Drive My Car

Two Gallants

You don't listen when he says,
That you don't love him for his brain but for his head,
So pretty and so safe and so misread,
You don't need this kid,
Could it be this kid?,
And when all the hate you throw,
Is all you really need to cut him from below,
Seems like everyone got tickets to the show,
To watch your cheeks go red,
Could it be this kid?

But the girl you speak, so goddamn dangerous,
Could it be you're just like the rest of us?
And though you try you know you can't escape from us,
When all he hears is the curse of what you did,
And all he knows is the need to keep you hid.

Could it be this kid?

And when all your nights have come,
Each as gallant and as faithless as this one.
He be nothing more than just another one,
Another past you hid.
You hid it from this kid.

And as the wind instains your face,
You know there's no-one but yourself who's out of place.
So fearful and so lost in his embrace.
You don't need this kid.
Could it be this kid?

But the girl you speak, so goddamn dangerous,
Could it be you're just like the rest of us?
And though you try you know you can't escape from us,
When all he hears is the curse of what you did,
And all he knows is the need to keep you hid.

Could it be this kid?

"It's hard" she said "my fortune's been quite hard"
"It's hard" she said "my fortune's been quite hard"
"this card" he said "don't play that victim card"
"this card" he said "don't play that victim card"
"stars" she said "this fate is crossed with stars"
"it's god" he said "it's that I'll disregard"
"this jar" he said "I'll leave the door ajar"
"this car" he said "cos you should drive my car"

"has this gone much too far?" she said
"has this gone much too far?"
"I don't know who you are"
"I don't know who you are"

just before you break in two, one last thing he'll say to you.
one last thing that's best unheard, should it be unsaid?

I gave you more than you could take,

All that put was more at stake.
You keep your trophies on the wall,
Well I'll take the door instead,
Cos you don't need this kid.

But the girl you speak, so goddamn dangerous,
Could it be you're just like the rest of us?
And though you try you know you can't escape from us,
When all he hears is the curse of what you did,
And all he knows is the need to keep you hid.

Could it be this kid?

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