

Drive-In Saturday

Morrissey

Let me put my arms around your head
It's hot, let's go to bed
And don't forget to turn on the light
Don't laugh, this will be alright
Going towards another phone
I'll ring and see if your friends are home
Perhaps the strange ones in the dome
Can lend us a book, we can read up alone
And try, try like once before
When people stared
In David Johansen's eyes and scored
Like the video films we saw
His name was always Buddy
And he'd shrug and he'd ask to stay
And she'd sigh like Chris the Wonder Kid
And turn her face away
She's uncertain if she likes him
But she knows she's got to have him
It's a crash course for the ravers
It's a drive-in Saturday
Jung the foreman prayed at work
Neither hands nor limbs would burst
It's hard enough to keep formation
'Mid this fall out saturation
Cursing at the Astronettes
That stand in seal by his cabinet
He's crashing out with Sylvian
The bureau supply for aging men
With snorting heads he gazes to the shore
Once it raged, the sea that raged no more
Like the video films we saw
His name was always Buddy
And he'd shrug and he'd ask to stay
And she'd sigh like Chris 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
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His name was always Buddy
And he'd shrug and he'd ask to stay
When she'd sigh like Chris the Wonder Kid
And she'd turn her face away
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