

Simca

Samiam

Little blue bomb is waiting for me
I sit right down and turn the key
She starts to roll
Burning down the west highway She's goin' to where she belongs
Don't tell me she's just a car, slip sliding along
My stomach, we make a stop at Chez Denny
I'm all filled up, Simca, feeling sick again Going to someplace where she belongs
Don't tell me she's just a car, rolling down the road
The red light starts to shine, I slow it down
Can't push too hard because she might complain You know where that will leave me tomorrow
Don't tell me she's just a car, there is where she'll stay

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