

Held up, waiting in line  
All raped up, all rapped out  
All raped up, becoming wiped out  
Where are we all going?  
We're just blowing time, we're just blowing time

I've got this fantasy  
It's a fourth gear ecstasy  
In held up situations like these  
I'd really like to be the king of all of me

23 going on 0 to 150

Ten foot golden mags, high-octane rocket fuel  
I let my lady drive, so I can steer the tunes  
In just a couple seconds, we'll be breathin' g's  
Nugent's cranked to ten, come on and breathe the breeze  
Cut off that white Miata, roll over that Toyota Corolla  
This is the righteous release  
Now we're really gaining speed, there's been a chain reaction  
All the other cooped up slaves are following me  
Destroy that A.M./P.M., get all the cops where we can see 'em  
It's time for it all to come down  
In just a couple seconds, we'll be breathin' g's  
Nugent's cranked to ten, come on and breathe the breeze

Where are we all going?