

# Duran Duran, Drive By

It was the hottest day in July  
And all along Santa Monica Blvd  
cars were stood still  
And a gleaming metal tube  
Would stretch all the way from Highland  
Back to La Brea.  
And she met under Los Angeles sunshine

Young man was sitting at the wheel  
On his way to make a pickup  
Turned off the air-con  
Rolled down the window  
And began to sweat

Out over the Hollywood hills  
He saw the clouds building  
Like great dark towers of rain  
Ready to come tumbling down  
Any day now  
Not a day too soon

(any day now)

And as the music drifted in  
From other cars  
His eyes started to slip  
This is the story of his dream

Silver...

(Sing Blue Silver, Sing Sing Blue Silver)

This is the story of his dream...