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Adam Ant "Number 34"

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Little brother's in the backyard revin' up the engine Tuning up for Saturday night Be a dirt track mogul Racing round the oval Passing everything in sight But come Sunday mornin we'll all pile in And head down the road to church Mamma in the back hangin on for dear life Cursing brother on every curve

Number 34 painted on the doors Flames on the fenders STP stickers A Hurst shifter four on the floor The preacher shuts his eyes Starts preying hard When brother cuts a donut in the church house yard The congregation roars for number 34

When brother was a baby We knew he'd be a racer He loved the smell of gasoline He could say Max Dumsdy Before Dad and Mummy He could even say Valvoline He took the family car to the demolition derby When he was just fifteen He said don't worry mamma I'll fix it up good Now we've got a mean machine

With number 34 painted on the doors Flames on the fenders STP stickers A Hurst shifter four on the floor Even mamma now and then gets behind the wheel And pops second gear and makes the rubber peel A hot mamma for sure at number 34 The preacher shuts his eyes Starts preying hard When brother cuts a donut in the church house yard

The congregation roars for number 34 A hot mamma for sure is number 34

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