

**Tina Dickow****"Night Cab"**

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The raindrops on the roof of the car  
Sound like a warning  
I'm alone in the backseat  
And in the clouded sky a pondering star  
Waits for morning  
To go back to sleep

There's a great big world out there  
Of good and bad and everything in between  
I've got my own small world in here  
Of happy and sad and the little I have seen

Keep driving, keep driving

The silent lamppost bows down it's head  
Encircled by darkness  
With time on it's side  
And when everyone I know are in bed  
My light shines the sharpest  
Across the divide

There's a deep blue sea out there  
Of birth and death and the lovely mess in between  
I've got my own short life in here  
Going to God-knows-where in this fast machine

Keep driving, keep driving

Through the city, past the billboards  
Selling hope to hopeless souls  
To the outskirts where every locked door  
Has seen things that no-one knows  
Past the beaches where the wind blows  
And the waves caress the shore  
Through the forest where a tree grows  
For two hundred years or more

The raindrops on the roof of the car  
Sound like a warning  
I'm alone in the backseat  
And in the clouded sky a lonesome star

Waits for morning  
To go back to sleep

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