

# Privacy

Sammy Hagar

Now let's get back home

Drivin' down that highway  
In my automobile  
Drivin', drivin', drivin'  
Got both hands on the wheel

I got my eyes on the road  
Dustin' off white lines  
The man's got his eye on me  
And that's an invasion of my privacy

It's my last form of sanctuary  
Behind blacked out glass  
"Hey, who's that in there?  
That boy's drivin' much too fast.

Hey, that's some real nice wheels you got there  
I bet you paid through the nose."  
Yeah, they're checkin' up on me  
And that's an invasion of my privacy, yeah, drive

Yeah, out in the streets (no privacy)  
In my own bedroom (no privacy)  
On the telephone (no privacy)  
In the back of my car (no privacy)

I can't get no  
I can't give me no  
I can't give me no privacy

Yeah, drivin', drivin', drivin'  
I got my troubles on hold  
Just drivin' down that highway  
My fossil fuel's as good as gold

I'm lookin for that long lost road  
No sign of man, no sign of life  
Where you can't catch me  
To invade upon my privacy  
Oh, you can't catch me  
And invade upon my privacy  
Yeah, drive, drive, drive

(Privacy, sanctuary)  
Drive, drive, drive, drive, ow  
(Privacy, sanctuary)  
Drive, drive, drive, drive, ow, ooh