

## Hitchcock Robyn "Driving Aloud"

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Take a breath, take a breath, take a breath  
Honey take it on me  
'Cause your lungs are in terrible shape and it's easy to see  
I've been X-raying you since you walked into here  
You've got nothing to hope  
You've got nothing to fear  
Heartburn and chemistry and lung disease  
Make mincemeat of your passion on days like these  
And everything you say is like sugar  
The sweeter it gets you know I lick it away  
CHORUS  
Radio forecast intermittent storms  
Tidal waves that change their forms  
Yeah!  
With a knot in your heart you're afraid of the galaxy way  
And I hand you a tape of my songs which you always mislay  
And your diagram was nervous when I saw you on TV  
You're so vulnerable, honey, now you're fatter than me  
I've got a Harrison Ford poster rolled up in my desk  
I'd sign it for you, dude, if you'd only request  
And everything you say is like iron  
It smashes me up but it's brittle inside  
CHORUS  
You need love, baby, love, baby, love-don't you throw it away  
It's the musk on your tongue and your hoof that are making me stay  
In a bar in Sacramento on a cloudy afternoon  
Cutting paper napkins into little crescent moons  
Decision-making apparatus can't survive your death  
"Good morning, Mr. Seagrove-have you met my dead friend Seth?"  
No sir-I haven't had that pleasure yet  
But everything you say is like acid  
It eats me away but there's something inside  
CHORUS  
What am I going to do with myself if I lose you?  
What am I going to do with myself if you stay?  
Jesus could raise the dead, Jesus could fly

Jesus could raise the dead, Jesus could fly  
No sweat. No sweat at all  
And everything you say is an ocean  
It's keeping me up but it's pulling me down  
CHORUS

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