

Cliff Richard

"What car"

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My daddy had a 68 Camero
When I was sixteen he went out of town
There were car keys sitting on the bureau
Screaming out come take a drive around
From here to Linda's all the lights were yellow
Even though she said we were through
When she saw me in that red Camero
All she said was let's see what she'll do

What car, what girl, what tree, what curb
What are you talking about
I never left the house
What keys, what crash, how dare you ask
The car is gone - move on
(Daddy you'd better move on)

Monday morning he was in the kitchen
Asking if I had a tale to tell
A certain red collectible was missing
Sorry daddy that doesn't ring a bell
I was running late but I agreed to join him
At the scene of the alleged theft
But there's an emptiness you can't ignore
Where the stain of oil is all that you have left

Even if they found the wreckage
Even if they haul me in
I'm sticking to the same old story
Again and again and again and again

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