

## Drive-In Saturday

David Bowie

Let me put my arms  
around your head  
Gee, it's hot, let's go to bed  
Don't forget to turn on the light  
Don't laugh babe, it'll be alright  
Pour me out another phone  
I'll ring and see  
if your friends are home  
Perhaps the strange ones in the dome  
Can lend us a book we can read up alone

And try to get it on like once before  
When people stared in Jagger's eyes  
and scored  
Like the video films we saw

[CHORUS]

His name was always Buddy  
And he'd shrug and ask to stay  
She'd sigh like Twig the Wonder Kid  
And turn her face away  
She's uncertain if she likes him  
But she knows she really loves him  
It's a crash course for the ravers  
It's a Drive-in Saturday

Jung the foreman prayed at work  
That neither hands nor limbs would burst  
It's hard enough to keep formation  
amid this fall out saturation

Cursing at the Astronette 8  
Who stands in steel  
by his cabinet  
He's crashing out with Sylvian  
The Bureau Supply  
for ageing men

With snorting head he gazes to the shore  
Which once had raised a sea  
that raged no more  
Like the video films we saw

[CHORUS]

It's a Drive-in Saturday [repeat]