

Thomas Dolby "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

I 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 want the key to your Ferrari

I'm gonna rip it - shine it - rev it - scoot it - skid it -

jam it - rev it - skip it - gun 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

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... my hand slipped inside the belt of my
trousers and

as we hit the magic 100 my love exploded all over her
bright pink

leather interior... and at that moment, I thought of my
mother...

Don't need no drugs

Don't need no liquor

All I want is the key to your Ferrari

You ruby lips - pa!

Your perfect figure - ecch!

I just want the key to your Ferrari

I'm gonna rev it - jam it - scam it - rip it - tear it - bare it

-
ram it - repair 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 rev it - scoot it - skid it - rev it - skip it - gun
it -
brake it - zoom it - vacuum 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
I just want the key to your Ferrari
(cause aliens ate my buick

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