

The Key To Her Ferrari

Thomas Dolby

There was one room in her house that was always kept locked.
It was the garage.

I don't want your love
don't want your money
I just want the key to your Ferrari
don't want your bed
don't want your body
I said all I want is the key to your Ferrari
I'm gonna rev it - shake it - brake it
skid it - squeal it - stick it
drop it - hop it - rip it
up and down the 101
don't want your love
don't want your money, girl
I said all I want is the key to your Ferrari.

And then I saw her...
she was a bright red '64 GTO with fins
and gills like some giant piranha fish,
some obscene phallic symbol on wheels...
little rivers of anticipation ran down my inseam
as I kicked those five hundred Italian horses into life
and left reality behind me:
fifty, sixty, seventy miles an hour...
my hand slipped inside the belt of my trousers
as we hit eighty, ninety miles an hour...
and as we passed the magic 100 my love exploded
all over her bright pink leather interior...

And at that moment, I thought of my mother.

Don't need no drugs
don't need no liquor
all I want is the key to your Ferrari
your ruby lips - pa!
your perfect figure - eech!
I just want the key to your Ferrari
I'm gonna rev it - shake it - brake it
skid it - squeal it - stick it
drop it - hop it - rip it
up and down the 101
don't want your love
don't want your money, girl
I said all I want is the key to your Ferrari.
He's gonna rev it - gun it - skid it
skip it - shoot it - toot it
brake it - zoom it - vacuum it
up and down the 101
don't want your love
don't want your money, girl
I said all I want is the key to your Ferrari
I just want the key to your Ferrari!
('cause aliens ate my Buick.)