

# Manic Street Preachers, Under My Wheels

Written By: Bruce/Dunaway/Ezrin

The telephone is ringing  
You got me on the run  
I'm driving in my car now  
Anticipating fun  
I'm driving right up to you, babe  
I guess that you couldn't see, yeah yeah  
But you under my wheels  
Why don't you let me be

'Cause when you call me on the telephone  
Saying take me to the show  
And then I say, honey, I just can't go  
Old lady's sick and I can't leave her home

The telephone is ringing  
You got me on the run  
I'm driving in my car now  
I got you under my wheels  
I got you under my wheels  
I got you under my wheels  
Yeah yeah  
I got you under my wheels  
Yeah yeah  
I got you under my wheels

The telephone is ringing  
You got me on the run  
I'm driving in my car now  
Anticipating fun  
I'm driving right up to you, baby  
I guess you that couldn't see, yeah yeah  
But you was under my wheels, honey  
Why don't you let me be, yeah yeah  
I got you under my wheels  
I got you under my wheels  
I got you under my wheels  
Yeah yeah