

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