

I'm in Love With My Car

Queen

Oh

The machine of a dream, such a clean machine
With the pistons a pumpin', and the hubcaps all gleam
When I'm holding your wheel

All I hear is your gear

With my hand on your grease gun

Mmm, it's like a disease, son

I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile

Get a grip on my boy racer roll bar

Such a thrill when your radials squeal Told my girl I'll have to forget her

Rather buy me a new carburetor

So she made tracks saying this is the end, now

Cars don't talk back they're just four wheeled friends now When I'm holding your wheel

All I hear is your gear

When I'm cruisin' in overdrive

Don't have to listen to no run of the mill talk jive I'm in love with my car (love with my car), gotta feel for my
automobile

I'm in love with my car (love with my car), string back gloves in my automolove

Songwriters

ROGER TAYLOR Published by

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