

Back Seat Driver

William Michael Morgan

He said you best be gettin' on the road
And grab your coat it's gettin' cold
You know I'm gonna miss you
Don't get below a quarter tank
That gas burns quicker than you think
Oh and always check that rear view
Watch your speed at the Georgia line
Those boys will get you everytime
And it's a hundred dollar fine

Drive like the devil, when you see an open highway
And let off that pedal, when a good view steals your breath away
Take a left if it feels right, roll your windows down at night
You may get lost but you'll be alright
There's a bible on the dash, and a map tucked in the door
I can't be your backseat driver anymore

Here's to hopin' you won't need
That baseball bat behind the seat
But it's there if you ever do
And call home every couple days
If only for your mama's sake
Hell she tells all her friends about you
Now ten and two, buckle up
I threw a flashlight in the trunk
Next to that spare if you get stuck

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Anymore
I can't be your backseat driver anymore

Sometimes when I'm lost, I can still hear
My daddy's voice echo loud and clear

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Anymore
I can't be your backseat driver anymore
No I can't, you know I can't
I can't be your backseat driver, anymore