

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!"

Lyrics submitted by Bob.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>