

Samiam, Simca

little blue bomb
is waiting for me
i sit right down and turn the key
she starts to roll
burning down the west highway
she's goin' to where she belongs
don't tell me she's just a car
slip sliding along
my stomach
we make a stop at chez denny
i'm all filled up
Simca

feeling sick again
going to someplace where she belongs
don't tell me she's just a car
rolling down the road
the red light starts to shine
i slow it down
can't push too hard
because she might complain
you know where that will leave me tomorrow
don't tell me she's just a car
there is where she'll stay