

The Stingray and the Cobra

Sunny day
Nothing to do
Driving a Stingray
With a top-down view

Destination, back roads
Winding thru the gears
When out of nowhere
An arch rival appears

It's a Shelby Cobra
Dressed in blue and white
With a menacing sneer
Looking for a fight

*Oh, won't you come with me, come along for a ride
On an adrenaline-filled, high octane drive*

As if on cue
Both engines roar
A symphony of pistons
Gas pedals to the floor

Exiting the turns
A blur down the straights
The Stingray and Cobra
Leave nothing to fate

*Oh, won't you come with me, come along for a ride
On an adrenaline-filled, high octane drive*

The screeching of brakes
Signals a red light ahead
So both disengage
Without a single word said

Just a wink and a nod
To their rival and friend
Until the Stingray and Cobra
Share pavement again

*Oh, won't you come with me, come along for a ride
On an adrenaline-filled, high octane drive*

*Composition By: FRANK ANTONICELLI
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