

# Blitz

## Bram Stoker

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

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