

He Thought Of Cars

Blur

Moscow's still red
The young man's dead
Gone to heaven instead
The evening news
Says he was confused
The motorways will all merge soon
Lottery winner buys the moon
They come to save us
The space invaders
He thought of cars
An' where, where to drive them
Who to drive them with
But there, there was no one, no one
There's panic at London Heathrow
Everybody wants to go
Up into the blue
But there's a ten year queue
Columbia is in top gear
It shouldn't snow this time of year
America's shot
She's gone an' done the lot, a lot
He thought of planes
An' where, where to fly to
An' who to fly there with
But there, there was no one, no one
La, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la
He thought of cars
An' where, where to drive them
An' who to drive them with
But there, there was no one, no one
La, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la