

# Happy At The Drag Strip

Guided by Voices

They ran across the fields  
Admist the roar of engines gunning  
Bashing, splashing  
In front of headlights in the night

Create our mock religion  
With our fight songs and our muskets  
With a motto  
"If you must do it, do it right"  
We would tonight

Happy at drag strip  
In a tortured conventions  
At Palmola Road with virgin dairy queens

Checkered flags  
Leathered gloves  
The smell of love  
It stops at fun factory  
Not for me

Lighting avon fire feed the sky  
A shrine for the child who had to die  
Come see the reflection in our eyes

We only had to hold them  
In the freedom in our armor  
With the lure of the mojo  
Always there

Loud persistent humming  
Like the swift of patchy drumming  
Creating fury into all the hearts who care

Lighting avon fire feed the sky  
A shrine for the child he who must die  
Come see the reflection in our eyes

Ride with me this evening  
Throw away your blanket of boredom  
Let the dogs bark like bugles in your ears

There's nothing you can lose  
From the thrill of breaking through  
And the fire of hell will dry up all your tears