

Drive My Car

David Crosby

It was one of those nights
When you drive right by your own street
And you wonder who's running your hands or your feet
And your car becomes a capsule sometimes you can't hide
Last night I needed I needed to drive

I want to drive my car I really don't care how far I want to roam
alone
I want to drive my car I really don't care how far I want to roam
alone
I was not out looking for honey's
Oh I noticed them like usual but not as strong
And the distance between me and my pavement
It seemed to be a hundred yards long

I still feel the wind on my elbow
But I'm driving by the seat of my pants
I keep trying trying to tune the radio
trying to tune me out of my trance

I want to drive my car I really don't care how far I want to roam
alone

I want to drive my car I really don't care how far I want to roam
alone

At least a car goes where you steer it
Sometimes it's the only things it does

So I get in and I drive to hear it and I remember that feeling that
there was

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alone
I want to drive my car I really don't care how far I want to roam
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