

# New Model Army, 125 Mph

I'm heading north, I'm heading home doing 125  
I close my eyes and count to ten - Ha ha, I'm still alive  
Perfect, perfect tunnel vision, razor sharp and racing, racing  
These moments, immortal,  
No one touches this

Chorus:

These things they flow as blood must flow  
Dust to dust and wind must blow  
Nothing that I need to know or ever understand  
These things they flow as blood must flow  
Dust to dust and wind must blow  
You can die before you get old  
But me, I'm going to live forever

The music plays, the party swings, the gaiety walls come closing in  
I catch your eye, you take my hand - out into the night we run  
Dancing down those dead-end streets - howling at the moon like little kids  
Out on the grass at the top of the hill, your breath tastes sw . . .

Chorus:

These things they flow as blood must flow . . .  
And if I say I hate this place, don't take it as personal  
And just because I want to kill somebody doesn't mean to say that I will  
And I don't think that that makes me crazy and anyway I'm way past caring  
There's a ride leaves out of here at nine. What do you say?

Chorus:

Tonight we'll flow as blood must flow