Rebecca (Satin Jackets Instrumental Remix)

Tesla Boy

Cry
Of the road tonight
Motorcycle fights
Through the time
Wheels
Nailed to motorway
Counting miles away
It's not me
Well, I guess I am superhero
When I take you by the hand
All the words are dead in a wind blow
RebeccaWild
Streets like open space
Dark, they form the face
Of the desperation
Leave
Smell of gasoline
My beloved machine
For next generation
We like king and queen in our kingdom
And I know there is no end
Till we moving faster than wind blow
RebeccaShe looks through the glass
Raindrops are cold
Merging and devidingWe're chasing the end of white line
We're the ones who are faster than time, time time
We're chasing the end of white line
We're the ones who are faster than time, time time

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