Pale Blue E-Type

Looper

I want the kind of car they had in the 1960s,
Or maybe even the 50s.
Something like an E-type.You could dress like Steve McQueen in a car like that,
And feel as if you were in the Thomas Crown Affair.
And the girl in the seat beside you,
She might turn out to be Faye Dunaway,
Underneath her headscarf and her sunglasses.
And you could pull the roof off, and drive a car like that
All the way down to the south of France.
Down to Nice and Cannes.
And you could drive too fast until the police started chasing you;
Chasing you through an old town square,
And up onto the pavements;
Past all the people sitting outside the cafes,
And round and round the fountain;
Through an old market crashing into the fish stalls and the stands of fruit,
'Til you finally shook them off and escaped.And in a car like that, when you got to Antibes,
You could drive about on the sand, spraying up the waves.
And you could forget all about what year it really was,
And all about the place you had come from.
I want the kind of car they had in the 50s and the 60s.
A Porsche 356, or a 190SL.
A 1600 Spider or a Citreon DS.Or a pale blue E-type.

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