

Let me in the sound,
Let me in the sound,
Let me in the sound, sound

Let me in the sound,
Let me in the sound,
Let me in the sound, sound

Six o'clock
On the autoroute
Burning rubber, burning chrome
Bay of Cadiz and ferry home
Atlantic sea cut glass
African sun at last

Lights... flash past...
Like memories
A speeding head, a speeding heart
I'm being born, a bleeding start
The engines roar, blood curling wail
Head first then foot
The heart sets sail