

Blur, He Thought Of Cars

Moscow's still red, the young man is dead
Gone to heaven instead, the evening news says he was confused
The motorways will all merge soon, lottery winner buys the moon
They've come to save us, the space invaders are here

He thought of cars and where, where to drive them
Who to drive them with
There, there was no-one, no-one

There's panic at london heathrow
Everybody wants to go up into the blue
But there's a ten year queue
Columbia is in top gear, it shouldn't snow at this time of year
Now america's shot gone and done the lot

He thought of planes and where, where to fly to
And who to fly there with
Where, there was no-one, no-one

He thought of cars and where, where to drive them
Who to drive them with
There, there was no-one, no-one