

Clarkson Blues

Chris Rea

Oh I'm calling out
To the king of wheels
I gotta let him know
The way I feel

Every car all shiny and new
You sell your own mother
For that what that big guy'd do
Yeah you would

Gotta give me some money
For these car-less shoes
Standing at the bus stop
With a Clarkson blues

Every kind of motor
Has ever been made
Driven to destruction
Each and every day

P. Zeros
Melt em' down
Sure beat everybody to the best job in town
I got to get me some money for these car-less shoes
Standing at the bus stop
With a Clarkson blues, yeah
I got the Clarkson blues

Clarkson blues
Out on the track
Bust 'em up and send 'em back
Clarkson blues
Crash for free
Clarkson blues
We all want to be

Engineer
He live in fear
Bossman tell him
That the big man's here
Hear that moto engine scream
Big boy living out our dream
I'm just some punk
With worn out shoes
Standing at the bus stop
With the Clarkson blues