

# Death Trap

## Hawkwind

In the back of my neck I can feel a strange sensation  
Feels like I'm heading for the crisis of all creation  
Only those with death wish understand my situation  
Feels like Jesus Christ heading for the stations of the cross, in my death trap, death trap  
Running in my death trap, death trap  
Chicken running in my death trap, death trap Heading for the crossroads of fiery crucifixion  
Lighting up the night sky with bitterness distinction  
While I hold the wheel of fate, smell of burning friction  
I feel like a hero heading for extinction It's the shell of steel or plastic  
Monkey on elastic, going up and down  
Crank shaft cracking up  
Oil pressure going down  
Brake drums blowing out  
Tyres on fire now  
Differential seize up, unbalanced cam shaft  
Worn out pistons rings, brake fade, brake fade  
hydraulic leak out, radiator overheat  
Monkey on elastic, going up and down  
Shell of steel or plastic, turning round  
Shell of steel or plastic  
Monkey on elastic, going up and down

Lyrics provided by

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