

# Hot Rod Lincoln

## Hot Rod Lincoln

My pappy said, "Son, you're gonna' drive me to drinkin'  
If you don't stop drivin' that Hot Rod Lincoln"

Have you heard this story of the Hot Rod Race  
When Fords and Lincolns was settin' the pace  
That story is true, I'm here to say  
I was drivin' that Model A

/ E - / A7 - / B7 - / E - /

It's got a Lincoln motor and it's really souped up  
That Model A body makes it look like a pup  
It's got eight cylinders, uses them all  
It's got overdrive, just won't stall

With a 4-barrel carb and a dual exhaust  
With 4.11 gears you can really get lost  
It's got safety tubes, but I ain't scared  
The brakes are good, tires fair

Pulled out of San Pedro late one night  
The moon and the stars was shinin' bright  
We was drivin' up Grapevine Hill  
Passing cars like they was standing still

All of a sudden in a wink of an eye  
A Cadillac sedan passed us by  
I said, "Boys, that's a mark for me"  
By then the tail light was all you could see

Now the fellas was ribbin' me for bein' behind  
So I thought I'd make the Lincoln unwind  
Took my foot off the gas and man alive  
I shoved it on down into overdrive

Wound it up to a hundred-and-ten  
My speedometer said that I hit top end  
My foot was glued like lead to the floor  
That's all there is and there ain't no more

Now the boys all thought I'd lost my sense  
And telephone poles looked like a picket fence  
They said, "Slow down! I see spots!  
The lines on the road just look like dots"

Took a corner, sideswiped a truck  
Crossed my fingers just for luck  
My fenders was clickin' the guardrail posts  
The guy beside me was white as a ghost

Smoke was comin' from out of the back  
When I started to gain on that Cadillac  
Knew I could catch him, I thought I could pass  
Don't you know by then we'd be low on gas

We had flames comin' from out of the side  
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

Now all of a sudden she started to knockin'  
And down in the dips she started to rockin'  
I looked in my mirror; a red light was blinkin'  
The cops was after my Hot Rod Lincoln

They arrested me and they put me in jail  
And called my pappy to throw my bail  
And he said, "Son, you're gonna' drive me to drinkin'  
If you don't stop drivin' that Hot Rod Lincoln!"

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Lyrics submitted by Bob.

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