He Thought of Cars

Moscow's still red, the young man is dead Gone to heaven instead, the evening news says he was confused The motorways will all merge soon, lottery winner buys the moon They've come to save us, the space invaders are here

He thought of cars and where, where to drive them Who to drive them with There, there was no-one, no-one

There's panic at london heathrow Everybody wants to go up into the blue But there's a ten year queue Columbia is in top gear, it shouldn't snow at this time of year Now america's shot gone and done the lot

He thought of planes and where, where to fly to And who to fly there with Where, there was no-one, no-one

He thought of cars and where, where to drive them Who to drive them with There, there was no-one, no-one