

# Drive-In Saturday

Morrissey

Let me put my arms around your head  
It's hot, let's go to bed  
And don't forget to turn on the light  
Don't laugh, this will be alright

Going towards 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, try like once before  
When people stared  
In David Johansen's eyes and scored  
Like the video films we saw

His name was always Buddy  
And he'd shrug and he'd ask to stay  
And she'd sigh like Chris the Wonder Kid  
And turn her face away

She's uncertain if she likes him  
But she knows she's got to have him  
It's a crash course for the ravers  
It's a drive-in Saturday

Jung the foreman prayed at work  
Neither hands nor limbs would burst  
It's hard enough to keep formation  
'Mid this fall out saturation

Cursing at the Astronettes  
That stand in seal by his cabinet  
He's crashing out with Sylvian  
The bureau supply for aging men

With snorting heads he gazes to the shore  
Once it raged, the sea that raged no more  
Like the video films we saw

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And turn her face away

She's uncertain if she likes him  
But she knows she really loves him  
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