

Son, Ambulance, Taxi-Cab Driver

Cab driver, won't you take my girl for a ride?
She's a survivor, still got so much love locked up inside.
She loves to lose the foolish games with heart-breaker rules.
She's a martyr of the senior class.
She's gonna stick it through.
Like Albert Einstein or some kid you don't know, she used to laugh at your jeans.
You were the chess game I thought better unwon.
You the win the war inside of me.
Needed to explain so I turned as I come.
Visit your job on thirteenth street.
And soon I'll be walking outside.
Feeling yourself come alive!
A thumb stuck up off the side of the interstate.
Hitchhiker, you better jump in the car.
Don't be such a stranger now.
We know we could go real far.
Like Albert Einstein or some kid you don't know, she used to laugh at your jeans.
You were the chess game I thought better unwon.
You the win the war inside of me.

I could not explain why I turned out so cold turned myself in on thirteenth street.
Soon we'll be rising, sinking, feeling like we're falling out of love again.
No more kissing you on the sly.
Watching those cars pass us on the right.
She don't care where each one goes, cause she's got symphonies to compose.
Maybe I was just a melody.
Who knows? You were the chess game I thought better unwon.
You the win the war inside of me.