

Rory Gallagher, Public Enemy No1

Well she's nothing much
but she looks like a gangster's moll
Well there ain't no doubt about it
I know she ran with Mad Dog Coll
She's the driver of the getaway car
Public enemy No.1
She's fact and she's fiction
All wrapped up into one
Sound, lights and vision
Street car collisions and all
We got the G-men on a mission,
They can't catch up at all
Won't you have that motor twitchin'
for Public enemy No.1
Well the marked man unmarked car
Waiting out in the cold

Got his work cut out
Well a travel guide to a shooting star
is the only clue we left about
It's a battle of wits, a psyche-out
Synchronised tension's taking hold
It's a battle of wits, a psyche-out
Synchronised tension's taking hold, taking hold
B-girl oh B-girl
Be my permanent alibi
Well you got to keep your eyes peeled
stay alert at the wheel tonight
Keep the key in the ignition
we won't get no remission this time
Won't you have that motor twitchin'
When i come running by