

# John Waite, No Brakes

I can't take you to the movies  
And I can't tell the real thing  
From a fake  
But I'm curled up tight  
In your Chevrolet  
And baby you got wow  
You've got what it takes  
You've got no brakes  
I can't take you anywhere these days  
Baby you're going wild  
Your lips and nylons  
Baby you've got what I think  
I think it takes  
You've got no taste  
You've got what it takes  
A gal with no brakes at all  
Whispering in my ear  
When you're breathing baby  
Hold me near  
Closer closer still  
Aah wooo  
Yeah  
Baby you look so good tonight  
Take that dress right off  
Stand there right in front of me  
Baby you're going to make  
My poor rocking heart break  
Got no brakes  
You've got what it takes tonight  
For a gal with no brakes  
Going to make something straight tonight  
Gonna gonna make it all right  
The morning sun  
Coming up  
We ain't got no brakes  
We ain't got no brakes  
Ow ow  
We ain't got no brakes  
We ain't got none  
We ain't got no brakes  
Ow