

I'll tell you about the driver who lives inside my head  
Starts me up and stops me and puts me into bed  
He opens up my mouth when it's time for me to talk  
Fires up my legs when he wants me to walk  
Keeps my eyes open most of the day  
Adds to my memory the things that people say  
When he makes decisions I don't have to wait  
But sometimes it seems he's got too much on his plate  
Like this morning when I woke up and he dressed me in this shirt  
That looks a little ragged where he drug me through the dirt  
I'm moving through this life and I'm thinking about the next  
And hoping when I get there I'll be better dressed  
Keeps my eyes open for most of the day  
Adds to my memory the things that people say  
When he makes decisions I don't have to wait  
I'll tell you about the driver who lives inside my head