

PJ Harvey, The Slow Drug

Blue now is the colour
Love the drug I'm needing
Got to keep this feeling

With the headlights burning
We're looking up for something
Answers on the ceiling

Watching out the windows
Watch the way the wind blows
Soon it will be morning

Still the question lingers
I twist it round my fingers
Could you be my calling?

See this winged boy falling
Falling out of something
Hits the drug I'm needing

Arrows that he's turning
Need to keep this feeling
Slow drug in the morning

With the headlights burning
Looking up for something
Something that we're needing

Still the question lingers
I twist it round my fingers
Could you be my calling?