Drive-in Saturday

David Bowie

Let me put my arms around your head
Gee, it's hot, let's go to bed
Don't forget to turn out the light
Don't laugh babe, it'll be alrightPour me out another phone
I'll ring to see if your friends are home
Perhaps the strange ones in the dome
Can lend us a book we can read up aloneAnd try to get it on like once before
When people stared in Jagger's eyes
And scored like the video films we sawHis name was always Buddy
And he'd shrug and ask to stay
And she'd sigh like Twig the Wonder Kid
To turn her face awayShe's uncertain if she likes him
But she knows she really loves him
It's a crash course for the ravers
It's a drive-in SaturdayJung the foreman prayed at work
And neither hands nor limbs would burst
It's hard enough to keep formation
With this fall out saturationCursing at the Astronette
He stands in steel by his cabinet
He is crashing out with Sylvian
The Bureau Supply for aging menWith snorting head he gazes to the shore
Which once had raised a sea that raged no more
Like the video films we sawHis name was always Buddy
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