

Darren Hayes

"Conversation with God"

Visit "[Conversation with God](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We're driving
Just me and God
It's raining
It's raining hard
The windows are steaming up
The bridge engulfed by fog
The rust of
The metal bridge
It beckons
It blows me in
I argue
I scream at God and what he's offering

My hands fly off the steering wheel
Can't recall getting here
If I could I would reach behind
And turn my light on
My thoughts run off the beaten track
There's no light
How's the way back
Take the hand of God
And bite the feeder
No more lingering

I'm driving
I talk to God
He's screaming
I only nod
I need to
Be where you are
The leaves and trees are shaking
It's raining
The bullets melt
The hunger of hunger itself
It's draining but pain hasn't reservoirs
It keeps for itself

My hands fly off the steering wheel
Can't recall getting here
If I could I would reach behind
And turn my light on
My thoughts run off the beaten track

There's no light
How's the way back
Take the hand of God
And bite the feeder
No more lingering

I'm falling
I'm not myself
I'm diving
I'm underneath
The huddle of
A mighty ship
That steams away from here
The bubbles
The surface waves
They're shining
They replicate
I hear it
The voice of God is laced with sarcasm in your head

My thoughts run off the beaten track
There's no light
How's the way back
Take the hand of God
And bite the feeder
No more lingering

My hands fly off the steering wheel
Can't recall getting here
If I could I would reach behind
And turn my light on

Visit [Darren Hayes](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.