

Slade, Keep Your Hands Off My Power Supply

Here we go again, driver ain't in no fit state
Cos we had one or two over the eight
I need to relieve myself, can't wait
Blue light flashing, comin' up a-right behind
Gin and Mary hittin' the cats eyes
Trying hard to follow the white line

I aint ready to face the law
I ain't huntin' and that's for sure
Maybe they'll just want an autograph

So keep your hands off my power supply
There's no chance that we'll get away
So keep your hands to yourself my oh my
I guess it ain't our lucky day - hey hey

A white inceptor, maybe they're flagging us down
Now the boys in blue have their nose to the ground
Watch him over "Can I see your licence sir?"

I aint ready to blow in the bag
I ain't ready to lose my rag
Gotta work out what I'm gonna say

So keep your hands off my power supply
There's no chance that we'll get away
So keep your hands to yourself my oh my
I guess it ain't our lucky day hey hey
Gotta get away

I aint ready to face the law
I ain't huntin' and that's for sure
Better leave my gear stick alone

So keep your hands off my power supply
There's no chance that we'll get away
So keep your hands to yourself my oh my
I guess it ain't our lucky day - hey hey
Gotta get away
Gotta get away