

Queen, I'm In Love With My Car

(Taylor)

[Dedicated to Johnathan Harris, boy racer to the end]

The machine of a dream, such a clean machine,
With the pistons a pumpin', and the hubcaps all gleam.
When I'm holding your wheel,
All I hear is your gear,
When my hand's on your grease gun,
Oh it's like a disease son,
I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile,
Get a grip on my boy racer rollbar,
Such a thrill when your radials squeal.

Told my girl I just had to forget her,
Rather buy me a new carburettor,
So she made tracks sayin' this is the end now,
Cars don't talk back they're just four wheeled friends now,

When I'm holding your wheel,
All I hear is your gear,
When I'm cruisin' in overdrive,
Don't have to listen to no run of the mill talk jive,

I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile,
I'm in love with my car, string back gloves in my automolove!