

Foot To The Floor

Rat City Riot

How many times,
How many times stepped over that line?
Foot to the floor.
Never looked back at that swinging door.
Speed down the road.
Heart pumps too fast, out of control.
Wind in my face,
Blows away these troubles without a trace.

Took a chance again.
The engines roar, my guilty sin.
Flash by my eyes,
Thoughts, memories, moonlit skies.
Won't look back again.
This empty seat is my new best friend.
Two tons of steel,
my heart weighs more than these turning wheels.

Out of control, end of the road!
Out of control, end of the road!
Out of control, end of the road!
Out of control, end of the road!

Gas station next mini-mart.
Side of the road, my car won't start.
Another night lost under the stars.
The blacktop hums past yellow scars.
The passing trucks, my lonely song.
Another memory come and gone!