

The Fold, Backseat Drivers

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