

## 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