

The Meatmen

"War Of The Superbikes"

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Wanna bark a saga of the night the bikes went wild.
Four husky gladiators suited up for a war self-styled.
The Interceptor, Ninja and 1100 primed to score
But me and my Suzuki knew we had so much more.

They thought it would be just another clandestine late
night road rally.
But it was the WAR OF THE SUPERBIKES
Red hot pipes and rumbling high tech power plants inch
up to the starting line,
but when the dust cleared up on Devil's Backbone,
One man/one bike/one dream would scream across the
finish line.

I layed it down into turn one, cranked it down full bore.
With my air-cooled transverse in-line Four Stroke Four.
I knew the 1100 was the man to burn.
I ruled the straightaways, he had me in the turns.

As they blasted out of the high bank
The Ninja smoked a clutch
"Only two to beat," he thought
As he laid it down to those greasy 'S' turns
In the distance those oversized Japanese leg burners
sounded like some sort of mutated gigantic insects.
Three men on monster machines SHOT OUT OF GOD'S
SLINGSHOT!!!

The interceptor faded as we hit the hill W.F.O.
All I had to do was hold on, seven miles to go.
But there were red lights flashing, the cops were
gaining fast.
In our high-powered way awesome road-smoking 12
mile dash.

The FJ 1100 made his move on the inside
As the speedometer bounced over the 100 mile-per-
hour mark
But he got a little too deep in the curve,
and didn't see the pothole.
All he saw was a burning, hurtling ball of death

as he blasted off into cool night air.
Just him and his GS 1150.

It's the WAR OF THE SUPERBIKES(3X).

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