

## **Stones Rolling**

### **"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  
'Cause they don't take no notice of you  
Well, the trendy pace-setters will just called you a pain  
'Cause I want to know, who's driving your plane

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