

The Meatmen

"Turbo Rock"

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There's a good reason to be sure(I'm sure)
At home, and at work, and play.
All I freakin' wanna do is turbo my life away.
I'm a pocket rocket, stick in socket.
Riding hot rails to hell.
Spitting, smoking, flaming, guzzling
Soul's that already felt.
(Repeat 2x)

Well that was then and how
Hot speed seeds to sow.
Hung with the jacked-up gang.
Novas and Shelby 'stangs.
And rockin' 442
Yeah with yer flames of blue.
We're talkin' monster time.
For macho auto-crime.

(Chorus)
This is the '80's--high time for Turbo Rock.
Catatonic speed-crazed cosmo jocks.

Out on the badlands strip.
Choice blotter acid trip
Our pink slips with the dames
Beelzebub's to blame.
Ass ends are breaking loose.
Headers a'belching Zeus.
Just night and red-hot blocks
Powerplants double-stock
And then we'd cruise the gut.
And pop a bitchin' nut.
On highway 309
Chug brown props, eight or nine.
And Wanda's head would bob
Our purple shift ball knob.
Those were the best of times,
Now we're goin' turbo out of our minds.

(Chorus)

(Instrumental Break)

Dash lights are screaming heat
Hot rubber stuck to street.
On demons, booze, and speed.
There's nothing else we need.
And major whiplash kick
The Alpine jam blast trick
Now night rides really fly
'Cuz we're goin' turbo out of our minds.

(2nd Instrumental Break)

(Chorus)

(SFX: Car speeding away)

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