

## Andrew Ridgeley "Big Machine"

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Well I see her there at the end of the day at the pumps  
filling up with gas  
She got a '56 Bird in candy pink and a swing like she  
sting her ass  
The sun is hot against my skin  
I'm working on my big machine  
I can't stand the way she sulk priss  
But I know I won't resist her kss  
So come on baby let's ride  
Forty cubic inches and leather hide  
So get on honey, get a high  
Get on my hog and get the vibe  
So she like coyly slips her Raybans off  
Slides on over the street, says in a voice real soft  
Say, boy what you thinking of?  
You can take me for a ride but that ain't quite enough  
Sure she likes men who fight  
Tattos, boys, and motorbikes  
Can't stand the way she sulks and priss  
But I know I won't resist her kiss  
So come on baby let's ride  
Forty cubic inches and leather hide  
So get on honey, get a high  
Get on my hog and get the vibe  
Come on baby oh let's ride  
Cubic inches, leather hide  
Get on honey get a high  
Ride my hog and get the vibe  
So come on baby let's ride  
Forty cubic inches and leather hide  
So get on honey, get a high  
Get on my hog and get the vibe

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