

Fury 58

f.k.ü.

Arnie's new love doesn't wear high heels
Born in Detroit, she's no ordinary lady
Destroys anyone who stands in her way
Grinding them to pulp under her wheels

How was he to know
He was soon to be under ground?
Her evil blood-red soul
Would become his doom

Her name's Christine, a Plymouth Fury 58
Within her chassis lurks the urges to kill
Indestructible vengeance
Is standard equipment
Watch out
This baby's fueled with hate

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Would become his doom

Nothing gets between Arnie and Christine
Red, hot and deadly
She's a killing machine
Bad to the bone, so full of hate
A supernatural evil
She's a Fury 58
She's a Fury 58

Arnie's consumed with desire and passion
For her sleek, rounded, chrome laden body
A marriage made in hell, she's the devil incarnate
Demands his complete, unquestioned devotion

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