

# 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 waits  
Jump 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 dream  
I 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 crime  
Wind in my hair  
Shifting and drifting  
Mechanical music  
Adrenaline surge  
Well-weathered leather, hot metal and oil  
The scented country air  
Sunlight on chrome, the blur of the landscape  
Every nerve aware  
Suddenly 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 chase  
Drive 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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