

Rosco

All

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?