

No Brakes

John Waite

I can't take you to the movies
And I can't tell the real thing
From a fake
But I'm curled up tight
In your Chevrolet
And baby you got wow
You've got what it takes
You've got no brakes
I can't take you anywhere these days
Baby you're going wild
Your lips and nylons
Baby you've got what I think
I think it takes
You've got no taste
You've got what it takes
A gal with no brakes at all
Whispering in my ear
When you're breathing baby
Hold me near
Closer closer still
Yeah
Baby you look so good tonight
Take that dress right off
Stand there right in front of me
Baby you're going to make
My poor rocking heart break
Got no brakes
You've got what it takes tonight
For a gal with no brakes
Going to make something straight tonight
Gonna gonna make it all right
The morning sun
Coming up
We ain't got no brakes
We ain't got no brakes
We ain't got no brakes
We ain't got none
We ain't got no brakes