

Robert Calvert, Bugati

The agent is cloned
The sculpture with the power of a stampede

I'll make it my home
I'll live inside a capsule of speed
I'll be a shooting star

I'll win every race every week
I'll overtake death by the skin of my teeth
Only by the skin of my

Burning Like a meteor
Through the letter box of heaven's door
Burning like a meteor
Like nothing ever seen before

This Bugati and me are one beast
We are a centaur with wheels
And our legend will be
Carved on the wind by racing automobiles
In speed's carried gravity

How we won every race wvery week
Overtook death by the skin of our teeth
Only by the skin of our

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