Blues Traveler, Go Outside & Drive

I've really got to clean up my room
You know its been so long since I've seen my floor
It's getting kind of scary in fact I suspect
That when I finally clear away I won't know her anymore
How we'll have grown so far apart
From those early days with the fresh new start
So in the end it won't matter at all
So why should I bother with the rise and the fall
So I quietly lay back down
And watch TV

But these are the things we tell ourselves
Eventual stories designed to amuse
It's a game we play and we play it well
In fact we're so damn good that we try to lose
So we can keep hiding
So we can survive
And keep on believing
Someday we'll go outside & drive
Gonna go outside & drive...

I have resolved not to leave my house
Till my floor comes back and my room is clean
So I'm really kind of glad that my TV's here
While I concoct my plan to fulfill my dream
Now won't that be wonderful when I'll finally be done
You know I just can't wait for it then I'll start to have fun
It's getting hard lately to concentrate
All my appointments cancelled cause I'm horribly late
You know I think I need a prison
In order to dream of being free

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Now weeks have gone by and my room's not done In fact I could say that it's gotten much worse Amongst the crumpled letters the mood's quite perverse But I got a new TV with a remote control Styrofoam and instructions fill the hole Where I once cleared a path where I once blazed a trail To the bathroom, but I fear that a nail Is buried there now so I step very rarely And try not to get out of bed

You know tomorrow I'll get up and I'll walk out my door And life will return to the way that it was But I think I'm getting sick I'd better give it a day It mustn't get a foothold, but it usually does So I'll sit right here till I'm old and gray I need my rest after all I'm wasting away And I just saw a cockroach crawl out of my sneaker I think he's biding his time till I get somewhat weaker Things could still turn out alright As long as I'm not dead As long as I'm... I'm...I'm not...

I'm not dead, no I'm not dead

But these are the things we tell ourselves Eventual stories designed to amuse It's a game we play and we play it well In fact we're so damn good that we try to lose So we can keep hiding So we can survive And keep on believing Someday we'll go outside & drive Gonna go outside & drive

I'm still alive, yeah
Is it raining or is it sunning?
I wonder if it's light outside
What's it like outside?
Is it sunning outside?
I wonder if it's raining
Is it raining?