

# Machine Gun Fellatio, The Distance

Reluctantly crouched at the starting line  
Engines are pumping and thumping in time  
The green light flashes, the flags goes up  
Churning and burning, they yearn for the cup  
They deftly manoeuvre, and muscle for rank  
Fuel burning fast on an empty tank  
Reckless and wild, they pour through the turns  
Their prowess is potent, and secretly stern  
As they speed through the finish, the flags go down  
The fans get up and they get out of town,  
The arena is empty except for one man  
Still driving and striving as fast as he can  
The sun has gone down and the moon has come up  
And long ago somebody left with the cup  
But he's driving and striving and hugging the turns  
And thinking of someone for whom he still burns  
He's going the distance  
He's going for speed  
She's all alone, all alone in her time of need  
Because he's racing and pacing and plotting the course  
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse  
He's going the distance  
No trophy, no flowers, no flashbulbs, no line  
He's haunted by something he cannot define  
Bowel shaking earthquakes of doubt and remorse  
Assail him, impale him, with monster truck force  
In his mind he's still driving, still making the grade  
She's hoping in time that her memories will fade  
Cause he's racing and pacing and plotting the course  
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse  
The sun has gone down and the moon has come up  
And long ago somebody left with the cup  
But he's striving and driving and hugging the turns  
And thinking of someone for whom he still burns  
Cause, he's going the distance  
He's going for speed  
She's all alone, all alone in her time of need  
Because he's racing and pacing and plotting the course  
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse  
He's racing and pacing and plotting the course  
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse  
He's going the distance  
He's going for speed  
He's going the distance