The Animals, The Last Drive

They came from England
They came from France
All the way from the USA
Just to take a chance
They came from Holland
Germany, Scandinavia too
The rebel citizen driver's, look out
They come blasting through
And they would drive all the way
Through the pouring rain
All night and all day
Non-stop all the way

Jacking it in for the last drive, jacking it in for the last drive now
Jacking it in for the last drive, jacking it in for the last drive now

Outlaw motorcycle gangs joined forces with the citizen drivers
And had become the spearhead,
Finding out the routes that would take them south,
Away from the cold north to the sun,

The rebel riders.
Black Chevy's, Rollers and Ford Escorts too
Tanked up, tuned up, ready to blast, clean on through
I said, the riders were the spearhead, they got us over the border line
And we came steaming through Amsterdam, right on time
I got nothing to declare, there ain't nothing to be checked
But at the Franco-Russian border ten of us go wrecked

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A family doctor in Boston, Massachusetts,
He made it all the way not by chance
He had a hot shot Chevy panel truck designed as an ambulance
Be broke through to his final destination
The desolated beaches of St. Tropez

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(Burdon, Carter, Dietz, Gartig, Kravetz, Noya, Passmann)