

# Drive-In Saturday

## David Bowie

Let me put my arms around your head  
Gee, it's hot, let's go to bed  
Don't forget to turn out the light  
Don't laugh babe, it'll be alrightPour me out another phone  
I'll ring to see if your friends are home  
Perhaps the strange ones in the dome  
Can lend us a book we can read up aloneAnd try to get it on like once before  
When people stared in Jagger's eyes  
And scored like the video films we sawHis name was always Buddy  
And he'd shrug and ask to stay  
And she'd sigh like Twig the Wonder Kid  
To turn her face awayShe'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 SaturdayJung the foreman prayed at work  
And neither hands nor limbs would burst  
It's hard enough to keep formation  
With this fall out saturationCursing at the Astronette  
He stands in steel by his cabinet  
He is crashing out with Sylvian  
The Bureau Supply for aging menWith snorting head he gazes to the shore  
Which once had raised a sea that raged no more  
Like the video films we sawHis name was always Buddy  
And he'd shrug and ask to stay  
And she'd sigh like Twig the Wonder Kid  
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