

## The Speedway At Nazareth

Druhá tráva

After two thousand came two thousand and one  
To be the new champions we were there for to run  
From springtime in Arizona 'til the fall in Monterey  
And the raceways were the battlefields and we fought 'em all th  
e way

Was at Phoenix in the morning I had a wake-up call  
She went around without a warning put me in the wall  
I drove Long Beach, California with three cracked vertebrae  
And we went on to Indianapolis, Indiana in May

Well the Brickyard's there to crucify anyone who will not learn  
I climbed a mountain to qualify I went flat through the turns  
But I was down in the might-have-beens and an old pal good as died  
And I sat down in Gasoline Alley and I cried

Well we were in at the kill again on the Milwaukee Mile  
And in June up in Michigan we were robbed at Belle Isle  
Then it was on to Portland, Oregon for the G.I. Joe  
And I'd blown off almost everyone when my motor let go

New England, Ontario we died in the dirt  
Those walls from mid-Ohio to Toronto they hurt  
So we came to Road America where we burned up at the lake  
But at the speedway at Nazareth I made no mistake