

# Flathead One More Time

[Ry Cooder](#)

Three o'clock, this morning, I woke up in a dream.  
Thought I heard a flathead motor roar, I thought I smelled gasoline.  
A feeling came upon me, that I ain't had in years.  
Something like a hot dry wind, whistling past my ears.  
Saying "time, time, time is all you got".  
There's a memory that's still burning, way down in my mind.  
And that's why, I'm going out and trying, a flathead one more time. I ain't seen my racing buddies in thirty  
years, or more.  
One by one I lost them, out on the dry leaf floor.  
We learnt to push those flathead cars as hard as they could go.  
Just like old Whiskey Bob, down on Thunder Road.  
I hear their voices calling, just across the finish line.  
And that's why, I'm going out and trying, a flathead one more time. I'll get back to you baby, don't you have no  
fear.  
'Cos I been there, and I wrecked that, and baby I'm still here.  
But I can't take you with me, when I cross the finish line.  
And that's why, I'm going out and trying, a flathead, one, more, time. Time, time, time is all you got.

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