

NASCAR

Marc E. Bassy

You want to be somebody
You go somewhere tonight
Meet me down in the lobby
Stay until your tears are dry
Got a hold of a rari
We can take it for a joyous ride
Quick love is a hobby
We'll escape to the other side

Fast car she a NASCAR for me
Put me in overdrive
Fast car she a NASCAR for me
Always want to change up side
Oooh baby girl got to slow down
Before we drift off too far
Even if waste another go around
Your my Fast car she a NASCAR for me
Fast car she a NASCAR for me

Yea I changed my number
I was only trying to save you from me
When it turned into summer
Every night you'd wait up for me
Got a taste of the fast life
Coke white never made me feel so live
But she told me to act right
Couldn't hear I was gone I was too high

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Maybe we'll meet at the finish line
When we meet at the finish line
When we meet at the finish line
(At the finish, at the finish line)
Maybe we can meet at the finish line
(At the finish, at the finish line)

We have never really understood what control is. We don't see the difference between controlling oneself and strangling oneself. The control of things is not the suppression of them, but their use in a sensible and proper way. You cannot suppress sex. You cannot suppress mankind's fascination, curiosity for whatever motive in, uh, other states of consciousness than the normal. These things are eternally fascinating to human beings and will always be pursued.