

# Blur

## "He Thought Of Cars"

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Moscow's still red  
The young man's dead  
Gone to heaven instead  
The evening news  
Says he was confused  
The motorways will all merge soon  
Lottery winner buys the moon  
They come to save us  
The space invaders

He thought of cars  
An' where, where to drive them  
Who to drive them with  
But 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 this time of year  
America's shot  
She's gone an' done the lot, a lot

He thought of planes  
An' where, where to fly to  
An' who to fly there with  
But there, there was no one, no one

La, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la

He thought of cars  
An' where, where to drive them  
An' who to drive them with  
But there, there was no one, no one

La, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la

La, la, la, la, la, la, la

La, la, la, la, la

La, la, la, la, la, la, la

La, la, la, la, la

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