

# PJ Harvey, Driving

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  
You tell him I'm driving  
You tell him I'm driving  
You tell him I'm driving