

Bic Runga, Drive

I know it's late now I know I ought to go
Ride in your car now but please don't drop me home
My head's so heavy, could this be all a dream?
Promise me maybes and say things you don't mean
Rain fall from concrete coloured sky
No boy, don't speak now you just
Drive, drive, drive
Take me through make me fell alive, alive
When I ride with you

Keep my heart turning on axles around you
Keep our love burning just like it used to do
Now just for us, they could play our favourite tune
Let's not discuss all these things we can't undo
Let

Rain fall from concrete coloured sky
No boy, don't speak now you just
Drive, drive, drive
Take me through make me fell alive, alive
When I ride with you

Rain fall from concrete coloured sky
No boy, don't speak now you just drive