

Drive By

Duran Duran

It was the hottest day in July
And all along Santa Monica Blvd
cars were stood still
And a gleaming metal tube
Would stretch all the way from Highland
Back to La Brea.
And she met under Los Angeles sunshine

Young man was sitting at the wheel
On his way to make a pickup
Turned off the air-con
Rolled down the window
And began to sweat

Out over the Hollywood hills
He saw the clouds building
Like great dark towers of rain
Ready to come tumbling down
Any day now
Not a day too soon

(any day now)

And as the music drifted in
From other cars
His eyes started to slip
This is the story of his dream

Silver...

(Sing Blue Silver, Sing Sing Blue Silver)

This is the story of his dream...