

The Slow Drug

Uh Huh Her

Blue now is the color
Love the drug I'm needing
Got to keep this feeling With the headlights burning
We're looking up for something
Answers on the ceiling Watching out the windows
Watch the way the wind blows
Soon it will be morning Still the question lingers
I twist it 'round my fingers
Could you be my calling? See this winged boy falling
Falling out of something
Hits the drug I'm needing Arrows that he's turning
Need to keep this feeling
Slow drug in the morning With the headlights burning
Looking out for something
Something that we're needing An' still the question lingers
I twist it 'round my fingers
Could you be my calling?

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