

## Drunk Drivers/Killer Whales

### Car Seat Headrest

In the backseat of my heart, there's someone sayin' I'm a mess  
I couldn't get the car to start, my keys are somewhere in the mess

I fell asleep outside the door and found a letter in the morning

I couldn't make it out although I recognized my own handwriting

We are not a proud race  
It's not a race at all  
We're just trying  
I'm only trying to get home  
Drunk drivers, drunk drivers

I hate to say it but, baby, this could be our fate  
Sitting here in silence while you lie beside me and wait for the song to end

But if we learn how to live like this, baby, we can learn how to start again

I'll make that song right, I'll play it again and again and again

We are not a proud race  
It's not a race at all  
We're just trying  
I'm only trying to get home  
Drunk drivers, drunk drivers  
This is not a good thing  
I don't mean to rationalize  
Or try and explain it away  
It's not okay  
Drunk drivers, drunk drivers

It doesn't have to be like this  
It doesn't have to be like this  
It doesn't have to be like this  
Killer whales, killer whales  
It doesn't have to be like this  
It doesn't have to be like this  
It doesn't have to be like this  
Killer whales, killer whales

And if you can't find your friends, you can leave without 'em  
And if you run out of drugs, you can sleep without 'em, I know you can

And if you want to go home, you can call a taxi

And if you don't want to talk, you can sit in the backseat