

# PJ Harvey, The Slow Drug

Blue now is the colour  
Love the drug I'm needing  
Got to keep this feeling  
With the headlights burning  
We're looking up for something  
Answers on the ceiling  
Watching out the windows  
Watch the way the wind blows  
Soon it will be morning  
Still the question lingers  
I twist it round my fingers  
Could you be my calling?  
See this winged boy falling  
Falling out of something  
Hits the drug I'm needing  
Arrows that he's turning  
Need to keep this feeling  
Slow drug in the morning  
With the headlights burning  
Looking up for something  
Something that we're needing  
Still the question lingers  
I twist it round my fingers  
Could you be my calling?