

Sunday Driver

Peter Eldridge

Whatever happened to the Sunday driver?
Consider the concept in your mind if you will -
Nothing pressing, no place to go
And happy never going faster than slow.
Whatever happened to the Sunday driver?

Is he a nuisance or a gentle reminder
Of just keeping one day simple as can be
No phone in his pocket, he's content to be out of touch
And matters so important suddenly don't mean much
Such is the journey of the Sunday driver.

Time it flies fast on its own
It don't need a push or shove.
What is it you are running from
or chasing after?
Ease up, just let them pass,
Nothing to do but drive and dream
just drive, drive and dream.

(Bridge Repeats)

Oh how I envy the slow-going Sunday survivor
Just look at him smile without a care in the world
His patience his virtue
He just wants the day to last
And me I seem to be going nowhere fast
So fast
Too fast
So fast
Take the suggestion of the Sunday driver.