

Sahara Hotnights, Drive Dead Slow

He was the satisfied employee lots of so hard work and no salary
The quickly thrown out Christmas tree
What about all the loving and the sympathy
You're just a disappointed little birthday child
Although your presents didn't please you
And you start to cry
And tonight, what are you going to do tonight?

Drive dead slow cause the road is slippy
Drive dead slow 'cause it's still slippy
Keep it so low tonight

She's the comedian queen with a cruel joke
A false alarm and a poisoned coke
The relentless killer without regrets
And none of us phone to say: what a threat
She wheels you out, She'll leave you there
When it starts to blow, she'll come and she'll go
And tonight, what are you going to do tonight?

Drive dead slow cause the road is slippy
Drive dead slow 'cause it's still slippy
Keep it so low tonight

And he knows how to smile when she's feeling quilt
Oh please leave all the hard words behind

Drive dead slow cause the road is slippy
Drive dead slow 'cause it's still slippy
Keep it so low tonight
Tonight