

Nobody's Car

Jethro Tull

Black Volga following me ---
Nobody's car.
Mr. No-one at the wheel of
Nobody's car.
Wet pavements, thin apartments ---
quiet dissent from darkened doorways.
I want out alive.
Speak up for me if you can.
So, careful how you drive
in tourist city.

Slap in front of my hotel ---
it's Nobody's car.
Is that my limousine?
No, it's Nobody's car.
Are you on routine assignment?
Plastic shades on black-browed eye-hole.
I read this book before.
I even saw the film.
How did the ending go?
(Intourist city.)

Black out.

It's a weird scenario.
I've seen a thousand times before
but only on my video.

Feel my steps quick in the headlights
of Nobody's car.
Down cobbled alley with no exit from
Nobody's car.
Doors slam, two figures silhouette ---
somewhere before, I feel we've met.
Can't tell you any more.
I agreed to go along with all they asked of me.
Intourist city.
I drive Nobody's car.