

Naked Raygun "Jettison"

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Six hundred miles an hour
Three inches off the ground
Your feet feel the conclusion
As you pass the speed of sound

A fine preoccupation
Just how fast can you go?
At eight hundred miles an hour
Your blood begins to slow

At an inch and then a half inch
It's the damndest thing
Blades of grass whip past
They slice they don't sting

Nine hundred miles an hour
A quarter inch off the ground
A small gnat hits you
You explode without a sound

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