

Ghost Mice "Figure 8"

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My dad built a racecar with his own hands
He raced the figure 8 against many reckless men
Driving deadly, driving metal, driving wicked, driving
fast,
Always towards that intersection just praying they don't
crash.
Once when sitting on his lap I asked how do you not
collide?
When you're flying so fast towards that crossroads
How do you decide who's gonna slow down.
Who's gonna give in maybe enough to let the other guy
win?
Who's gonna take their foot off the gas just enough to
the other guy pass?

He said son, here's some advice you gotta promise
that you'll never take,
The trick to it is my boy,
Is that you never, never hit the brake.

He said "Son don't grow up to be a racecar driver."
He said "Son don't grow up to be anything like your
father."
He said "Look at my car it's been ripped in half and I'm
lucky to be alive."
"And when you turn 16, I will teach you how to drive."

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