Blitz

Bram Stoker

Fourteen kids in an old church van
With a light in their eyes
And some tracts in their handsSixty miles an hour seems way too slow
When you got the Chevy
Pointed down to MexicoWe all want to run
The race to win
Never giving up or giving in
Coming at you like a blitz
Like a blitzThey've had three flats and their radiators leaking
Ain't nothing gonna keep 'em
From the prize that they're seekingThey're riding all together
And it's in God's hands
Fourteen kids in an old church vanWe all want to run
The race to win
Never giving up or giving in
Coming at you like a blitz
Like a blitzThey're jamming at the show and everybody's freakin'
Ain't nothing gonna keep 'em
From the prize that they're seekingThey don't get around
Like ordinary fans
Fourteen kids in an old church vanWe all want to run
The race to win
Never giving up or giving in
Coming at you like a blitz
Coming at you like a blitzWe all want to run
The race to win
Never giving up or giving in
Like a blitz

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