

# Swervedriver, Son Of Jaguar 'E'

Traveling home, all alone  
I caught you with my eye  
You came inside to hitch a ride  
With no real reason why  
So solid gold in overalls  
You turned and faced to me  
And all around, the purring sound  
You said get me home for tea  
We shook some rugs and then reef-up  
On a bonnet made for 3

You're the boy for me  
Son of Jaguar 'E'

We drove on to the shore  
Fresh orange peel, spoked alloy wheels  
And foot down to the floor  
We're in a trance, it's nature's dance  
And still you're up for more

You're the girl for me  
I'm son of Jaguar 'E'  
You're the boy for me  
Son of Jaguar 'E'

You walked off through the rain  
To catch your train, I don't entertain  
We'll ever meet again