## PJ Harvey, Driving

Tell him I'm driving, it's alright Turn on this wheel Turn on headlights A hundred different bibles by my side In my white gown I go flying down Oh my eyes, it cannot be He said no, it cannot be All that time, it cannot be Easy said, it cannot be The ghosts fly their asses off tonight I'm just driving till it dies Tell him I'm driving, it's alright You tell him that I had a skin full You tell him that I couldn't sit still Imagine your whole self is filled with light Your voice ringing out Through the whole fucking town Oh my eyes, it cannot be He said no, it cannot be All that time, it cannot be Oh my eyes, it cannot be You tell him I'm driving You tell him I'm driving You tell him I'm driving You tell him I'm driving