

# Stone Roses, Driving South

Driving south 'round midnight  
Man I must have been insane  
Driving south 'round midnight  
In a howling hurricane  
I stopped for an old man hitcher  
At a lonely old crossroad  
He said "I'm going nowhere,  
I'm only here to see if I can  
steal your soul."  
"I'm not trying to make you  
I don't want to touch your skin  
I know all there is to know  
About you and all your sins.  
Well, you ain't too young or pretty  
and you sure as hell can't sing  
Anytime you want to sell your soul  
I've got a toll free number you can ring."  
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0 eight 00 triple 6, oh yeah  
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