

Kings of the Highway

White Wizzard

Riding down the boulevard
Leather angels rocking hard
Aces held within their metal hearts

Smell of smoke and gasoline
As the motors burning super clean
Born to lose and feeling extra mean

Dreamers jet fueled flight
Chrome reflect starlight
In the mystic night
Meteors burn bright

The kings of the highway fly
Fists held to the sky
Octane gypsies ride the wind
Running free until they die

Wind races across the plain
As the desert sands reflect sunrise
Rolling lost horizons flicker by

Easy riders make time pause
Rebels without a need or cause
Live to ride under a jet blue sky

Dreamers jet fueled flight
Chrome reflect starlight
In the mystic night
Meteors burn bright

The kings of the highway fly
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The kings of the highway ride
They rule the starry night
Dreamers rolling to the sun
Lost souls are burning bright

Born to lose but never give in
Freedom is their only victory
In this life the only way to win
Is to ride the sky and live your journey free

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