

## Cajun Dance Party

### "He's Going The Distance"

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Reluctantly crouched at the starting line  
Engines pumping and thumping in time.  
The green light flashes, the flags go up.  
Churning and burning they yearn for the cup.  
They deftly maneuver and muscle for rank,  
Fuel burning fast on an empty tank.  
Reckless and wild they pour through the turns.  
Their prowess is potent and secretly stern.  
As they speed through the finish the flags go down.  
The fans get up and they get out of town.  
The arena is empty except for one man,  
Still driving and striving as fast as he can.  
The sun has gone down and the moon has come up,  
And long ago somebody left with the cup.  
But he's driving and striving and hugging the turns,  
And thinking of someone for whom he still burns.

(chorus)

He's going the distance,  
He's going for speed.  
She's all alone (all alone) all alone in her time of need.  
Because he's racing and pacing and plotting the  
course.  
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse.  
He's going the distance.....aaaahhhh aaahhhh.....

No trophy, no flowers, no flashbulbs, no line-  
He's haunted by something he can not define.  
Bowel shaking earthquakes, of doubt and remorse.  
Assail him impale him with monster truck force.  
In his mind he's still driving-still making the grade.  
She's hoping in time that her memory will fade.

Because he's racing and pacing and plotting the  
course.  
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse.  
The sun has gone down and the moon has come up.  
And long ago somebody left with the cup  
But he's striving and driving and hugging the turns,  
And thinking of someone for whom he still burns.

(chorus)

aaahhhhhhhh aaahhhhhhhhhh.....

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