

Thomas Dolby, The Key To Her Ferrari

"There was one room in her house that was always kept locked.
It was the garage."

I don't want your love
Don't want your money
I just want the key to your Ferrari
Don't want your bed
I don't want your body
I just want the key to your Ferrari

I'm gonna rip it - shine it - rev it -
Scoot it - skid it - jam it -
Rev it - skip it - gun it -
Up and down the 101
Don't want your love
Don't want your money, girl
I said all I want is the key to your Ferrari.

"And then...! And then I saw her...
She was a bright red '64 GTO
With fins and gills like some giant piranha fish,
Some obscene phallic symbol on wheels....
Little rivers of anticipation ran down my in-seam
As I kicked those five hundred Italian horses into life
And left reality behind me:
Fifty, sixty, seventy miles an hour...OH!
My hand slipped inside the belt of my trousers
As we passed eighty, ninety miles an hour...
And as we hit the magic hundred, I...
Yes, my love exploded all over her bright pink leather interior...

And at that moment, I thought of my mother."

Don't need no drugs
Don't need no liquor
Said all I want is the key to your Ferrari
Your ruby lips - pa!
your perfect figure - eech!
I just want the key to your Ferrari
I'm gonna rev it - jam it - scam it -
Rip it - tear it - bare it -
Ram it - repair it - scoot it -
Up and down the 101
Don't want your love
Don't want your money, girl
I said all I want is the key to your Ferrari.

He's gonna rev it - scoot it - skid it -
Rip it - skip it - gun it -
Brake it - zoom it - vacuum it
Up and down the 101
Don't want your love
Don't want your money, girl
I said all I want is the key to your Ferrari
Oh, I just want the key to your Ferrari!

('Cause aliens ate my Buick.)