

Polly Jean Harvey **"Driving"**

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Tell him I'm driving, it's alright
Turn on this wheel
Turn on headlights
A hundred different bibles by my side
In my white gown
I go flying down
Oh my eyes, it cannot be,; he said no, it cannot be
All that time, it cannot be,; easy said, it cannot be
The ghosts fly their asses off tonight
I'm just driving till it dies
Tell him I'm driving, it's alright
You tell him that I had a skin full
You tell him that I couldn't sit still
Imagine your whole self is filled with light
Your voice ringing out
Through the whole fucking town
Oh my eyes, it cannot be ; he said no, it cannot be
All that time, it cannot be ; oh my eyes, it cannot be
You tell him I'm driving (x4)

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