

James Taylor, Limousine Driver

Limousine driver, big Cadillac car, rich and famous no matter who you are you are.

I seen a rock n roll rider, I seen a cinema star.

Won't you to roll down the road, roll down the road, roll down the, roll down the road with me?

Want you to roll down the road, roll down the road, roll down the, roll down the road with me.

Deep into the night, blue velvet push, cut glass crystal, I mean it means so much.

Long cool fingeros, soft tenderloin touch.

Won't you to roll down the road, roll down the road, roll down the, roll down the road with me?

Want you to roll down the road, roll down the road, roll down the, roll down the road with me.

City sidewalk, shining wet with rain, run through the run through one more again.

Run through the jungle, fetch a lady's glove, kicking off a bundle, go on and give it a shove.

Speak up don't mumble, who do you love?