

Tina Dickow, Night Cab

The raindrops on the roof of the car
Sound like a warning
I'm alone in the backseat
And in the clouded sky a pondering star
Waits for morning
To go back to sleep

There's a great big world out there
Of good and bad and everything in between
I've got my own small world in here
Of happy and sad and the little I have seen

Keep driving, keep driving

The silent lamppost bows down its head
Encircled by darkness
With time on its side
And when everyone I know are in bed
My light shines the sharpest
Across the divide

There's a deep blue sea out there
Of birth and death and the lovely mess in between
I've got my own short life in here
Going to God-knows-where in this fast machine

Keep driving, keep driving

Through the city, past the billboards
Selling hope to hopeless souls
To the outskirts where every locked door
Has seen things that no-one knows
Past the beaches where the wind blows
And the waves caress the shore
Through the forest where a tree grows
For two hundred years or more

The raindrops on the roof of the car
Sound like a warning
I'm alone in the backseat
And in the clouded sky a lonesome star
Waits for morning
To go back to sleep