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 riverside
She 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 riverside
She'll drive the big car
He'll sit behind
She'll keep an eye on Jessica
South along the Hudson
She'll turn the radio high
Find a station playing sad, sad soul
Just a little bit louder now
South along the Hudson yea
Just a little bit faster now
Just a little bit louder now
Just a little bit angry now
South along the Hudson, yea
And she'll drive the big car
And talk herself insane
Just a little bit louder now
Just a little bit angry now

Way back when Millennium
Meant racing to the light
He promised her a dream-life
He'd take her back to street-life
Away from violent water
With its Cormorants and leaves
Up on riverside
She'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 soul
Just a little bit louder now
South along the Hudson
Just a little bit faster now
Just a little bit louder now
Just a little bit angry now
South along the Hudson, yea
Just a little bit faster now
Just a little bit louder now
Just a little bit angry now
South along the Hudson, yea
She'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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