

# All "Rosco"

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Held up, waiting in line  
All raped up, all rapped out  
All raped up, becoming wiped out

Where are we all going?  
We're just blowing time  
We're just blowing time

I've got this fantasy  
It's a fourth gear ecstasy  
In held up situations like these

I'd really like to be the king of all of me  
Twenty-three, going on  
Zero to one-fifty

Ten foot golden mags  
High-octane rocket fuel  
I let my lady drive  
So I can steer the tunes

In just a couple seconds  
We'll be breathin' G's  
Nugent's cranked to ten  
Come on and breathe the breeze

Cut off that white Miata  
Roll over that Toyota Corolla  
This is the righteous release

Now we're really gaining speed  
There's been a chain reaction  
All the other cooped up slaves are following me

Destroy that a.m., p.m.  
Get all the cops where we can see 'em  
It's time for it all to come down

In just a couple seconds  
We'll be breathin' G's  
Nugent's cranked to ten  
Come on and breathe the breeze

Join us for fresh air

Where are we all going?

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