

Flying Circus "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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