

Flying Blind

"Baby's Driving"

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You got your nasty sunglasses, to show that you're the fastest
Every Sunday driver beware
Take a left down the next street, down to the beach
There's something funky happening there
And every cop in town tries to ask you out for dinner
But you know that they will never do
'Cause as long as I'm around you can drive my car
And baby, no one does it faster than you
And that's all right, that's all right
That's all right, can't you see?
My baby's driving me
You got the air in your hair, your nose in the bends
You got the antichrists wishing they were born again
You got a pocket full of cash, your feet on the dash
You got the barmen closing shop when they see us coming
And that's all right, that's all right
That's all right, can't you see?
My baby's driving me
By Monday we won't have any money
By Tuesday we'll have run outa gas
Who cares? As long as my motor's still running
We'll leave them all eating grass
Because my baby she can drive me round oh so fast.....
We had a broken down aircon, was always on hot
We had worn-out brake pads so the girl couldn't stop
We spent our money on fines, we never had a lot
We had to sing to ourselves, 'cause the radio was shot
And you know - that's all right, that's all right
That's all right, can't you see?
My baby's driving me

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