

What Car?

Cliff Richard

My daddy had a '68 Camero
When I was 16 he went out of town
And there were car keys sitting on the pillow
Screaming out come take a drive around
From here to Linda's all the lights were yellow
Even though she said that we were through
When she saw me in that red Camero
All she said was lets she what she'll do

What car?
What girl?
What tree?
What kerb?
What are you talkin' about?
I never left the house
What keys?
What crash?
How dare you ask?
The car is gone, move on
Daddy you better move on

Monday morning he was in the kitchen
Asking if I had a tale to tell
A certain red collectable was missing
Sorry Daddy that does not ring a bell
Was kinda late but I agreed to join him
At the scene of the alleged theft
But there's an emptiness you can't ignore when
The stain of oil is all that you have left

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Even if they'd found the wreckage
And even if they'd hauled me in
I was sticking to the same old story again and again and again and again

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Yeah yeah, the car is gone