

Ashley Stove, Out Into The Race

(or, SUV protest song #3)

Oh, out into the races
Oh, out into the cold
Where the cars look like bad belly dancers
They try to get a hold of me

But I move to the side
Back and forth between I glide
Using moves they've never seen
In my metal death machine

Relaxing later in my seat
Warming myself with the heat
I remember previous mistakes
I become the thing I hate

I got time to waste
I got my own blue place
You can keep your flutes and snakes
More metal saves

Protect protect myself
A suit of armor for my health
A nut in a nutshell of metal
Everyone else is expendable I guess
They are buried in my pedals

Now I'm moving to the side
Back and forth between I glide
Using moves they've never seen
I drive my metal death machine