

Challenger

Walter Egan

by Walter Egan
It was a Sunday night I will never forget,
Driving down the street in my red Camaro,
As I pulled in to the seven eleven,
The locals eyed a stranger that they did not know.
Challenger he's the new contender,
Challenger and he better know
Challenger we don't want no trouble from
The Challenger in the red Camaro.
He made his move and he made his challenge,
"Anybody want to put his pink on the line?"
Behind the wheel slipped the local hero,
Ready set go and their engines whined.
The air was tense from the screaming metal thunder,
The challenger's machine ate up the local hero's
But when the dust cleared instead of his pink slip,
I had the hero's baby in my red Camaro.
Challenger I'm the new contender,
Challenger forget about your baby,
Now she rides in my red Camaro...

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