

Puffball, Superbee

This devil is ready to explode on the strip.
It worn out tyres won get any grip.
Eyes staring out at the edge of the hood.
Driving a car has never felt so good.
Stripped from all nonsense and built to win.
When comfort is out, performance is in.

I PUMP THE GAS AS I TURN THE KEY
TO FIRE UP THE ENGINE IN MY BLACK SUPERBEE.

Pedal to the floor, hands on the wheel.
Got to shift gear but i too numb to feel.
Shaking from the tension and wet from the heat.
It feels like i being pushed through the seat.
Deaf from the Hemi in this late sixty-nine.
The essence of power and beauty combined.

SLICING THE STREET THE SOUND OF THE FREE
THE ROAR OF THE LUNGS IN MY BLACK SUPERBEE.