

T.n.t. "Downhill Racer"

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The road is straight and narrow
Her heart's in overdrive as she flies away
High away from the ground
Her eyes are black and empty
And the nights are all the same
Has she lost control, sells her soul
For a ticket to the candy store
Caught inside the devil's open door

Highway to the morning sun she rides
White lightning controls her every stride
Highway to the morning sun she rides
All the way to the gates of hell she flies
Another downhill racer

4 AM comes knocking
She'll find a sleazy boy with a wired eye
To keep her high on his cloud
She'll spread her wings for savior and feed her tired
heart
But it doesn't last, it goes so fast
And she's running to the candy store
Caught inside the devil's revolving door

Highway to the morning sun she rides
White lightning controls her every stride
Highway to the morning sun she rides
All the way to the gates of hell she slides
Another downhill racer
Downhill racer
Downhill racer

Can she turn around and face the light
Will she ever make it home tonight

Highway to the morning sun she rides
White lightning controls her every stride
Highway to the morning sun she rides
All the way to the gates of hell she slides
Another downhill racer
Downhill racer
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