

Motoreyes

Jethro Tull

Out on the fast and free way,
Humming along through a build-up ad-man's dream.
Steaking past in a cloud of spray
Goes the high-performance motor queen.
And she looks round at me
Reflecting neon in her motoreyes.
And now the chase is on.
I know who'll be the loser --- me.

See the end curve coming, then we're
Back on the street through the late theater crowds.
And the stop lights go and we're cruising side by side
Still humming loud.
And she looks round again ---
Her motoreyes going to tell me when.
Put her right foot to the floor.
Shows me she's no slow woman.

She takes her cafe noir, smokes small cigars
Showing just a touch of thigh (sigh!).
And sips her whisky straight, and she stays up late
To kiss the morning bye-bye.

Now we're out of town, going to shake her down
If I can stay along.
Got my blue light on, put her in the net
With my siren song.
Pulls over to the side ---
Her motoreyes are staring wide.
She flashes her i.d.
And makes a bigger fool of me.