

# Privacy

## Quasimoto

Drivin' down that highway  
In my automobile  
Drivin', drivin', drivin'  
Got both hands on the wheel  
I got my eyes on the road  
Dustin' off white linesThe man's got his eye on me  
And that's in invasion of my privacyIt's our last form of sanctuary  
Behind blacked out glass  
Say, who's that in there?  
That boy's drivin' much too fast  
Yeah, and he's got some real fine wheels out there  
I bet you paid through the noseYeah, they're checkin' up on me  
And that's an invasion of my privacy  
Yeah, driveYeah, out in the streets  
(No privacy)  
In my own bedroom  
(No privacy)  
On the telephone  
(No privacy)  
In the back of my car  
(No privacy)I can't get no  
I can't give me no  
I can't give me no privacyDrivin', drivin', drivin'  
I got my troubles on hold  
Just drivin' down that highway  
My fossil fuel is good as gold  
I'm lookin' for that long lost road  
No sign of man, no sign of lifeWhere you can't catch me  
To invade upon my privacy  
Oh, you can't catch me  
And invade upon my privacy  
Drive, drive, drivePrivacy, sanctuary  
Drive, drive, drive, drive  
Privacy, sanctuary  
Drive, drive, drive, drive

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