Trashed

Chapel

It really was a meeting
The bottle took a beating
The ladies of the manor
Watched me climb into my carAnd I was going down the track
About a hundred and five
They had the stopwatch rolling
I had the headlights blazing I was really alive
And yet my mind was blowing
I drank a bottle of Tequila and I felt real good
But on the twenty-fifth lap at the canal turn
I went off exploringI knew I wouldn't make it
The car just wouldn't make it
I was turning, the tires burning
The ground was in my sky
I was laughing the bitch was trashed
And death was in my eyeI had started pretty good and I was feeling my way
I had the wheels in motion
There was Peter and the Greenfly laughing like drains
Inebriation
The crowd was roaring, I was at Brands Hatch
In my imagination
At the canal turn, I hit an oily patch
InebriationI knew I wouldn't make it
The car just wouldn't make it
I was turning, the tires burning
The ground was in my sky
I was laughing the bitch was trashed
And death was in my eyeOoh, Mr Miracle, you saved me from some pain
I thank you, Mr Miracle, I won't get trashed again
Ooh, can you hear my lies?
Don't you bother with this fool just laugh into my eyes?I was turning, the tires burning
The ground was in my sky
I was laughing the bitch was trashed
And death was in my eyeOoh, Mr Miracle, you saved me from some pain
I thank you, Mr Miracle, I won't get trashed again
Ooh, can you hear my lies?
Don't you bother with this fool just laugh into my eyes?We went to the bar and hit the bottle again
But there was no tequila
Then we started on the whiskey just to steady our brains

'Cause there was no tequila
As we drank a little faster at the top of our hill
We began to roll
And as we got trashed, we were laughing still
Oh bless my soul

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