

# Rolling Stones, You Can't Catch Me

(C. Berry)

I bought a brand new airmobile  
It was custom made  
It was a Flight DeVille  
With an outboard motor  
And some hideaway wings  
Push in on the button and you can hear her sing  
Now you can't catch me  
No, baby, you can't catch me  
Cause if you get too close  
You know I'm gone like a cool breeze  
New Jersey Turnpike in the wee wee hours  
I was rolling slowly 'cause of drizzlin' showers  
Up come a flattop he was movin' up with me  
Then come sailin' goodbye  
In a little old suped up mini  
I put my foot in my tank and I begin to roll  
Moanin' sirens, was the state patrol  
So I get out my wings and then I blew my horn  
Bye-bye New Jersey I become airborne  
Now you can't catch me  
No, baby you can't catch me  
'Cause if you get too close  
You know I'm gone like a cool breeze  
Flyin' with my baby last Saturday night  
Wasn't no gray cloud floatin' in sight  
Big full moon shinin' up above  
Cuddle up honey be my love  
Sweetest little thing that I ever seen  
I'm gonna name you Mabelline  
Flyin' with all the things set on flight control  
Radio tuned to rock 'n' roll  
Two, three hours passin' by  
Altitude dropped to 505  
Fuel consumption way too fast  
Let's get on home before we run out of gas  
Now you can't catch me  
No baby, you can't catch me  
Cause if you get too close  
You know I'm gone like a cool breeze