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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 damnedest 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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