

Lisa Miskovsky, Driving One Of Your Cars

Saw you go high above, autumn clouds
Blinded my eyes when the sparks grew bigger than your lies
You're concealed but still so wonderful, so magical
Blinded my forehead, say can I see if it's me
So cold, so cold... Meet me there, alone and spared
Cause I'm driving one of your cars.....
Kelowna is beautiful in summertime they say
But even if I am surrounded I wish you'll stay
But it's never been your style, fun for a while, then you're on your own
Sill I found the greatest force that's been ever known
So cold, so cold... Meet me there, alone and spared
Cause I'm driving one of your cars...