

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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