

Paul Gilbert, Muscle Car

She don't care if I'm fat
She don't care if I'm thin
She don't care 'bout no band
That I used to be in
And when we're alone
I never get very far
She just wants to ride in my muscle car

It's a red GTA
With two white stripes
Carbon monoxide
Comin' out of it's pipes
To her it's the taste
Of fine caviar
She just wants to ride in my muscle car

When I rev up the engine
She crosses her legs
And a glazed expression
Comes over her face
She feels the vibration
And moans "Oh my God!!"

She wants
My, my muscle car
My, my muscle car