

Flight of the Scajaquada

Green Jelly

When clouds of iron gather nigh, blackening the winter sky
Storms gather fury from the lake, best hurry home and refuge take
For soon the worst will come to pass, and ice will turn your routes to glass
While in the north the beast awakens, from his year long slumber taken
His howl the fury of the gales, with deadly curves that rarely fail
To send your autos into flight, through blizzard's curtain blinding white
See driving skills you lack with the, flight of the skajaquada