

Lee Rocker

"The Wall Of Death"

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Round and round
Round and round inside that motor dome
Blood runs wild
Blood runs hot, lot a shakin goin on

90 miles an hour on an Indian Scout
She's up on the wall and around about
Hell rider on the wall of death

Feel the heat
Feel the heat risen up inside this place
Ridin Hard
Well she's a ridin hard and putting me in a spin

She's a thrill-a-rama, here the rumblin bass
Lightning speed and amazing grace
Hell rider on the wall of death

Hear the engine scream, smell the gasoline
Nothin like it you've ever seen, before
Chills an thrills and spills
Got and iron will
Someone might get killed on the wall of death

Round and round
Round and round she rides that danger zone
Ride so fast
Well she might crash inside that motor dome

100 miles an hour, hear the people shout
She's up on the wall and around about
Hell rider, on the wall of death

She's a hell rider on the wall of death

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