

# Todd Rundgren, Yer Fast

You got speed, turn it on  
What I need to mow my lawn  
You're my steed I ride til dawn  
And the main vein bleeds til my strength is gone  
I'm in the saddle, I'm in the race  
I try not to rattle but you set the pace  
When I start to struggle to share your space  
You stop and then you  
Stick it in my face  
Stick it in my face  
You stick it

Yer fast, and I like it  
Yer fast, and I like it  
It can't last, but I like it  
I like it I like it I like it  
Now stop

I need time to catch my breath  
I behind but I ain't done yet  
Too inclined to stop and rest  
Lest my racing mind beat my heart to death  
I ain't a yokel but lawd I swear  
This ain't the local, it's express somewhere

When the flat on my cycle ain't got no spare  
You stop and then you  
Put your finger there  
Put your finger there  
You put it

Yer fast, and I like it  
Yer fast, and I like it  
It can't last, but I like it  
I like it I like it I like it  
I like it

Freeze frame, stop the press  
It's insane to go on like this  
Forgot my name, gorgot to piss  
Am I plain inane or a slave to bliss?  
Space was bending to bring you near  
Thought I was transcending but now I fear  
It looks like the ending of my fine career  
But you stop and then you  
Kiss me over here kiss me over here  
You kiss me then you kiss me over here  
Kiss me on the... you know!