

Hawkwind, Death Trap

In the back of my neck I can feel a strange sensation
Feels like I'm heading for the crisis of all creation
Only those with death wish understand my situation
Feels like Jesus Christ heading for the stations of the cross,
In my death trap, death trap
Running in my death trap, death trap
Chicken running in my death trap, death trap

Heading for the crossroads of fiery crucifixion
Lighting up the night sky with bitterness distinction
While I hold the wheel of fate, smell of burning friction
I feel like a hero heading for extinction

It's the shell of steel or plastic
Monkey on elastic, going up and down
Crank shaft cracking up
Oil pressure going down
Brake drums blowing out
Tyres on fire now
Differential seize up, unbalanced camshaft
Worn out pistons rings,
Brake fade, brake fade
Hydraulic leak out, radiator overheat
Monkey on elastic, going up and down
Shell of steel or plastic, turning round
Shell of steel or plastic
Monkey on elastic, going up and down