

Queen

"I'm In Love With My Car Taylor"

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The machine of a dream, such a clean machine,
With the pistons a pumpin', and the hubcaps all gleam.
When I'm holding your wheel,
All I hear is your gear,
When my hand's on your grease gun,
Oh it's like a disease son,
I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile,
Get a grip on my boy racer rollbar,
Such a thrill when your radials squeal.

Told my girl I just had to forget her,
Rather buy me a new cartburettor,
So she made tracks sayin' ths is the end now,
Cars don't talk back they're just four wheeled friends
now

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