

Miskovsky Lisa

"Driving One Of Your Cars"

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Saw you go high above, autumn clouds

Blinded my eyes when the sparks grew bigger than
your lies

You're concealed but still so wonderful, so magical

Blinded my forehead, say can I see if it's me

So cold, so cold... Meet me there, alone and spared

Cause I'm driving one of your cars.....

Kelowna is beautiful in summertime they say

But even if I am surrounded I wish you'll stay

But it's never been your style, fun for a while, then
you're on your own

Sill I found the greatest force that's been ever known

So cold, so cold... Meet me there, alone and spared

Cause I'm driving one of your cars

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