

Low on Cash, High on Speed

Gehennah

Racing through the night, only one thing on my mind
Not a single care for the mess I leave behind
Speed is my name and riding fast is my game
But I'm short on fuel and it's your turn to pay

I'm low on cash but high on speed
Another night in the fast lane is what I need
Sobriety is the enemy
So pick up your wallet, and hand it to me

Rolling hammer down, foot to the floor
Cruising the highway like a thunderstorm
I'm heading your way and I'm heading it hard
You better be ready with that MasterCard

Tires are smoking as I'm speeding through town
Full moon is rising and I'll never slow down
Just fill me up with cheap whiskey and beer
And when my tank is full, I'm outta here