

Servant, The "Driving At Night"

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Driving in the dark in your car
I want to sleep
All the headlights weep
And run under the gloomy rain
Driving at night makes me sleepy
I try hard to be like I'm in an advert

As we descend on the M1
But I just can't seem to be
You somehow make the car work
Orange lamps wander upon
The black rim of the horizon

Driving in the dark...

The back seat and me languidly combine
Whispers from the gears and clutch
Red and white glows
I focus on the signs
Vanishing before I can touch
Do you have to mumble so much?

Driving in the dark...

You start talking to me like I'm in an advert
As we ascend from the M1
But I just don't seem to be
You somehow make the car work
Orange lamps wander upon
The black rim of the horizon

Driving in the dark...

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