Privacy

Bobby Moon

Drivin' down that highway
In my automobile
Drivin', drivin', drivin'
Got both hands on the wheel
I got my eyes on the road
Dustin' off white linesThe man's got his eye on me
And that's in invasion of my privacyIt's our last form of sanctuary
Behind blacked out glass
Say, who's that in there?
That boy's drivin' much too fast
Yeah, and he's got some real fine wheels out there
I bet you paid through the noseYeah, they're checkin' up on me
And that's an invasion of my privacy
Yeah, driveYeah, out in the streets
(No privacy)
In my own bedroom
(No privacy)
On the telephone
(No privacy)
In the back of my car
(No privacy)I can't get no
I can't give me no
I can't give me no privacyDrivin', drivin', drivin'
I got my troubles on hold
Just drivin' down that highway
My fossil fuel is good as gold
I'm lookin' for that long lost road
No sign of man, no sign of lifeWhere you can't catch me
To invade upon my privacy
Oh, you can't catch me
And invade upon my privacy
Drive, drive, drivePrivacy, sanctuary
Drive, drive, drive, drive
Privacy, sanctuary
Drive, drive, drive, drive

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