

You Can't Catch Me

The Rolling Stones

I bought a brand new airmobile
It was custom made
It was a Flight DeVille
With an outboard motor
And some hideaway wings
Push in on the button and you can hear her sing
Now you can't catch me
No, baby, you can't catch me
Cause if you get too close
You know I'm gone like a cool breeze

New Jersey Turnpike in the wee wee hours
I was rolling slowly 'cause of drizzlin' showers
Up come a flattop he was movin' up with me
Then come sailin' goodbye
In a little old suped up mini
I put my foot in my tank and I begin to roll
Moanin' sirens, was the state patrol
So I get out my wings and then I blew my horn
Bye-bye New Jersey I become airborne

Now you can't catch me
No, baby you can't catch me
Cause if you get too close
You know I'm gone like a cool breeze

Flyin' with my baby last Saturday night
Wasn't no gray cloud floatin' in sight
Big full moon shinin' up above
Cuddle up honey be my love
Sweetest little thing that I ever seen
I'm gonna name you Mabelline
Flyin' with all the things set on flight control
Radio tuned to rock 'n' roll
Two, three hours passin' by
Altitude dropped to 505
Fuel consumption way too fast
Let's get on home before we run out of gas

Now you can't catch me

No baby, you can't catch me
Cause if you get too close
You know I'm gone like a cool breeze

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written by LENNON

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