

Animals

"The Last Drive"

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They came from England
They came from France
All the way from the USA
Just to take a chance
They came from Holland
Germany, Scandinavia too
The rebel citizen driver's, look out
They come blasting through
And they would drive all the way
Through the pouring rain
All night and all day
Non-stop all the way

Jacking it in for the last drive, jacking it in for the last
drive now
Jacking it in for the last drive, jacking it in for the last
drive now

Outlaw motorcycle gangs joined forces with the citizen
drivers
And had become the spearhead,
Finding out the routes that would take them south,
Away from the cold north to the sun,

The rebel riders
Black Chevy's, Rollers and Ford Escorts too
Tanked up, tuned up, ready to blast, clean on through
I said, the riders were the spearhead, they got us over
the border line
And we came steaming through Amsterdam, right on
time
I got nothing to declare, there ain't nothing to be
checked
But at the Franco-Russian border ten of us go wrecked

Jacking it in for the last drive, jacking it in for the last
drive now
Jacking it in for the last drive, jacking it in for the last
drive now

A family doctor in Boston, Massachusetts,
He made it all the way not by chance

He had a hot shot Chevy panel truck designed as an
ambulance
Be broke through to his final destination
The desolated beaches of St. Tropez

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(Burdon, Carter, Dietz, Gartig, Kravetz, Noya,
Passmann)

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