

Hitchcock Robyn, Driving Aloud (Radio Storm)

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
