

## **Drivin' Fool – © 2017 Kaufman & Perri**

Driving insane jacked up in an awful hurry  
Burning coal crossing over that, yellow line  
Dead flowers every bend hell that don't gimme worry As long as that name up on the  
cross ain't mine  
Bet you already know what I'm talking about  
Ev'ry man with a pulse can testify  
Feel that heartbeat pound of the motor, velvet touch of the road makes you sigh Flash  
'a pink makes you think yeah you own her, oh my, oh my, oh my

Driving fool, baby let's take a ride  
Driving fool, under the open skies  
Driving fool, you make a grown man cry, Driving fool. . .

I'm just driving my lane, you know sticking with the rhythm And shifting every time I  
need to, wind it out  
Packing 'round a little muscle, downtown where I need it Three fingers 'a whiskey  
back an Irish stout  
Yeah man you know that's got it, sweet but kind of sassy Take me to the river, take  
me down the block  
See no matter where we're going, good time for posin' Time to let the world watch us  
and let it rock

Feel that heartbeat pound of the motor, velvet touch of the road makes you sigh Flash  
'a pink makes you think yeah you own her, oh my, oh my, oh my

### **CHORUS**

Burning down the road or crawling in the city Passing time stretching pit stops in old  
downtowns See for yourself the good bad and the pretty  
Yeah what it is that makes our world go 'round

Feel that heartbeat pound of the motor, velvet touch of the road makes you sigh Flash  
'a pink makes you think yeah you own her, oh my, oh my, oh my

### **CHORUS**

Sweet driving fool  
I'm just a driving fool  
Don't it make a grown man cry? Just a driving fool  
Umm driving fool  
You know I am a driving fool  
Oh them long dark roads  
Yeah that's what I'm talking about