

# The Animals, Pontiac Blues

I found out,  
What my baby likes.  
I found out,  
What my baby likes.  
She likes a whole lot of loving,  
And a straight-eight Pontiac.

We gonna get on the highway,  
And cut the bright lights on.  
Get on the highway,  
Got the bright lights on.  
Turn the radio on,  
Dig that voice from the North.

Oh,  
(?)  
Yes baby I know.  
(?)  
With your head in my chest,  
(... in my bed ?)

We gonna move,  
down highway 49.  
We gonna move,  
down the highway 49.  
She got her head in my chest,  
Sonny, ain't this fine.