

The Lady Who Hates Her Husband's Driving
Y York

You're gonna drive next to a bus? A bus, a 17 ton bus? Oh, you want to drive in back of a bus; breathe diesel; stop once a block, fine, I don't care if we never get there, I don't even like these people. Oh great, don't signal, I don't care if we get run over, spend the next thirty years in a coma. Why are you going the speed limit, you can go five miles an hour over the speed limit. Five miles over the speed limit is the speed limit. You idiot. Nobody stops for pedestrians in cross walks. You make them wait, or traffic gets backed up, what's important, you impressing some minority pedestrian with your liberal stopping of your car at a cross walk, or keeping the traffic moving.

"Oh, I'm fine."

Asshole. Great! Great, go on the freeway, great, you've worked for twenty hours, of course you should drive at 70 miles an hour with six thousand other exhausted drivers so we can all get there five minutes sooner. Don't slow down, don't slow don't, don't. They don't expect you to slow down for them, you confuse them when you slow down for them, you speed up, and they slow down and pull in behind you, that's the way it's done, you get this consideration happening and it's a mess is what. "No, We're not going to be too early." That'll be the day when we're too early with you driving. You have to get in the middle lane, you have to move over one, this lane disappears, turn on your signal, move into the middle lane. What, you gonna drive us into a cement barrier, have cement barrier for dinner?

"Um, I think ... yeah."

Lame brain. On the right, you see that guy on the right? Glance to your right. That guy, that car he's gonna pull in front of us, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, why didn't you know, why didn't you know that. Great. drive right next to this truck, oh yeah drift a little closer, because I think we should get sucked underneath his tires, or be right next to him when he blows a tire and smashes us into that cement retaining wall, so they can identify us by rumor. Fall back or pass, fall back or pass, fall back or pass. Don't put your arm on the arm rest you're driving next to a truck, keep both hands on the wheel. You're gonna smoke, you're gonna smoke, you're gonna leave your left arm on the arm rest, and smoke, why don't you flip through the radio stations while you're driving with your arm on the arm rest smoking a cigarette next to a truck. That's our exit, that's our exit, you gotta get over, you gonna go through this truck, go right through it? You gotta get over, it's too late, great. I don't care, I don't care I we ever get there, who cares.

"Yeah, it was, back... uh, yeah."