

Hitchcock, Robyn & The Venus Three, A Man's G

A man's gotta know his limitations, Briggs
Or he will just explode
You lived in your imagination, Briggs
You blew up in the road
And I'm talking to you
And to you over there
And to you over there

You were riding in your car in San Francisco
You were riding through the weather and the rain
You were riding in your car in San Francisco
But you're never gonna ride that way again

A girl's got to know her situation, Clint
Or she will just move on
(She will just move on)
So if you have some information
Squint through the keyhole
Or down the barrel of your gun
And I'm talking to you
and I'm listening too
so you've got no excuse

I was riding in your car in San Francisco
I was riding through the weather and the rain
I was riding in your car in San Francisco
But I'm never gonna ride with you again

A boy's gotta go just where you put him, Mel
Or he will turn to steel
And if he does you must forget him, Mel
Unless you want him crawling through your dream
And I'm talking to you
I can talk
I can hear
Well what more do you want?

We were riding in your car in San Francisco
We were riding through the weather and the rain
(Weather and the rain)
Riding in your car in San Francisco
But we're never gonna ride that way again

We've all got a Briggs in us
(Ooooooh)
Somewhere down the road
(Somewhere down the road)
I don't know about you folks but
(Ooooooh)
This Briggs will explode

A man's gotta know his limitations, Briggs