

## Christine

Copyright © John Thomas Oaks, Caliora Music Publishing, ASCAP

My lady wears a vinyl frock  
And dresses up in red  
I only know too well what she does to me  
She takes me once around the block  
And messes with my head  
I'm on the road to Hell when she turns the key

I know she wants me in the back seat  
Just like all the others that she's had before  
And strangely enough,  
It only makes me want her more  
Christine—dream queen  
Christine—love machine

I let her do the drivin'  
Even though I hold the wheel  
She takes me down dark streets where I should not go  
Away to the horizon  
Or across the nearest hill  
There's always something more I think I need to know

(chorus)

My lady has a heart of steel  
And wears a cheap perfume  
Another day with her and she'll have me, too  
A deadly road beneath her wheels  
Her destination, doom  
She wants control of me before the night is through

I know she's lookin' better every day  
Better than she ever did the day before  
And strangely enough,  
It only makes me hate her more

Christine—scream queen  
Christine—lust machine