

# Flying Circus, Baby's Driving

You got your nasty sunglasses, to show that you're the fastest  
Every Sunday driver beware  
Take a left down the next street, down to the beach  
There's something funky happening there  
And every cop in town tries to ask you out for dinner  
But you know that they will never do  
'Cause as long as I'm around you can drive my car  
And baby, no one does it faster than you  
And that's all right, that's all right  
That's all right, can't you see?  
My baby's driving me  
You got the air in your hair, your nose in the bends  
You got the antichrists wishing they were born again  
You got a pocket full of cash, your feet on the dash  
You got the barmen closing shop when they see us coming  
And that's all right, that's all right  
That's all right, can't you see?  
My baby's driving me  
By Monday we won't have any money  
By Tuesday we'll have run outa gas  
Who cares? As long as my motor's still running  
We'll leave them all eating grass  
Because my baby she can drive me round oh so fast.....  
We had a broken down aircon, was always on hot  
We had worn-out brake pads so the girl couldn't stop  
We spent our money on fines, we never had a lot  
We had to sing to ourselves, 'cause the radio was shot  
And you know - that's all right, that's all right  
That's all right, can't you see?  
My baby's driving me