Frank

The W's

Frank was a contractor, who got up every morning
Skinin' cats and fixin' cars, his day was far from boring
Souped up Ford, V-8 289
Running down those punks was always on his mindFrank was a contractor
Is he after you?
Frank was a contractor
Is he after you?Ford was wired for nitro, Canister sat in the back
A ten inch slicks, ratchet shift, smoke, rubber laid in his tracks
Frank didn't like us, just wanted to have some fun
Played our music and he put us on the runFrank was a contractor
Is he after you?
Frank was a contractor
Is he after you?Frank started the beast, smoke spewed from the trunk
Oil sprayed from the hood, that can of nitro junk
The car swelled then exploded, flying across the street
Frank slowly stepped out, staggering to his feetFrank was a contractor
Is he after you?
Frank was a contractor
Is he after you?So our story ends with the psycho contractor guy
A moral of the story is
If Frank's around, turn the music down
And you better learn how to run fastFrank was a contractor
Is he after you?

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