

Who's driving Your Plane

The Rolling Stones

It was your father who trained you and your mother who brained
you

To be so useless and shy

But I just replaced them and tried not to break them

Because you could stand up if you tried

And I wanna see your face when your knees and your legs

Are just gonna break down and die

And, who's driving your plane?

Who's driving your plane?

Who's driving your plane?

Who's driving your plane?

Are you in control or is it driving you insane?

If I could wave a magic wand, then maybe you'd change

Back to bein' a blonde

And your skirt would come down, it would cover your feet!

If I said, "It's not camp to wear Tiffany lamps"

You'd be thrown right out in the street

And I wonder who's driving your plane?

Who's driving your plane?

Who's driving your plane?

Who's driving your plane?

Are you in control or is it driving you insane?

You could stand on your head or maybe sing in bed

If I said it was the thing to do

If you're in with the faces and their getaway places

'Cause they don't take no notice of you

Well, the trendy pace-setters will just called you a pain

'Cause I want to know, who's driving your plane