

Driver

Soumis par doctoravalanche
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Lay me down the long white line
Leave the sirens far behind me

Call me weird and call me Friday
Call me when the sun goes down
We will find a public highway
We will wind the windows down
Call me at the magic hour
When the morals run to ground
Effects yeild to speed and power
While the wheels go wheeling round and round

Life is short and life is cruel
But we have fear and we have fuel

We are never coming down
Drench the future on the glass
Lines across the middle
And the mountain places, ever faster
Rushing through the shame and shadow
While the pleasure flashes past
The sound that fills the big black cars
Is ours, the drum machines and fast guitars

But use your mad acceleration
We are never coming down
We will live forever
While the wheels go wheeling round and round

Call me weird and call me Friday
Call me when the sun goes down
We will fly along the highway
We will wind the windows down
Call me at the magic hour
When the morals run to ground
Reason yeilds to speed and power
While the wheels go wheeling round and round