

XTC, Roads Girdle The Globe

Am I asleep
Or am I fast
You every race
You first, you last
Roads girdle the globe
We all safe in your concrete robe
Hail mother motor
Hail piston rotor
Hail wheel
Roads girdle the globe
Am I tied in
Or do I turn
Your sacred incense
You tyre burn
Steer me Anna
Am I get there
When is A, B
Oil, iron, steel
You holy three