

Perfect Attendance, Helping Hand

Well this much is true
There's a lot of things
I wish I wouldn't have gotten used to
Yellow taxi and inside
The driver's calls to me
asking if I could use a ride

But I don't know where he's going
I don't know if it's safe
I don't know if he can take me to that place
Where I'll be satisfied

I need a helping hand
So I'm coming back to you
Cause you know where I've been,
What I've put myself through
You're all that I need
And you'll forever be waiting to reach out
your helping hand to me

Well this much is true
There's too many things
I wish I wouldn't have gotten used to
Strange old man says, "Come with me"
He wears a glowing smile,
tells me everything he has is free

But I don't know where he's going
I don't know if it's safe
I don't know if he can take me to that place
Where I'll be satisfied