

Panama

Ooh
Oh yeah
Uh-huh, ah!

Jump back, what's that sound?
Here she comes, full blast and top
down
Hot shoe, burning down the avenue
Model citizen, zero discipline

Don't you know she's coming home
to me?
You'll lose her in the turn
I'll get her, ah!

Panama
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Ain't nothin' like it, her shiny machine
Got the feel for the wheel, keep the
moving parts clean
Hot shoe, burning down the avenue
Out an on-ramp coming through my
bedroom

Don't you know she's coming home
to me?
You'll lose her in the turn
I'll get her, ah!

Original song by Van Halen

Uh-oh

Panama
Panama, ow
Panama, ah
Panama, oh-oh-oh-oh
Woo!

[Guitar Solo]

Ah
Yeah, we're running a little bit hot
tonight
I can barely see the road from the
heat coming off it, I say
I reach down between my legs and
Ease the seat back

She's blinding, I'm flying
Right behind in rearview mirror now
Got the fearing, power steering
Pistons popping, ain't no stopping
now

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Panama, oh-oh-oh-oh
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