

Drivin'

The Kinks

It seems like all the world is fighting
They're even talking of a war
Let all the Russians and the Chinese
And the Spanish do their fighting
The sun is shining
We're going drivin', drivin'

Drop all your work
Leave it behind
Forget all your problems
And get in my car
And take a drive with me

The sandwiches are packed
The tea is in the flask
We've plenty of beer
And gooseberry tarts
So take a drive with me

We'll take your mother if you want to
We'll have a picnic on the grass
Forget your nephews
And your cousins and your brothers and your sisters
They'll never miss us
'Cos we'll be drivin', drivin'. drivin'. drivin'

Thousands of trees
Hundreds of fields
Millions of birds
So why don't you come
And take a drive with me

We'll talk to the cows
And laugh at the sheep
We'll lie in a field
And we'll have a sleep
So take a drive with me

And all the troubled world around us
Seems an eternity away
And all the debt collectors
Rent collectors
All will be behind us
But they'll never find us
'Cos we'll be drivin', drivin', drivin', drivin'

Passed Barnet Church
Up to Potters Bar
We won't be home late
It's not very far
So take a drive with me, take a drive with me
Drivin', drivin', drivin', drivin'