Night Drive

Punk Goes...

When you're feeling down
I'm comin' round
To pick you up
And take you out
It won't be long
'Till those blues are gone
The city's waiting
Beckoning for us
It leads us on
Let it lead us on
It's the perfect night
To just drive on by
Let the dashboard underscore
Everything we've seen
While the world plays for our pleasure
On our windshield silver screen
And I don't know just where we're going
And I don't care where we've been
But we just coast on through
Coz while I'm here with you, you know
There's no place I'd rather be
No place I'd rather be
Such a quiet joy
Knowing that I'm your pick-up fix

And you're my favourite boy
You're feeling tired
And I'm bleary-eyed
And the highway lines
Pass by in two/four double-time
And we don't even recognise
A single name on the street signs
Nothing else is calling us
But all we've left behind
Is like a hell-hound on our trail
and a burden on our mind
Coz we know...
...we gotta go home.
Such a quiet joy

Driving anywhere
Knowing that you are there.
But you don't call,
You don't call me no more
And i waited all day
You know you'll always
Be my favourite boy

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