

Drivin' Sister

Mott the Hoople

Eight-track machine playing 'Half Moon Bay'
Drivin' in my Volks down on Hamstead Way
Her mother got bust on a 88
And her brother got stuck on my number plate, yeahDrivin' sister rock n' roll
She's an automobeat on the street
Drivin' sister rock n' roll
You know she's much, too much on the clutchHey mister bartender, won't you gimme some wine
I gotta get outta town, meet my baby on time
He put five gallons in my petrol tank
You know we've just about made it but her breath sure stank, yeahDrivin' sister rock n' roll
She's got her feet on the wheel
Drivin' sister rock n' roll
She don't make with no brakesDrivin' sister rock n' roll
She's an automobeat on the street
Drivin' sister rock n' roll
She's much, too much on the clutchDrivin' sister rock n' roll
She's got her feet on the wheel
Drivin' sister rock n' roll
She don't make with no brakesI said, "Drive, drive, drive, drive
And drive little sister drive"
I said, "Drive, drive, drive, drive
Just drive little sister, drive"

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