Slade, Keep Your Hands Off My Power Supply

Here we go again, driver ain't in no fit state Cos we had one or two over the eight I need to relieve myself, can't wait Blue light flashing, comin' up a-right behind Gin and Mary hittin' the cats eyes Trying hard to follow the white line

I aint ready to face the law I ain't huntin' and that's for sure Maybe they'll just want an autograph

So keep your hands off my power supply There's no chance that we'll get away So keep your hands to yourself my oh my I guess it ain't our lucky day - hey hey

A white inceptor, maybe they're flagging us down Now the boys in blue have their nose to the ground Watch him over "Can I see your licence sir?"

I aint ready to blow in the bag I ain't ready to lose my rag Gotta work out what I'm gonna say

So keep your hands off my power supply There's no chance that we'll get away So keep your hands to yourself my oh my I guess it ain't our lucky day hey hey Gotta get away

I aint ready to face the law I ain't huntin' and that's for sure Better leave my gear stick alone

So keep your hands off my power supply There's no chance that we'll get away So keep your hands to yourself my oh my I guess it ain't our lucky day - hey hey Gotta get away Gotta get away