Drive, He Said

Steve Taylor

On a desert road that steamed the sky
With the windows up and the air on high
I was off the stage, I was on the mend
With a solo drive to a holiday weekend
My thirsty car came to a stop at the Reptile Gardens Curio Shop
When a wind came hissing through the vents
And I felt my sneakers growing tense
My forehead broke in a cold, cold sweat --
In the rearview mirror was a silhouette
Then I heard the doorlocks take a dive
And a whisper screamed 'Don't turn around, just drive'

Scratch! dressed in red -- pointy tail and a horn-rimmed head
And a widow's peak like Eddie Munster
I sat frozen in my seat -- we haven't had a chance to meet..
Are you a singing telegram or something?
He just flashed a hellish smile -- "Let's go driving for a while'
He held something in his hand I'd never seen before
It was my Chevrolet's pink slip

Scratch! Evil eye
'Step on it, boy, if you want to stay alive' he said
'don't look surprised, you know what I want
I've lived for years inside your trunk, so drive' he said
'Let's get talking business, son -- you ain't fooling anyone
I know just what you want to be --now it's the time to work for me
So drive'

If this is a nasty dream
I'd prefer to wake up here
I believe the point is clear...

Scratch! Out of my car!
He said 'Ha! I've come too far...
Besides, I kind of like the velour seat covers.'
God, help me! What do I do?
'Shut up boy, it's too late for you...now drive!
All you phonies got it wrong --
Double lives take twice as long
should have kept your windows clean
Now I'm part of this machine
You've got a good 80,000 miles left...
before the recall...'

If this is a nasty dream
I believe the point's quite clear
I'd prefer to wake up here

I started humming Amazing Grace
He said 'Come on, boy, give me a break!'
so I hit the brakes with both my feet
And sent two horns through the bucket seats
Then the locks shot up as the grace came down
I said 'Here's the keys -- I'll be walking back to town.'

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