

# Let Me Be Your Car

Rod Stewart

I may not seem your ideal  
when you look into my eyes  
I don't smoke, I don't tell jokes  
I'm not the custom made size  
But baby let me take you  
out on the highway for awhile  
I'll show you where the man in me  
is when he doesn't hide  
He's cruisin' in the fast lane  
stuck behind the wheel  
Jekyll and Hyde going on inside  
when I'm your automobile

And let me be your car for awhile child  
shift me into gear and I'll be there  
fill me up with five star gasoline  
I'll be your car I'll take you anywhere

Don't you know I can't dance  
I don't dig it, I can't see it at all  
You say I'm just a specimen  
and baby I can crawl  
My physique just don't look  
the way the physiques really should  
But then again I've got an engine  
underneath my hood  
When I'm cutting up the road  
with a sports car on my tail  
Frankenstein's inside my mind  
and the wind's inside my sails