The Race

Yello

Shout
(Shout)Count on me I'm gonna win the race
Count on me I'm gonna win the race
Room-dah-bee-boom the whippering dong
Room-dah-bee-boom the whippering dongNow shut the door keep down to south
Shut the door keep down to south
Shut the door keep down to southNot any track is turning but the race is in my head
I'm attacking the illusion but the stopping drives me madTime is running out and the illusion fades away
Time is running out another day is on it's wayAnother sun was shining and he knew he wasn't great
He didn't ever talk about he knew he couldn't waitAre you ever gonna push me let me run and let me do?
I need it and I'm ready and I haven't got a clueNot any track is turning but the race is in my head
I'm attacking the illusion but the stopping drives me madFire away
This is the raceWhy?
Burn
Shout
Lies
Give me the raceAnother sun was shining and he knew he wasn't great
He didn't ever talk about he knew he couldn't wait
I need this raceAre you ever gonna push me let me run and let me do?
I need it and I'm ready and I haven't got a clueAny track is turning but the race is in my head
I'm attacking the illusion but the stopping drives me mad
Fire awayTime is running out and the illusion fades away
Time is running out another day is on it's way
This is the raceGood afternoon, ladies and gentlemen
This is Billy McKloski from Palm Springs reporting for NBC
Sports of America
Twenty seconds to the start of the thirty-first formula race on
A hot sunny afternoon here in CaliforniaOn the fast lane of the street I'm driving
Sometimes, somewhere, I'm arriving
Every day and every nightWhy?
I need this raceCount on me I'm gonna win the race
Count on me I'm gonna win the race
Room-dah-bee-boom the whippering dong
Room-dah-bee-boom the whippering dongShut the door keep down to south
Shut the door keep down to south
Shut the door keep down to south
Race in my head

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