

Drive-In Saturday (David Bowie cover) (live)

Morrissey

Let me put my arms around your head
It's hot, let's go to bed
Don't forget to turn on the light
Don't laugh, this will be alright
Pour me out another phone
I'll ring and see if your friends are home
The strange ones in the dome
Can lend us a book we can read up alone And try to get it on like once before
When people stared in David's eyes and scored
Like the video films we saw His name was always Buddy
And he'd shrug and ask to stay
She'd sigh like Twig the Wonder Kid
And turn her face away.
She's uncertain if she likes him
But she knows she really loves him
It's a crash course for the ravers
It's a Drive-in Saturday Jung, the foreman, prayed at work
That neither hands nor limbs would burst
It's hard enough to keep formation
With this fall-out saturation
Cursing at the Internet
That stands in steel by his cabinet
(He's crashing out with Sylvain
The Bureau supply for aging men)
You don't really like this song, do you ?
Do you ? Do you ? With snorting head he gazes to the shore
Which once had raised a sea that raged no more
Like the video films he saw His name was always Buddy
And he'd shrug and ask to stay
And she'd sigh like the Wonder Kid
And turn her face away
She's uncertain if she likes him
But she know she really loves him
It's a crash course for the ravers
It's a Drive-In Saturday His name was always Buddy
And he'd shrug and he'd ask to stay
And she'd sigh like the Wonder Kid
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She's uncertain if she likes him

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Songwriters

BOWIE, DAVIDPublished by

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