

Quincy Punx, Under My Wheels

I've got a customized hearse with razor edged fins
A fifty-seven Cadillac that's blacker than sin
It's got a four-fifty-four and spikes on the grill
I've got a license to drive, I've got a license to kill
Cruising down main street on a Saturday night
See some small town muscle head out looking for a fight
Screech around the corner by the local malt shop
Take out all the hicks and a couple of jocks

Headlights pin you down with fear
Screeching rubber's the last thing you'll hear
Sudden impact's all you'll feel
As you're crumpled under my wheels

Back in the city there's lots more prey
And if looks like things are going my way
See a big flock of yuppies at the art bar uptown
Jump the curb on Lake Street and run 'em all down