

Trash Can Sinatras, Maybe I Should Drive

I'm on a B road heading for the sea
To see if hands across the ocean
Shake or wave
Through the whiplash of the windscreen wipers
I can see for miles
But all I do is watch the time
And the driver's hands

He harbours thoughts on personal grief
I said your hardship's
Only one of a fleet
That didn't go down well

CHORUS

Listen son if you'd spent
Your life in the last lane
You would have an accent to grind
Punch-drunk on patriotism
Blind-drunk on borderism
Maybe I should drive

And while you're castaway
The mice'll play
They'll have a license
To dull those left back home
What about those poor souls?

And as I jumped to these conclusions
He thumped his feet on the brakes
But we still hit a songwriter
Trudging through the rain

Scrambled out and watched him
Rest in pieces
Said a prayer and rifled
Through his pockets
But the side of his mouth
Still had something to say
At the toss of a coin
I end up head in the dirt
And tail in the air
Yet you can dance away
But be it friend of hard-up-man
Fellow or kin
When the chips are down
They're down for good