

Nothin's Gonna Stop Us

The Darkness

When you're cycling thought the city at night
And you're dodging beams of Parky's light
I got my fingers greasy and you didn't care
I was fixing your chain while you're fixing your hair
Rolling on tarmac and walking on air
Nothin's Gonna Stop Us
Nothin's Gonna Stop Us
Nothin's Gonna Stop Us Now
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Fixing Your Hair
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Past the beach huts on the promenade
'Cos it doesn't matter where we are
Not when you're on the stunt pegs and I'm in the chair
I was pulling a wheelie, you're pulling my hair
They'll never catch us 'cos we're catchin air
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