

# Drive

Joseph Arthur

Did we go too far  
To come back here again  
Don't know who you are  
But I know where you've been  
In the wild wind  
That comes with the setting sun  
When you lose your skin  
Where all the shadows run

Where we go  
Only you can drive  
People we know  
Almost all have died

Whatever you could see  
Wherever you could hide  
Don't know who you'll be  
But I'm going to enjoy the ride  
Of your punishment  
And its ongoing attempt  
To show your nakedness  
In order to pay your rent

Where we go  
Only you can drive  
People we know  
Almost all have died

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Try to follow fate  
Like a fly on the empty sand  
When you're running late  
With your skirt hacked around his hand  
And now the eagle's gone  
As the long cries of hatred bloom  
When the winter come  
Into the loneliest room

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