

**Blunt****"He Thought Of Cars"**

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Moscow's still red, the young man is dead  
Gone to heaven instead, the evening news says he was  
confused  
The motorways will all merge soon, lottery winner buys  
the moon  
They've come to save us, the space invaders are here

He thought of cars and where, where to drive them  
Who to drive them with  
There, there was no-one, no-one

There's panic at london heathrow  
Everybody wants to go up into the blue  
But there's a ten year queue  
Columbia is in top gear, it shouldn't snow at this time of  
year  
Now america's shot gone and done the lot

He thought of planes and where, where to fly to  
And who to fly there with  
Where, there was no-one, no-one

He thought of cars and where, where to drive them  
Who to drive them with  
There, there was no-one, no-one

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