

# You Can't Catch Me

The Rolling Stones

I bought a brand new airmobile  
It was custom made  
It was a Flight DeVille  
With a (powerful) motor  
And some hideaway wings  
Push in on the button and you can hear her sing  
Now you can't catch me  
No, baby, you can't catch me  
'Cause if you get too close  
You know I'm gone like a cool breeze

New Jersey Turnpike in the wee wee hours  
I was rolling slowly 'cause of drizzlin' showers  
Up come a flattop he was movin' up with me  
Then come sailin' goodbye  
In a little old suped up mini  
I put my foot in my tank and I begin to roll  
Moanin' sirens, was the state patrol  
So I get out my wings and then I blew my horn  
Bye-bye New Jersey I become airborne

Now you can't catch me  
No, baby you can't catch me  
'Cause if you get too close  
You know I'm gone like a cool breeze

Flyin' with my baby last Saturday night  
Wasn't no gray cloud floatin' in sight  
Big full moon shinin' up above  
Cuddle up honey be my love  
Sweetest little thing that I ever seen  
I'm gonna name you Mabelline  
Flyin' with all the things set on flight control  
Radio tuned to rock 'n' roll  
Two, three hours passin' by  
Altitude dropped to 505  
Fuel consumption way too fast  
Let's get on home before we run out of gas

Now you can't catch me  
No baby, you can't catch me  
'Cause if you get too close  
You know I'm gone like a cool breeze