

Supersonic

Puffball

I want an open road, stress factor overload.
Two times the highest speed, full gas is all I need.
Head out and just let go, it's everything but slow.
Noone can follow me, in my suped up 383.

I'm hooked on speed, that is what I need
and I guess that is pretty ironic.
Cuz I wanna be faster than fast and supersonic.
I tear it up cuz I can't stop
I'm gonna break the rear end loose when I move it.
And I told you so, I'm supersonic.

I want a fuller tank, more money in the bank.
I want to stay soulfree, more guns to protect me.
Full throttle sonic boom, I want more petrol fume.
B-body rocketeer, I just want to disappear.

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and I guess that is pretty ironic.
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I'm gonna break the rear end loose when I move it.
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Still I could use more zap, I don't want to slo-mo crap.
I'm gonna go for a 440, I can't see how that could bore me
Hot action burning wheels, puke up your latest meals.
Alone without a care, hitting speeds you wouldn't dare.