

Crisis in the supermarket
Prices, prospects, not the nicest
My wife is about as cold as ice is
When stressed she's not the wisest
Who is?

We all got baggage
Hers is financial
Peace to my uncle Ansell
Thanks to, well, all from him

We still have a home to live in
I'm learnin' to ride the riddim
When she come in, face full of arguing
Another nice night is ruined

Remembering back when
We were just into each other
Now we just injure each other
Without thinking

And when the silence fall
And the world gets really small
She crawled into bed, I'm in my 350 Z
High-speed meditation just to ease my head

Light beep on as I slide in
Put the music on to keep me from crying
A tear may escape as I scrape first gear
I have no fear, I'll never stop trying
I'll never stop trying
I'll never stop trying

I love the surge
The pull away from the curb
The way the sound reverberate
As I push my foot down
Accelerate straight out of town

And with the help of James Brown on the tape
I reach escape velocity on the M3
Transcend my physical boundaries
Blend with the mystic reality and finally I'm free

Traveling instantaneously through space
Till I reach that place within me
That has no trace of a beginning, has no end
And where I both receive and send

My soul fills the universe end to end
And feel myself heal and mend
My mind is still and I'm floating
Look down, throttle still wide open

Inner serenity comfort me
Past junction 23
On my way back, full chat as I'm flyin'

I won't crack and I'll never stop trying
I'm flyin, I'll never stop trying

It's like all of a sudden and everything's different
You can still see everything around you
But it's all completely lost its significance
It's not important anymore, this inner acceptance

That you are we
And everything that is, is you
Emotions unstick and fall
'Til all that remains is joy