

Bette Midler, Let Me Drive

Honey, you're from Detroit.
You know a lot about wheels.
A summertime hot rod's givin' me the brake job.
Don't you stop 'til I start to squeal.
'Cause, baby, I love your body
as much as your automobile.
But I need more than a tune up.
I'll take you with the moon up.

Just let me drive. Mmm, let me drive.
I wanna feel the power comin' alive.
Darlin', let me drive. Mmm, let me drive.
Let me behind the wheel.
I wanna know how your hot rod feels.

Honey, I hear you're the expert.
You can keep me at the edge of my seat.
Take me through a tight turn, keep me at a slow burn.
feet to the floor and I feel the heat.
And, baby, they say you'll deliver
lovin' up and down the street.
But it's your turn to be driven.
C'mon and slide over.

Get in and let me drive. Mmm, let me drive.
I wanna feel all that power comin' alive.
Darlin', let me drive. Mmm, let me drive.
Let me behind the wheel.
I wanna know how your hot rod feels.

Baby, don't ask directions.
Who needs a map when there's time to ride?
Baby, you're hands are shakin'.
Give me the keys, turn on the lights.
I'm gonna burn out this road tonight.

Ooooh, let me drive. Mmm, let me drive.
I wanna feel your power comin' alive.
And darlin', let me drive. Mmm, let me drive.
Let me behind the wheel.
I wanna know how your hot rod feels.

Let me drive. Oooh, let me drive.
Let me behind the wheel.
I wanna know how your hot rod feels.
Let me drive. Let me drive.
Let me behind the wheel . . .