

## Driver

Maya Hawke

One, two, three, one

I cook and I clean now  
I do different things than I used to do  
Feel I'm always rinsin' dishes  
I load them and I think about you  
I imagine my mom and dad  
Loosely neckin' in the back of a taxi cab  
I'd give everything I'll ever have to see them happy  
Kissin' just like that

And oh, I can watch it in the movies  
I don't wanna see it that crafted and clear  
Wanna be the pervert driver  
Gazin' at them through a tilted mirror

I stay up, I play Backgammon now  
Not to dirty a glass, I drink straight from the spout  
I sleep through the night now  
On the medication you left at my house  
I miss you like the soft spot at the top of my baby skull's rose  
I miss you like my fontanel  
I miss you like my openness that closed

Now I'll tell you a secret  
A secret that everyone already knows  
You remind me of my father  
Your attitude, your disheveled clothes

Thinkin' of you makes me happy  
Happy that my father, he got free  
That even though it hurt me  
He can be whoever the hell he wants to be

You see, a free man can be a relied on  
Trusted not to let go of the bike  
Nothin' stickin' his feet to the ground  
No one's holdin' a string to his kite