

# Detroit 442 (Remastered) - Live

## Blondie

You know he can't be tested, he can't be read or found  
Urban grey takes breath away, he wants to push his pedal to the ground  
And the night's what's right, puts him at the wheel  
Well, I eat danger, any stranger is all right  
Feel hot to go like Jimmy O, dodging flying objects at the show  
And the lights make me fight  
In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you  
This town's a concrete factory and Dad and Mum look just  
like me  
I'm on the plant assembly line. Too late now. Too far behind  
You said you want to hang around, no-one really cares where you go  
Take your time. Things never change  
In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you  
In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you  
In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you  
In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you  
One more to market, one more piggie, and they all, they all  
look just like me, yeah

Songwriters

JIMMY DESTRI, CHRIS STEIN  
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