a hood down
Throw away those learner plates
You got the hang of steering
Now try stepping on the brakes

You've been driving way too fast
You've been pushing way too hard
You've been taking things too far
Who do you think you are?

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Do you believe in love at first sight?
Do you believe in fate?
I believe the good things
Only come to those who wait
We've got to plan the journey
Eliminate all mistakes
Take the safe route
It's called the art of driving

Maybe wait until the summertime
Maybe wait until December
Because a heartfelt seduction
Lasts a life time

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Who do you think you are?

It's called the art of driving
The art of driving
It's just the art of driving

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I wish you'd learn to slow down
You might get there at the end
Don't think the accelerating pedal
Is the man's best friend
You don't have to break the speed limit
You don't have to break your neck
Another dead boy-racer
Cut out from the wreck

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