

The Race

Yello

Shout! (shout!)
Count on me I'm gonna win the race
Count on me I'm gonna win the race
Room-dah-bee-boom the whispering dong
Room-dah-bee-boom the whispering dong

Now shut the door keep down to south
Shut the door keep down to south
Shut the door keep down to south

Not any track is turning but the race is in my head
I'm attacking the illusion but the stopping drives me mad

Time is running out and the illusion fades away
Time is running out another day is on it's way

Another sun was shining and he knew he wasn't great
He didn't ever talk about he knew he couldn't wait

Are you ever gonna push me let me run and let me do
I need it and I'm ready and I haven't got a clue

Not any track is turning but the race is in my head
I'm attacking the illusion but the stopping drives me mad

Fire away!
This is the race!

Why?
Burn!
Shout!
Lies!

Give me the race!

Another sun was shining and he knew he wasn't great
He didn't ever talk about he knew he couldn't wait

I need this race!

Are you ever gonna push me let me run and let me do
I need it and I'm ready and I haven't got a clue

Any track is turning but the race is in my head
I'm attacking the illusion but the stopping drives me mad

Fire away!

Time is running out and the illusion fades away
Time is running out another day is on it's way

This is the race!

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen
This is billy mckloski from palm springs reporting for nbc sports of
America
Twenty seconds to the start of the thirty-first formula race on a hot

Sunny afternoon here in california

On the fast lane of the street I'm driving
Sometimes, somewhere, I'm arriving
Every day and every night

Why?

I need this race!

Count on me I'm gonna win the race
Count on me I'm gonna win the race
Room-dah-bee-boom the whispering dong
Room-dah-bee-boom the whispering dong

Shut the door keep down to south
Shut the door keep down to south
Shut the door keep down to south

Race in my head!