

Backseat Drivers

The Fold

We're hollywood stopping as the same old song comes on your radio

And I don't feel a thing, except your hand in mine

It's all or none, cause I am one who don't believe in half hearted attempts

I'm taking this one serious, it's serious

It's the sound of a hand across your face, singin' like

It's a sad place but where do I fit in, singin' like

I'm through with words, I'm gonna start to live this out for you

And I don't feel a thing, except your hand in mine

Cause it's all been, and we had fun but the time has come to state our best defense

I'm taking this one serious

It's the sound of a hand across your face, singin' like

It's a sad place but where do I fit in, singin' like

It's a car of backseat drivers, where do I fit in, singin' like

It's a car of backseat drivers, afraid to take the wheel

Either one of us takes the wheel, or all of us take the fall

It's the sound of a hand across your face, singin' like

It's a sad place but where do I begin, singin' like