

Tim O'Brien

"Death Race"

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Driving fast along the shoreline
Kicked into gear with speeds that kill
All's a blur I'm going so fast
I don't know if I will survive
Hold on you need to set the pace
With breakneck speeds
They call this a death race whoa whoa whoa
Foot to the floor there is no breakin'
A will to win that's what you need
You have no friends you'll just keep fakin'
You just keep raging until the end
Hold on you need to set the pace
With breakneck speeds they call this a death race
Down the stretch there's no time to rest
He tries to pass it will be his last
With one last turn he takes a deep breath
For this will be his last race of death yeah of death
You got to hold on you need to set the pace
With breakneck speeds they call this a death race

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