

Keith Moon, Hot Rod Queen

Yeah, she was a hot rod queen
She could tune her own machine
Leather was her evening gown
She could lay a Harley down
And fight
Like a big wasp

She fell in with an outlaw Ben
A road warrior took her hand
They were running down the back roads with the law on their tail
Next thing she knew she was sleeping in jail

Like she was just sixteen years old
Was, just sixteen years old
She had the face of an angel
Black mink, floating free
And jumping down the jailhouse wall
And out through the window
And down into the city
And land on back roads and
...rest to sleeping
Faaaaaaaaaayyyyyyeeeeee

If she was a hot rod queen
She could keep her own and clean
They put her in a foster home
One that she left to hand and comb
And ran the wide highway

She rode the trucks from town to town
She finally flagged a clover down
Last seen headed north
Seen in smoking and so forth

He was a big man, crone Dan Bull
Was Dan, was crone Dan Bull
That had the face of an angel
That made floatin' free
Back, back along the white lines
And cover up the stop signs
Would Boil ever be on trail
'Til he covered up the stars
With black little lace
Moustache on the moon
Moustache on the moon!
Ohhh, a moustache on the moooooon

A hot rod queen
She could tune her own machine
She could tune her own machine
She could keep her own hand clean
And she could tune her own machine
She could keep her iron clean
She could keep her old man clean
She could tune her own machine
She could keep her ironing board clean
She even cleaned in the corner