

Let Me Be Your Car

Rod Stewart

I may not seem your ideal
when you look into my eyes
I don't smoke, I don't tell jokes
I'm not the custom made size
But baby let me take you
out on the highway for awhile
I'll show you where the man in me
is when he doesn't hide
He's cruisin' in the fast lane
stuck behind the wheel
Jekyll and Hyde going on inside
when I'm your automobile

And let me be your car for awhile child
shift me into gear and I'll be there
fill me up with five star gasoline
I'll be your car I'll take you anywhere

Don't you know I can't dance
I don't dig it, I can't see it at all
You say I'm just a specimen
and baby I can crawl
My physique just don't look
the way the physiques really should
But then again I've got an engine
underneath my hood
When I'm cutting up the road
with a sports car on my tail
Frankenstein's inside my mind
and the wind's inside my sails