

Switchblade 327

Brian Setzer

Ohh Switchblade 327
Lit cigarette in his hand
Steel toed boots on the accelerator
Oil leakin' outta the panSwitchblade, three two barrels
Gettin' there as fast as he can
All juiced up like a hot carburetor
Spittin' gas onto the fan
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night
Try to catch him if you can(Switchblade)
327
(Switchblade)
Seven come eleven
(Switchblade)
Ahh he's all right
When he gets drunk he fights all nightSwitchblade 327
Pullin' way ahead of the pack
Chop top deuce, Saturday night
Flames shootin' outta the backSwitchblade, don't cut him off
He won't cut you no slack
He'll cut you to ribbons if you come to town
Carve out his name in your back
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night
Try to catch him if you can(Switchblade)
327
(Switchblade)
Seven come eleven
(Switchblade)
Ahh he's all right
When he gets drunk he fights all nightOhh Switchblade 327
Someone was callin' his name
All he could hear was his engine
And the sound of the pourin' down rainSwitchblade 327
Ran 125 down the lane
Someone had cut both his fuel lines
And the 32 burst into flames
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night
Try to catch him if you can(Switchblade)
327
(Switchblade)

Seven come eleven
(Switchblade)
Ahh he's all right
When he gets drunk he fights all night(Switchblade)

327

(Switchblade)
Seven come eleven
(Switchblade)
Ahh he's all right
When he gets drunk he fights all night
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When he gets drunk he fights all night

Songwriters
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