

# 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