

Drive

Boyce Avenue

Sometimes, I feel the fear of uncertainty stinging clear. And I can't help but ask myself how much I'll let the fear Take the wheel and steer. It's driven me before, And it seems to have a vague, Haunting mass appeal. But lately I'm beginning to find that I Should be the one behind the wheel.

Whatever tomorrow brings I'll be there With open arms and open eyes. Yeah. Whatever tomorrow brings I'll be there, I'll be there.

So if I decide to waiver my chance to be one of the hive Will I choose water over wine And hold my own and drive? Oh oh oh oooh. It's driven me before And it seems to be the way That everyone else gets around. But lately I'm beginning to find that When I drive myself my light is found.

Whatever tomorrow brings I'll be there With open arms and open eyes. Yeah. Whatever tomorrow brings I'll be there, I'll be there...

Would you choose water over wine.... Hold the wheel and drive?

Whatever tomorrow brings I'll be there With open arms and open eyes. Whatever tomorrow brings I'll be there I'll be there