

Night Driving

Throwing Muses

I feel fine
Want me to drive
It was mist
That you kissed

You can talk a blue streak
You can talk till you're blue
And we won't feel any finer
Than we do

It was mist
That you kissed
Spread the mist
With your fist

You can talk a blue streak
You can talk till you're blue
And we won't feel any finer
Than we do

I like to know you're real
Any scarecrow wears clothes
I like to see your face
Could you turn this way?
Could you turn this way?
Could you turn this way?

There's always something to pray for
Ham-fisted good will
There's always someone to pray for
And believe me I will
And believe me I will
And believe me I will
And believe me I will
And believe me I will
And believe me I will