

Little blue bomb is waiting for me  
I sit right down and turn the key  
She starts to roll  
Burning down the west highway

She's goin' to where she belongs  
Don't tell me she's just a car, slip sliding along  
My stomach, we make a stop at Chez Denny  
I'm all filled up, Simca, feeling sick again

Going to someplace where she belongs  
Don't tell me she's just a car, rolling down the road  
The red light starts to shine, I slow it down  
Can't push too hard because she might complain

You know where that will leave me tomorrow  
Don't tell me she's just a car, there is where she'll stay