

THE CLASSIC

Once upon a desert dawning, the becon of the blacktop yawning
fore the few there for the running of the Challenge,
and to settle up the score.
Twice a year here they assemble, a motley crew they may resemble,
to run this road, if they are able, for ninety miles flat out
across the desert floor.
Black turns grey as the early light unfurls the road to out of sight
from here past the sky and then right on by for those who've
got what it takes to soar.
The break of day will soon reveal the highway's lure, it's raw appeal
to those who'll heed the need to feel more than just alive.
Some just can't drive fifty five,
that's not what a car is for.
At last the warmth of morning sun shines on the lineup for the run.
Soon they'll know who is the one who ace'd this classic test
of nerves and steel with what it took to do the deal
and outrun all the rest.
To run this road and beat the best, machines and men must face a test
most will not consider lest they see their limit, face to face,
and find that what it takes to win this race
is all they've got and more.
The belts are tight and it's in gear, the moment of the start is near.
Anticipation isn't really fear. Who could really be suprised
you find yourself adrenalized.
That's what you came here for.
In the brilliant sun of desert day the flagman waves the first away
to do what every gearhead say, "It's what I'd like to do,
I know my car will outrun you.
I'll just hold it to the floor."
All afternoon it's one by one, each car is flagged off on the run.
Some don't think there's any better fun to be had at any price.
The only way it'd be better done, would be to do it twice.
For sure, to do it plentymore.
You think your car is fast enough? To you the road don't look so tough?
You like a game a little rough? Of course, you've got "right stuff".
It takes all that and more.
Four-fifty horse gets two-o-four, six-eighty's only twenty more,
if you can hold it to the floor. Old fashioned power's what you need
to reach the necessary speed
to do what you come here for.
With evening comes the waining sun, three hundred cars are through the run.
Now we all know who is the one who set the fastest pace.
Many may have come for fun, but some have come to race.
Those who didn't bring enough just ran for second place.
Next time they'll bring some more.
The twilight brings the cooling down, the hush of normal desert sound,
a pleasant time to stroll around and check out all the cars.
And benchrace with new frends you've found
as the sky fills up with stars.
'Tis not a simple thing to heed, this siren's call, the need for speed.
Just be hammer down, horison bound and know you need much more
than just to hold the pedal to the floor.
And hold it there for evermore.

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