

Blitz

Quasimoto

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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