

**4.35am**

**Gemma Hayes**

Driving so slow  
Streets are empty as we go  
Back over the canal  
We've all had a long day and we're going home

We all got big tears in our sides  
And the city salt doesn't help  
But it sure cleans them out

In little coffee shops  
And litte sidewalk cops  
We're the only ones awake  
We're the only ones that can't stop

Driving,so slow  
Streets are empty as we go