

Detroit 442

Blondie

You know he can't be tested, he can't be read or found
Urban grey takes breath away, he wants to push his pedal to the
ground
And the night's what's right, puts him at the wheel
Well, I eat danger, any stranger is all right
Feel hot to go like Jimmy O, dodging flying objects at the show
And the lights make me fight
In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you

This town's a concrete factory and Dad and Mum look just like me
I'm on the plant assembly line. Too late now. Too far behind
You said you wanna hang around, no-
one really cares where you go
Take your time. Things never change

In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you
In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you
In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you
In Detroit 442, maybe, baby, I could ride with you

One more to market, one more piggie, and they all, they all look
just like me, yeah