

James Reyne, Motor's Too Fast

He's just a local boy
Modelling for magazines
Nun-Chukka
Things are never quite as they seem
He's got throwing stars
He's got silver tops
Mama's grabbed her jewellery
Hidden in the bathroom
Calling the cops

Bridge
Give me somewhere to go
Don't give me train rides
When the shops are all closed
Don't give me train rides

Chorus
Never gave anyone the slightest notion
Never showed us that the call was cast
Mama don't want you
Daddy don't want you
Your Motor's running way too fast

Now the Mallway's shuttered
Hanging in the afternoon
Drink a little Vodka
Picking up the old man
Rolling him 'round in her room