Red Barchetta

Rush

My uncle has a country place that no one knows about
He says it used to be a farm before the Motor Law
And on Sundays, I elude the eyes, hop the turbine freight
Too far outside the wire, where my white-haired uncle waitsJump to the ground as the turbo slows to cross the borderline
Then run like the wind as excitement shivers up and down my spine
But down in his barn, my uncle preserved for me an old machine
For fifty odd years, to keep it as new has been his dearest dreamI strip away the old debris that hides a shining car
A brilliant red Barchetta from a better vanished time
Ooh, fired up the willing engine, responding with a roar
Tires spitting gravel, I commit my weekly crimeWind in my hair
Shifting and drifting
Mechanical music
Adrenaline surgeWell-weathered leather, hot metal and oil
The scented country air
Sunlight on chrome, the blur of the landscape
Every nerve awareSuddenly ahead of me across the mountainside
A gleaming alloy air car shoots towards me, two lanes wide
I spin around with shrieking tires to run the deadly race
It goes screaming through the valley as another joins the chaseDrive like the wind, straining the limits of machine and man
Laughing out loud with fear and hope, I've got a desperate plan
At the one lane bridge, I leave the giants stranded at the riverside
Race back to the farm to dream with my uncle at the fireside

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