

Sammy Hagar, Privacy

Now let's get back home

Drivin' down that highway
In my automobile
Drivin', drivin', drivin'
Got both hands on the wheel

I got my eyes on the road
Dustin' off white lines
The man's got his eye on me
And that's an invasion of my privacy

It's my last form of sanctuary
Behind blacked out glass
"Hey, who's that in there?"
That boy's drivin' much too fast.

Hey, that's some real nice wheels you got there
I bet you paid through the nose."
Yeah, they're checkin' up on me
And that's an invasion of my privacy, yeah, drive

Yeah, out in the streets "(no privacy)"
In my own bedroom "(no privacy)"
On the telephone "(no privacy)"
In the back of my car "(no privacy)"

I can't get no
I can't give me no
I can't give me no privacy

Yeah, drivin', drivin', drivin'
I got my troubles on hold
Just drivin' down that highway
My fossil fuel's as good as gold

I'm lookin for that long lost road
No sign of man, no sign of life
Where you can't catch me
To invade upon my privacy
Oh, you can't catch me
And invade upon my privacy
Yeah, drive, drive, drive

"(Privacy, sanctuary)"
Drive, drive, drive, drive, ow
"(Privacy, sanctuary)"
Drive, drive, drive, drive, ow, ooh