

Death Trap

Hawkwind

In the back of my neck I feel a strange sensation
Feels like I'm heading for the crisis of all creation
Only those with death wish understand my situation
Feels like Jesus Christ heading for the stations

All across, in my death trap, death trap
Running in my death trap, death trap
Chicken running in my death trap, death trap
Heading for the crossroads of fiery crucifixion

Lighting up the night sky with bitterness distinction
While I hold a wheel of fate, smell of burning friction
I feel like a hero heading for extinction
It's the smell of burning plastic

Monkey on elastic, going up and down
Crank shaft cracking up
Brake drums blowing out
Tires on fire now

Detrimental seize up, oil blast cam shaft
Worn out pistons rings, brake fade, brake
Hydraulic leak out, radiator overheat
Monkey on elastic, going up and down

Smell of burning plastic,
It's the smell of burning plastic,
Monkey on elastic, going up and down