

Ta Ta Wayo Wayo

The Cars

Hot sun in the city
the symphony is clear
the girls are so pretty
post card souvenir
I feel it coming on
hot sun in the city
I feel it coming on
the joints are still ripping
all faces aglow
the hearts are still skipping
ta ta wayo wayo
I feel it coming on
hot sun in the city
I feel it coming on
the transistor beaches
hot tan on white sand
the motel with peaches
it's getting out of hand
I feel it coming on
hot sun in the city
I feel it coming on