

T. Rex, Hot Rod Mama

Hot rod mama moving like a motor cycle devil in a race
Blown out my mind, I can't keep up the pace
I'm selling all my midnight, still broke and living on the ground
My gone little mama cut out without a sound

With my greased-up levis,
Baseball boots above my head
If it wasn't such a tragedy
I might wish I was dead

She took my ice-cream mustang
And my purple coloured dodeville
She even took my panpipes and my elixir of life pill