

# Rush, Red Barchetta

My uncle has a country place  
That no one knows about  
He says it used to be a farm  
Before the Motor Law  
And on Sundays I elude the eyes  
And hop the Turbine Freight  
To far outside the Wire  
Where my white-haired uncle waits

Jump to the ground  
As the Turbo slows to cross the borderline  
Run like the wind  
As excitement shivers up and down my spine  
Down in his barn  
My uncle preserved for me an old machine  
For fifty odd years  
To keep it as new has been his dearest dream

I strip away the old debris  
That hides a shining car  
A brilliant red Barchetta  
From a better vanished time  
I fire up the willing engine  
Responding with a roar  
Tires spitting gravel  
I commit my weekly crime

Wind  
In my hair  
Shifting and drifting  
Mechanical music  
Adrenaline surge...

Well-weathered leather  
Hot metal and oil  
The scented country air  
Sunlight on chrome  
The blur of the landscape  
Every nerve aware

Suddenly ahead of me  
Across the mountainside  
A gleaming alloy air car  
Shoots towards me, two lanes wide  
I spin around with shrieking tires  
To run the deadly race  
Go screaming through the valley  
As another joins the chase

Drive like the wind  
Straining the limits of machine and man  
Laughing out loud with fear and hope  
I've got a desperate plan  
At the one-lane bridge  
I leave the giants stranded at the riverside  
Race back to the farm  
To dream with my uncle at the fireside