

Smith Elliott

"Speed Trials"

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he's pleased to meet you underneath the horse
in the cathedral with the glass stained black
singing sweet high notes that echo back
to destroy their master
may be a long time til you get the call-up
but it's sure as fate and hard as your luck
no one'll know where you are
it's just a brief smile crossing your face
running speed trials still standing in place
when the socket's not a shock enough
you little child what makes you think you're tough
when all the people you think you're above
they all know what's the matter
you're such a pinball yeah you know it's true
there's always something you come back running to
to follow the path of no resistance
it's just a brief smile crossing your face
running speed trials standing in place
it's just a brief smile crossing your face
running speed trials all over the place

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