

## Blasted

Torche

At last gold  
He is bilingual  
Lick lips and lusting cars  
Six pack cold  
Built strong and legal  
This sound attack travels

Blue light and siren  
Who thinks that he'll win?  
Push in the gears and bolt

Oh, and there we go  
Into the mist  
Alone now

Next stop  
Contenders  
Breeze on fingers  
The way to send them off  
Basses are booming  
Backseat is roomy  
Floorboard ain't greasy enough

Oh, and there we go  
Into the mist  
Alone now