

Rolling Stones, The

"Who's Driving Your Plane?"

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It was your father who trained you and your mother
who brained you
To be so useless and shy
But I just replaced them and tried not to break them
Because you could stand up if you tried
And I wanna see your face when your knees and your
legs
Are just gonna break down and die

And, who's driving your plane?
Who's driving your plane?
Who's driving your plane?
Who's driving your plane?
Are you in control or is it driving you insane?

If I could wave a magic wand, then maybe you'd
change
back to bein' a blonde
And your skirt would come down, it would cover your
feet!
If I said, "It's not camp to wear Tiffany lamps"
You'd be thrown right out in the street

And I wonder who's driving your plane?
Who's driving your plane?
Who's driving your plane?
Who's driving your plane?
Are you in control or is it driving you insane?

You could stand on your head or maybe sing in bed
If I said it was the thing to do
If you're in with the faces and their getaway places
'Cuz they don't take no notice of you
Well, the trendy pace-setters will just called you a pain
'Cuz I want to know, who's driving your plane?

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