

## 48 Crash

Suzi Quatro

Well you got the hands of a man and the face of a little boy blue  
And when you stand you're so grand there's a case just for looking at  
you.

You're so young you could have been the devil's son  
You're so young but like a hang up  
I'll be sad when you're old and you're gone.

Watch out,  
You know the 48 crash come like a lightning flash  
(48 crash, 48 crash)  
And the 48 crash is a silk sash bash  
(48 crash, 48 crash)  
48 crash, 48 crash  
Come like a lightnin' flash, a lightnin' flash  
And it's a silk sash bash, a silk sash bash  
That's the 48 crash

You've got the kind of a mind of a juvenile Romeo  
And you're so blind you could find that your motor ain't ready to go.  
You're so young, you're a hotshot son of a gun.  
You're so young but like a teenage tear-away  
Soon you'll be torn and you'll run

Watch out,  
You know the 48 crash come like a lightning flash  
(48 crash, 48 crash)  
And the 48 crash is a silk sash bash  
(48 crash, 48 crash)  
48 crash, 48 crash  
Come like a lightnin' flash, a lightnin' flash  
And it's a silk sash bash, a silk sash bash  
That's the 48 crash

Crash, crash, 48 crash (crash)  
Crash, crash, 48 crash (crash)  
Crash, crash, 48 crash (crash)  
Crash, crash, ooh

You know the 48 crash come like a lightning flash  
(48 crash, 48 crash)  
And the 48 crash is a silk sash bash  
(48 crash, 48 crash)  
48 crash, 48 crash  
Come like a lightnin' flash, a lightnin' flash  
And it's a silk sash bash, a silk sash bash  
That's the 48 crash