

Drive-In Saturday

Def Leppard

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

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

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