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David Lynch "Speed Roadster"

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I call.

I call your phone.

I call.

I call your phone.

You were talking.

I guess you could say, I might have been sort of stalking you.

Stalking you, baby.

Must have been that night when I took her down by the river, in a truck.

I gave her all I could give her.

The moon shining.

I walked the street, sometimes I see some girls I'd like to meet, maybe.

Why won't you answer your phone,

Bill is having a party, wish you were gone.

I know you fucked out.

You're supposed be my pal.

I guess you could say, I might be stalking you.

I might be stalking you, baby.

What did I do, to make you do, the things you do.

What did I do.

You said you wanted me dead.

Shit, fuck my head.

I got fucked by you.

Fucked real bad.

Maybe you're happy, but I hope you're sad.

Since you left me I have been thinking about getting me a speed roadster.

Going by the drugstore, who could ask for more?

Maybe drive by your house.

Look in your window.

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