

## Ashley Stove

# "Out Into The Races"

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(or, suv protest song #3)

Oh, out into the races  
Oh, out into the cold  
Where the cars look like bad belly dancers  
They try to get a hold of me

But i move to the side  
Back and forth between i glide  
Using moves they've never seen  
In my metal death machine

Relaxing later in my seat  
Warming myself with the heat  
I remember previous mistakes  
I become the thing i hate

I got time to waste  
I got my own blue place  
You can keep your flutes and snakes  
More metal saves

Protect protect myself  
A suit of armor for my health  
A nut in a nutshell of metal  
Everyone else is expendable i guess  
They are buried in my pedals

Now i'm moving to the side  
Back and forth between i glide  
Using moves they've never seen  
I drive my metal death machine

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