

Steve McQueen

Quicksilver Messenger Service

Feel like I ought to be sitting in front of the filling station
eating peanuts
Hear that

Jesus loves me, yes, I know
It's what my momma told me, and I believe it so
Cause nobody's killed me, and I still feel kind of free
I guess Jesus must be looking out for me

The midnight freight train never runs this far
Time heals every heartache, I read that in Bazaar
But, there stands old Willy, he's crying in his gin
I guess the midnight freight train must've run from him

Yesterday some strangers took my credit cards away
Repossessed my brand-new wheels
They never gave me too much credit anyway
But I still got my guitar, and I can steal a Chevrolet

Steve McQueen is dead and gone
Ah, but just like Mona Lisa, bullets smiling on
Last night the greyhound bit the big one
And we wasn't on the bus
I guess Steve McQueen is looking out for us

Some days I just feel just like a soldier in the rain
That's when I make my great escape
They always come to find me, when there's no one left to blame
But I start my motorcycle and I make my getaway

Steve McQueen is dead and gone
Ah, but just like Mona Lisa, bullets smiling on
Last night the greyhound bit the big one
And we wasn't on the bus
I guess Steve McQueen is looking out for us
You know Steve McQueen is looking out for us
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