

Crisis in the supermarket  
Prices, prospects, not the nicest  
My wife is about as cold as ice is  
When stressed she's not the wisest  
Who is?

We all got baggage  
Hers is financial  
Peace to my uncle Ansell  
Thanks to, well, all from him

We still have a home to live in  
I'm learnin' to ride the riddim  
When she come in, face full of arguing  
Another nice night is ruined

Remembering back when  
We were just into each other  
Now we just injure each other  
Without thinking

And when the silence fall  
And the world gets really small  
She crawled into bed, I'm in my 350 Z  
High-speed meditation just to ease my head

Light beep on as I slide in  
Put the music on to keep me from crying  
A tear may escape as I scrape first gear  
I have no fear, I'll never stop trying  
I'll never stop trying  
I'll never stop trying

I love the surge  
The pull away from the curb  
The way the sound reverberate  
As I push my foot down  
Accelerate straight out of town

And with the help of James Brown on the tape  
I reach escape velocity on the M3  
Transcend my physical boundaries  
Blend with the mystic reality and finally I'm free

Traveling instantaneously through space  
Till I reach that place within me  
That has no trace of a beginning, has no end  
And where I both receive and send

My soul fills the universe end to end  
And feel myself heal and mend  
My mind is still and I'm floating  
Look down, throttle still wide open

Inner serenity comfort me  
Past junction 23  
On my way back, full chat as I'm flyin'

I won't crack and I'll never stop trying  
I'm flyin, I'll never stop trying

It's like all of a sudden and everything's different  
You can still see everything around you  
But it's all completely lost its significance  
It's not important anymore, this inner acceptance

That you are we  
And everything that is, is you  
Emotions unstick and fall  
'Til all that remains is joy