

Hot Rod Lincoln

All

My pappy said son your gonna drive me to drinkin'
If you don't stop driving that Hot Rod Lincoln Have you heard the story of the hot rod race
Where the Fords and the Lincolns were setting the pace?
That story is true I'm here to say
Cause I was driving that model A. It's got A Lincoln motor and its really souped up
And that model A body makes it look like a pup
It's got eight cylinders, uses them all
Got overdrive, It just won't stall With four barrel carbs, and A dual exhaust
With four: eleven gears you can really get lost.
Got safety tubes, but I ain't scared
The breaks are good, the tires fair
We pulled out of San Pedro late one night
With the moon and the stars were shining bright
We was driving up on Grapevine Hill
Passing cars like they was standing still All of a sudden, in the wink of an eye
A Cadillac sedan passed us by
I said boys, that's a mark for me
By then the tail lights was all you could see Now the fellas all rid me for being behind
So I thought I'd make that Lincoln unwind
Took my foot of the gas and man alive
I shoved it on down into over drive Well I wound it up to 110
My speedometer said that I'd hit top end
My foot was glued like lead to the floor
That's all there is, there ain't no more
Now the boys all thought that I'd lost my sense
Them telephone poles were like a picket fence
They said slow down, I see spots!
The lines on the road just looked like dots We took a corner, side swiped a truck
And I crossed my fingers just for luck
My fenders was clicking the guard rail post
The guy beside me was white as a ghost Smoke was coming from out of the back
When I started to gain on that Cadillac
I knew I could catch him, I thought I could pass
But don't you know by then we'd be low on gas I had flames coming from out of the side
You could feel the tension, man what a ride
I said look out boys, I've got a license to fly
And that Caddy pulled over and let us by All of the sudden she started knocking
Down in the dips she started rocking
I looked in the mirror. Red lights were blinking
The cops was after my Hot Rod Lincoln Well they arrested me and they put me in jail
Called my pappy to throw my bail
And he said son, you're going to drive me to drinkin'

If you don't stop driving that Hot Rod Lincoln

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