

Veda Hille

"Driven"

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I need this depression, it keeps my heart rate down
(She scribbles notes while driving)

A good
Another red light

She prays for the miracle of radio
But there's just the rain's soft staccato

A good
Another warm, wet night

It takes concentration to be alone in a full bar
With no smile that guy keeps staring at her face

She holds
Her own hand

Dry of smoke and laughter
She's not even drinking water
But the Rheostatics are a really great band

And life is rich
(Convincing herself)
It's not so hard
I'm not really such a bitch
And it's great that she's come
This far

She wakes to the school bell across the street
The morning light shows her pale colours
And the band aid
On the wall

She's obsessed with waltz tunes
No more dancing in the white room
She always thought
It might be too small

And life is rich
(Convincing herself)
It's not so hard
After all I complain and bitch
It's great that she's come

This far

She holds him while she's crying
She is so strong and blank
There is no rather be
Here or there
But there is just enough
Gas
Just enough
Gas
In the tank

Life is rich
(Convincing herself)
It's not so hard
After all I complain and bitch
It's great that she's come this far

Life is rich
(She tells herself again)
It's not so hard
Nobody like bitch
It's great that she's got so much
So far to go
She's got so much to do
So far to go
So much to do
So far to go
And there's just enough
Gas
In the tank

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