

Drivin Sister
Mott The Hoople

(intro) (D A G A) x2

D D
Eight-track machine playing Half Moon Bay
A G A
Drivin in my Volks down on Hamstead Way
D D
Her mother got bust on a 88
A G A
And her brother got stuck on my number plate

D
Drivin sister rock n roll
A G A
She s an automobeat on the street
D
Drivin sister rock n roll
A G A
She s much too much on the clutch

(intro)

Hey mister bartender won t you gimme some wine
I gotta get outta town, meet my baby on time
He put five gallons in my petrol tank
You know we just about made it but her breath sure stank yeah

Drivin sister rock n roll
She s got feel on the wheel
Drivin sister rock n roll
She don t make with no brakes

D A G D D

D

Drivin sister rock n roll
She s an automobeat on the street
Drivin sister rock n roll
She s much too much on the clutch

Drivin sister rock n roll
She got her feet on the wheel
Drivin sister rock n roll
She don t make with no brakes

D

I said drive, drive, drive, drive

A G A

And drive little sister drive

D

I said drive, drive, drive, drive

A G A

And drive little sister, drive on.