

## Go Outside and Drive

Blues Traveler

I've really got to clean up my room  
You know it's been so long since I've seen  
my floor  
It's getting kind of scary in fact I suspect  
That when I finally clear away I won't know  
her anymore  
How we'll have grown so far apart  
From those early days with the fresh new  
start  
So in the end it won't matter at all  
So why should I bother with the rise and the  
fall  
So I quietly lay back down  
And watch TV  
But these are the things we tell ourselves  
Eventual stories designed to amuse  
It's a game we play and we play it well  
In fact we're so damn good that we try to  
lose  
So we can keep hiding  
So we can survive  
And keep on believing  
Someday we'll go outside & drive  
Gonna go outside & drive...  
I have resolved not to leave my house  
Till my floor comes back and my room is  
clean  
So I'm really kind of glad that my TV's here  
While I concoct my plan to fulfill my dream  
Now won't that be wonderful when I'll  
finally be done  
You know I just can't wait for it then I'll  
start to have fun  
It's getting hard lately to concentrate  
All my appointments canceled cause I'm  
horribly late  
You know I think I need a prison  
In order to dream of being free  
But these are things we tell ourselves  
Eventual stories designed to amuse  
It's a game we play and we play it well  
In fact we're so damn good that we try to  
lose  
So we can keep hiding  
So we can survive  
And keep on believing  
Someday we'll go outside & drive  
Now weeks have gone by and my room's not  
done  
In fact I could say that it's gotten much  
worse  
Old Chinese food and ravioli cans  
Amongst the crumpled letters the mood's  
quite perverse  
But I got a new TV with a remote control  
Styrofoam and instructions fill the hole  
Where I once cleared a path where I once

blazed a trail  
To the bathroom, but I fear that a nail  
Is buried there now so I step very rarely  
And try not to get out of bed  
You know tomorrow I'll get up and I'll walk  
out my door  
And life will return to the way that it was  
But I think I'm getting sick I'd better give it  
a day  
It mustn't get a foothold, but it usually does  
So I'll sit right here till I'm old and gray  
I need my rest after all I'm wasting away  
And I just saw a cockroach crawl out of my  
sneaker  
I think he's biding his time till I get some-  
what weaker  
Things could still turn out alright  
As long as I'm not dad  
As long as I'm ...  
I'm...I'm not...  
I'm not dead, no I'm not dead  
But these are the things we tell ourselves  
Eventual stories designed to amuse  
It's a game we play and we play it well  
In fact we're so damn good that we try to  
lose  
So we can keep hiding  
So we can survive  
And keep on believing  
Someday we'll go outside & drive  
Gonna go outside & drive  
What's it like outside