

The Distance

Machine Gun Fellatio

Reluctantly crouched at the starting line
Engines are pumping and thumping in time
The green light flashes, the flags goes up
Churning and burning, they yearn for the cup

They deftly manoeuvre, and muscle for rank
Fuel burning fast on an empty tank
Reckless and wild, they pour through the turns
Their prowess is potent, and secretly stern

As they speed through the finish, the flags go down
The fans get up and they get out of town,
The arena is empty except for one man
Still driving and striving as fast as he can

The sun has gone down and the moon has come up
And long ago somebody left with the cup
But he's driving and striving and hugging the turns
And thinking of someone for whom he still burns

He's going the distance
He's going for speed
She's all alone, all alone in her time of need
Because he's racing and pacing and plotting the course
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse
He's going the distance

No trophy, no flowers, no flashbulbs, no line
He's haunted by something he cannot define
Bowel shaking earthquakes of doubt and remorse
Assail him, impale him, with monster truck force

In his mind he's still driving, still making the grade
She's hoping in time that her memories will fade
Cause he's racing and pacing and plotting the course
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse

The sun has gone down and the moon has come up
And long ago somebody left with the cup
But he's striving and driving and hugging the turns
And thinking of someone for whom he still burns

Cause, he's going the distance
He's going for speed
She's all alone, all alone in her time of need
Because he's racing and pacing and plotting the course
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse
He's racing and pacing and plotting the course
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse
He's going the distance
He's going for speed
He's going the distance