

## Reverend Horton Heat

### "Id"

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When I needed a fast car, I stole away to be the thief.  
Climbing through branches, I spin my way down  
through cogs.  
Having the time of my life, I stand on open fields.  
Blow away these old roads, and touch the rivers bed.  
Buried in my head, Rested on my life support machine.

Ad-lib  
(Always)

I once stole an engine, from an open field.  
It rested on my shoulders, a torso of pistons.  
I was under a cloudless sky, rested on my red speed  
machine.  
Rested.  
Rested.

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