

Fast Cars

Buzzcocks

They're nice and precise
Each one begins and ends
They may win you admirers
But they'll never earn you friendsFast cars
Fast cars
Fast cars
I hate fast carsThey're so depressing
Going 'round and 'round
Ooh, they make me dizzy
Oh, fast cars, they run me downFast cars
Fast cars
Fast cars
I hate fast carsSooner or later
You're gonna listen to Ralph Nader
I don't wanna cause a fuss
Oh, but fast cars are so dangerousFast cars
Fast cars
Fast cars
I hate fast cars, fast carsFat cars
Fast cars
I hate fast cars

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