

Puffball "Superbee"

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This devil is ready to explode on the strip.
Itç£— worn out tyres wonç£~ get any grip.
Eyes staring out at the edge of the hood.
Driving a car has never felt so good.
Stripped from all nonsense and built to win.
When comfort is out, performance is in.

I PUMP THE GAS AS I TURN THE KEY
TO FIRE UP THE ENGINE IN MY BLACK SUPERBEE.

Pedal to the floor, hands on the wheel.
Got to shift gear but iç£Ž too numb to feel.
Shaking from the tension and wet from the heat.
It feels like iç£Ž being pushed through the seat.
Deaf from the Hemi in this late sixty-nine.
The essence of power and beauty combined.

SLICING THE STREET THE SOUND OF THE FREE
THE ROAR OF THE LUNGS IN MY BLACK SUPERBEE.

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