

American Music Club, Challenger

Back seat over the wing
Well, I'm the happiest hot potato on the plane
Yeah, I'm looking, I'm looking, it's beautiful
I think, I wanna go and live out there right now
Oh, stewardess can you fix me?
Oh, stewardess can you fix me
Some Mercury, some Mercury?
The city below me shines
I guess, I'm part of Detroit's shining dream
The ones that forget that I was ever here
The ones that forget that I had ever been
Oh, stewardess can you fix me?
I'll follow the rules if you tell me, if you tell me
With one of those endless smiles
I love all your little bottles of Mercury
Of Mercury, of Mercury, of Mercury, of Mercury
My throttle's open wide
And I'm wasting my life and I'm wasting time
And I'd give all of Hitler's broad oceans
Ready to swallow Detroit a million times over
A million times over, a million times over
A million times over, a million times over