

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 tamla 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