

Drive

The String Cheese Incident

Highway glimmered with morning dew
Reflected the rain in your eyes
The trees pass by like Van Gogh's brush
What were you leavin' behind?

Frosted shine like broken glass
The canyon comes into view
The road is worn, all cracked and torn
From the others that came before

It ain't over, ain't it good to be alive
It ain't over, close your eyes and drive

I knew it all and never had my doubts
The truth couldn't be farther away
But I hit bottom and didn't bounce
And found out I had nothin to say

Are we running towards? Are we running from?
Maybe not running at all
I just know when we least expect it
Some things are just destined to fall

It ain't over, ain't it good to be alive
It ain't over, close your eyes and drive

I saw you standing in the crowd
Showbox Saturday night
Seven summers have passed since then
Are the stars still shining as bright?

Moving village of your space time world
The iron fist is far behind you
Levitation in a whiskey swirl
Never even got to the show

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