

Tull Jethro

"Motoreyes"

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Out on the fast freeway loving along through a buildup
and [masquerade?]

Stringing fast through the cloud of spray goes the high
performance motor

queen.

And she looks round at me, reflecting the [???] in her
motoreyes.

And now the chase is on. I know who'll be the loser: me.

Sees the [???] they go back on the street through the
late theater crowds.

And the stoplights go and we're cruising side-by-side,
still coming round.

And she looks round again, her motoreyes ought to tell
me when.

Put your right foot to the floor, show me she's no slow
woman.

She takes her cafe [???], smokes small cigars, showing
just a touch of thigh.

(Sigh.)

And sips her whisky straight, she stays up late, kiss the
morning bye-bye.

Now we're out of town. Got to shake her down if I can
stay along.

Got my blue light on. Gonna [rend her net?] with my
siren song.

Push over to the side. Her motoreyes are staring wide.

She flashes her at me, and makes a bigger fool of me

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