

Thomas D.

"The Key To Her Ferrari"

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There was one room in her house that was always kept locked, it was the garage

I don't want your love, don't want your money, I just want the key to your Ferrari
Don't want your bed, I don't want your body, I just want the key to your Ferrari
I'm gonna rub it, shine it, rip it, scoot it, skid it, jam it, rip it, skip it, gun it up and down the 101
Don't want your love, I don't want your money, girl, I said, all I want is the key to your Ferrari

And then, and then I saw her, she was a bright red '64 GTO with fins and gills like some giant piranha fish
Some obscene phallic symbol on wheels
Little rivers of anticipation ran down my inseam as I kicked those five hundred Italian horses into life
And left reality behind me
Fifty, sixty, seventy miles an hour
My hand slipped inside the belt of my trousers as we passed eighty, ninety miles an hour
And as we hit the magic 100 l... , yes, my love exploded all over her bright pink leather interior
And at that moment, I thought of my mother

I don't need no drugs, I don't need no liquor, I said, all I want is the key to your Ferrari
Your ruby lips, your perfect figure, just want the key to your Ferrari
I'm gonna ram it, jam it, scram it, rim it, jeer it, pear it, rim it, pear it, scoot it up and down the 101
Don't want your love, don't want your money, girl, I said, all I want is the key to your Ferrari

He's gonna ram it, scoot it, skid it, rip it, skip it, gun it, brake it, zoom it, vacuum it up and down the 101
Don't want your love, I don't want your money, girl, I said, all I want is the key to your Ferrari
I just want the key to your Ferrari ('Cause aliens ate my Buick)

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