

Led Zeppelin, Trampled Underfoot

Greased and slicked down fine, groovy leather trim
I like the way you hold the road, mama, it ain't no sin

Talkin' 'bout love [X3]

Trouble-free transmission, puncture will explode
Mama, let me pump your gas, mama, let me do it all

Talkin' 'bout love [X3]

Dig that heavy metal underneath your hood
Baby, I could work all night, believe I've got the perfect tools

Talkin' 'bout love [X3]

A model built for comfort, really built with style
Specialist tradition, mama, let me feast my eyes

Talkin' 'bout love [X3]

Factory air-conditioned, heat begins to rise
Guaranteed to run for hours, mama it's a perfect size

Talkin' 'bout love [X3]

Groovin' on the freeway, gauge is on the red
Gun down on my gasoline, I believe I'm gonna crack a head.

Talkin' 'bout love [X3]
I can't stop talkin' about...

Come to me for service every hundred miles
Baby, let me check your points, fix your overdrive

Talkin' 'bout love [X3]

Fully automatic, comes in any size
Makes me wonder what I did, before we synchronized

Talkin' 'bout love [X3]

Feather-light suspension, coils just couldn't hold
I'm so glad I took a look inside your showroom doors

Talkin' 'bout love [X3]

Oh, I can't stop talkin' about love.