

# 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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