

Green Jelly, Flight Of The Skajaquada

When clouds of iron gather nigh, blackening the winter sky,
Storms gather fury from the lake, best hurry home and refuge take,
For soon the worst will come to pass, and ice will turn your routes to glass,
While in the north the beast awakens, from his year long slumber taken,
His howl the fury of the gales, with deadly curves that rarely fail,
To send your autos into flight, through blizzard's curtain blinding white,
See driving skills you lack with the, FLIGHT OF THE SKAJAQUADA