

# She'll Drive the Big Car

David Bowie

She waited by the moon  
She was sick with fear and cold  
She felt too old for all of this  
Of course she never showed  
She lugged her suitcase to the bus  
Melted home through the snow  
North along riversideShe slips beneath the sheets  
A husbands quiet devoted wife  
But strangers sad and nervous  
By the dawns early light  
Loves lies like a dead cloud  
On a shabby, yellow lawn  
Up on riversideShe'll drive the big car  
He'll sit behind  
She'll keep an eye on Jessica  
South along the HudsonShe'll turn the radio high  
Find a station playing sad, sad soul  
Just a little bit louder now  
South along the Hudson yeaJust a little bit faster now  
Just a little bit louder now  
Just a little bit angry now  
South along the Hudson, yeaAnd she'll drive the big car  
And talk herself insane  
Just a little bit louder now  
Just a little bit angry nowWay back when Millennium  
Meant racing to the light  
He promised her a dream-life  
He'd take her back to street-lifeAway from violent water  
With its Cormorants and leaves  
Up on riversideShe'll drive the big car  
But he'll sit behind  
Bursting her bubbles of Ludlow and Grand  
South along the Hudson  
She'll turn the radio way up high  
Find a station playing sad, sad soulJust a little bit louder now  
South along the HudsonJust a little bit faster now  
Just a little bit louder now  
Just a little bit angry now  
South along the Hudson, yeaJust a little bit faster now

Just a little bit louder now  
Just a little bit angry now  
South along the Hudson, yeaShe'll drive the big car  
He'll sit behind  
She'll keep an eye on Jessica  
Just a little bit faster now  
Just a little bit faster now

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