

B-52's, The "Devil In My Car"

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Help! the devil's in my car.
Help! the devil's in my car.
Help! the devil's in my car.
Ho, devil's in my car, whoa please
Please! leave me alone!

We're really tearin' tar.
We're goin' 90 miles an hour.
Ho! he's drivin' me crazy.
He's drivin' me to hell now.

He's pointing his pitchfork at me.
He's in the front seat of my car!
He's taking over!
Oo, he ripped my upholstery.
He's at the wheel,
Help! the devil's in my car.
Help! he's drivin' too far.

(scream!) ooooooh!

Whooooa!

I can't lock the door,
I can't put on my safety belt.
There's nothing for me to do but yell help!
Devil's in my car!
I'm goin' to hell in my old chevrolet,
I don't know which way.
Oh, help! devil's in my car!
Yeah, yeah. he's gone too far.
I won't see ya tomorrow.
I won't see ya anymore.
He's got his cloven hoof on the clutch.
Oh! ow! i'm sitting on his tail.

Oh-ohh, i don't wanna go to hell.
(i don't wanna go to the devil.)
He's in my car, in my car, in my car.

Ohhhh-waaaaahhh!

The radio gives me static,
There's nothing on my cb.
Oh, help! the devil's in my car.
Oh, he's in my car. he's in my car.
The devil's in my car.
We're turning off the road.
Oh! where ya taking me devil?
Oh! he's grinning door to door.
He's got his cloven hoof on the clutch.
Help me!
Oh, i don't wanna go to hell.
(i don't wanna go to the devil.)
He's in my car.

Freeway to hell.
We're burning up the road.
Freeway to hell. (right through the tollbooth)
We're burning up the road.
Freeway to hell. (right through the guardrail)
We're burning up the road.
Freeway to hell. (across the median)
We're burning up the road.
Freeway to hell. (would you slow down?)
We're burning up the road.

I've got the devil juice in my carburater!
I've got the devil in my cigarette lighter.
I don't need no battery (i got the devil in my car).
In my car. in my car-oh! In my car In my car In my car In
my car In my car

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