

Motor's Too Fast

James Reyne

He's just a local boy
Modeling for magazines
Nun-Chukka
Things are never quite as they seem

He's got throwing stars, he's got silver tops
Mama's grabbed her jewelery
Hidden in the bathroom
Calling the cops

Give me somewhere to go
Don't give me train rides
When the shops are all closed
Don't give me train rides

Never gave anyone the slightest notion
Never showed us that the call was cast
Mama don't want you, daddy don't want you
Your motor's running way too fast

Now the Mall way's shuttered
Hanging in the afternoon
Drink a little Vodka, picking up the old man
Rolling him 'round in her room