

## Adam Ant

### "Uncle Pete"

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My Uncle Pete was a trucker  
Riding that Nullarbor Plain  
Ten split gears and an overdrive  
Chrome stacks shooting out flames

He'd throw me up into the cab  
My little hands would grip the wheel  
I would dream about the day  
I could drive that rig for real

Rolling, rolling, rolling around the world  
Ten years old and ten feet tall, waving goodbye to  
The girl next door  
Rolling, rolling, today I'm the king of my street,  
I got my sleeves rolled up and my arm hanging out  
As I drive off with Uncle Pete  
As I drive off with Uncle Pete

Heading west on highway one  
My eyes are glued to the road  
The two-way always in my hand  
"Little Buddy" that's my code

We pull into Micks for a pie and chips  
Not a brussel sprout in sight  
Some yarns to spin as we listen to  
Slim Then we drive into the night

If I had one wish I'd wanna be,  
If I had one wish I'd wanna be,  
If I had one wish I'd wanna be like my Uncle Pete

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