

The Witching Hour

Wild Nothing

I'll be in heaven
When I walk out of my door tonight
Driving to nowhere,
I'm slipping through a tunnel of light
I'll be your school boy,
But the music's far too loud and I'm afraid of it
So we scream as loud as we can now,
Just to hear a funny sound, a funny sound

Driving home at daylight
Or is the witching hour
Trying to take me there?
Or is the witching hour
Trying to take me away now?

Driving home at daylight
Or is the witching hour
Trying to take me there?
Or is the witching hour
Trying to take me away now?

I'll be in heaven
When I walk out of my door tonight
Driving to nowhere,
I'm slipping through a tunnel of light

Driving home at daylight
Or is the witching hour
Trying to take me there?
Or is the witching hour
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Driving home at daylight
Or is the witching hour
Trying to take me there?
Or is the witching hour
Trying to take me away now?

Oh, if I could only get to you
Oh, if I could only get to you
Oh, if I could only get to you
Oh, if I could only get to you
Oh, if I could only get to you
Oh, if I could only get to you
Oh, if I could only get to you
Oh, if I could only get to you