

Petrol Head

Sting

Lay down, and rest your head,
Stretch your body across my bed,
Just close your eyes, I'll take you there.
That open highway's waiting where,
You'll know me just like I know you,
Where every gospel word is true.
I'll drive this car, I'll be your guide,
Just fasten your seat belt, let's go for a ride.

I'll take you someplace that you've never been before,
A place you might have only dreamt about what's more.

Just one road in and just one road out,
I know this country inside out.
I speak in tongues, in tongues of fire.
With sixteen wheels for my desire.

300 horse in my V8,
Close to one hundred MPH,
And all the meters up in the red,
Now don't you worry your pretty little petrol head.

I'll take you someplace that you've never been before,
A place you might have only dreamt about what's more.
Like Moses driving to his promised land,
Left turn at the burning bush, a stick shift in my hand.

Bring me my Bow of burning gold;
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I fought my way from Hell to this,
And drove my truck through a hail of fists,
But I ain't never killed no innocent man,
Kept the engine running so I just ran.
But I've been wounded, I been shot,
And this is all the thanks I got,
A busted arm and a busted lip
Let's climb aboard the mothership.

I'll take you someplace that you've never been before,
A place you might have only dreamt about what's more.
Like Moses driving to his promised land,
Left turn at the burning bush, a stick shift, two stone tablets,
God's commandments in my hands.

300 horse in my V8,
Close to one hundred MPH,
And all the meters up in the red,
Now don't you worry your pretty little petrol head