

Todd Rundgren, Yer Fast

You got speed, turn it on
What I need to mow my lawn
You're my steed I ride til dawn
And the main vein bleeds til my strength is gone
I'm in the saddle, I'm in the race
I try not to rattle but you set the pace
When I start to struggle to share your space
You stop and then you
Stick it in my face
Stick it in my face
You stick it

Yer fast, and I like it
Yer fast, and I like it
It can't last, but I like it
I like it I like it I like it
Now stop

I need time to catch my breath
I behind but I ain't done yet
Too inclined to stop and rest
Lest my racing mind beat my heart to death
I ain't a yokel but lawd I swear
This ain't the local, it's express somewhere

When the flat on my cycle ain't got no spare
You stop and then you
Put your finger there
Put your finger there
You put it

Yer fast, and I like it
Yer fast, and I like it
It can't last, but I like it
I like it I like it I like it
I like it

Freeze frame, stop the press
It's insane to go on like this
Forgot my name, gorgot to piss
Am I plain inane or a slave to bliss?
Space was bending to bring you near
Thought I was transcending but now I fear
It looks like the ending of my fine career
But you stop and then you
Kiss me over here kiss me over here
You kiss me then you kiss me over here
Kiss me on the... you know!