

The Stone Roses, Driving South

Driving south round midnight, man I must have been insane
Driving south round midnight in a howling hurricane
I stopped for an old man hitcher at a lonely old crossroad
He said, 'I'm going nowhere
And I'm only here to see if I can steal your soul'
'I'm not tryin' to make you, I don't want to touch your skin,
I know all there is to know about you and all your sins
Well, you ain't too young or pretty and you sure as hell can't sing
Any time you want to sell your soul
I've got a toll-free number you can ring'

Yeah, that's what I thought he said anyway

'I'm not tryin' to make you, I don't want to touch your skin,
I know all there is to know about you and all your sins.
Well, you ain't too young or pretty and you sure as hell can't sing,
any time you want to sell your soul
I've got a toll-free number you can ring'

'Oh-eight-oh-oh-treble-six-oh, yeah
Oh-eight-oh-oh-treble-six-oh, yeah'

I stopped for an old man hitcher at a lonely old crossroad,
he said, 'I'm going nowhere
And I'm only here to see if I can steal your soul'