

The Hormonauts "Just Drive"

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Drove on to the motorway,
Think I turned the wrong way,
Headin' down south,
Cheesy grin on my mouth,
I don't really give a damn,
If I don't know where I am,
There ain't nothin' I can find,
Is gonna satisfy my mind.

[chorus]

I'm a fuckin' bomb,
And nobody knows where I'm from,
I ain't gonna explode,
I kinda like it on overload.
For just one day don't wanna hear nobody's jive,
Yeah! I wanna feel alive,
So I just drive.
Just drive! J-j-j-just drive!

Fill the tank to the top,
I ain't ever gonna stop,
Ain't got no carburetor,
'Cause my diesel-pump is better,
Johnny Cash on the eight-track,
Pedal to the floor, mac,
Headin' for the sunset,
We ain't even started yet.

Ever get the feeling,
That the only way of dealing with it's on your own,
With the tape deck on,
You're glad to be alive,
So you just drive.
Just drive just drive just drive just drive just drive
etc...

...For just one day I wanna feel myself alive...

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