

# Chris Rea, Twisted Wheel

I can see him now, standing on a street corner  
Pastel shades and a candy stripe parallel  
Good time love, oh that I'd been much older  
Go messing with the boys from the incrowd  
But all I could do was wish them farewell

What's that strange music  
What's that fully rhythm  
They call it Blue Beat, but you can call it young love  
You can call it tamlá dream  
Down at your local Motown machine  
I need to be loved  
Down at your Twisted Wheel

And I can see that little stage  
All the hands up in the air  
Bombers and blues gonna see us through  
Got my new lime suit mohair  
With a single vent sixteen inch  
Got my two-stroke wheels outside  
We only need the High Numbers now  
And anything on stateside  
Down at your Twisted Wheel