

Kip Winger, Faster

Little city carved a grave in the palm of her hand
Zig zag dirty mirrors in the back of her van
Feel the rush it's beginning to hit

Transamnesia, Hong Kong fever
She's gotta go faster

Once bitten twice shy hang on if you can
Her brains like a raging hurricane

Transamnesia, Hong Kong fever
High end well-bred drive-in dreamer
Are you willing to play?
Well okay
Cause I just wanna taste it again

Tech head, brain dead
Roll the dice or get spoon fed
Hang on tight cause when I
Get to the bottom I go back
To the top and go FASTER