

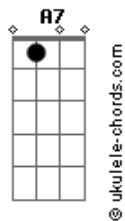
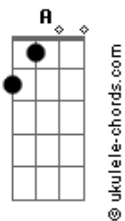
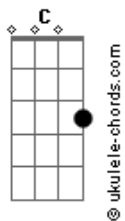
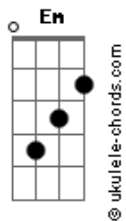
Incubus - Drive

tom:
Intro: 4x: ^{Em} ^{Em} ^C ^A
^{Em} ^{Em} ^C ^A
Sometimes, i feel the fear of
^{Em} ^A ^{Em} ^C ^A
Uncertainty stinging clear.
^{Em} ^{Em} ^C
And i can't help but ask myself
^A ^{Em}
How much i'll let the fear
^{Em} ^C ^A
Take the wheel and steer.

^C ^{A7}
It's driven me before,
And it seems to have a vague,
^{A7} ^C
Haunting mass appeal.
^{A7}
But lately i
^C
Am beginning to find that i
^{A7}
Should be the one behind the wheel.

^{Em} ^{Em} ^C ^A ^{Em} ^{Em}
Whatever tomorrow brings, i'll be there
^C ^A

Acordes



With open arms and open eyes.

^{Em} ^{Em} ^C ^A ^{Em} ^{Em}
Whatever tomorrow brings, i'll be there
^C ^A
I'll be there

^{Em} ^{Em} ^C ^A
So if i decide to waiver my
^{Em} ^{Em} ^C ^A
Chance to be one of the hive
^{Em} ^{Em} ^C ^A
Will i choose water over wine
^{Em} ^{Em} ^C ^A
And hold my own and drive?

^C ^{A7}
It's driven me before,
And it seems to be the way
^{A7} ^C
That everyone else gets around.
^{A7}
But lately i'm beginning to find that
^C ^{A7}
When i drive myself my light is found.

Refrão 2x:
^C ^{A7} ^C
Would you choose water over wine...
^{A7}
Hold the wheel and drive?