

# Driving with One Hand on the Wheel

Aimee Mann

You asked me to dinner  
You brought me stuff  
Now what do I make of that  
You made me an offer  
I called your bluff  
Now you're an amnesiac

Driving with one hand on the wheel  
Ordering luck with every meal  
Feeding on hope again never mind how  
Small a portion

I said like we do  
Like we'd like to think  
I'll take care of myself  
And who would've thought that  
Initial drink  
Would clear an entire shelf

Driving with one hand on the wheel  
Ordering luck with every meal  
Feeding on hope again never mind how  
Small a portion

You should look at it realistically  
I know you couldn't be in love with me

You sat there as dumb  
As a dog or cat  
Just hoping it's for the best  
As if anything ever  
Comes from that  
Except an appalling mess

Driving with one hand on the wheel  
Ordering luck with every meal  
Feeding on hope again never mind how  
Small a portion

Now you didn't bank  
On the alchemy  
That flattery turns to love  
But you took that obstructions  
Will always be  
The danger of falling off

Driving with one hand on the wheel  
Not knowing how or what to feel  
You only knew that it was enough to be  
Feeling something