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Rolling Stones, The "You Can't Catch Me"

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Rolling Stones - You Can't Catch Me

I bought a brand new airmobile It was custom made It was a Flight DeVille With an outboard motor And some hideaway wings Push in on the button and you can hear her sing Now you can't catch me No, baby, you can't catch me Cause if you get too close You know I'm gone like a cool breeze New Jersey Turnpike in the wee wee hours I was rolling slowly 'cause of drizzlin' showers Up come a flattop he was movin' up with me Then come sailin' goodbye In a little old suped up mini I put my foot in my tank and I begin to roll Moanin' sirens, was the state patrol So I get out my wings and then I blew my horn Bye-bye New Jersey I become airborne Now you can't catch me No, baby you can't catch me 'Cause if you get too close You know I'm gone like a cool breeze Flyin' with my baby last Saturday night Wasn't no gray cloud floatin' in sight Big full moon shinin' up above Cuddle up honey be my love Sweetest little thing that I ever seen I'm gonna name you Mabelline Flyin' with all the things set on flight control Radio tuned to rock 'n' roll Two, three hours passin' by Altitude dropped to 505 Fuel consumption way too fast Let's get on home before we run out of gas Now you can't catch me No baby, you can't catch me Cause if you get too close You know I'm gone like a cool breeze

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