

# Rapid Roy (the Stock Car Boy)

Jim Croce

Oh, Rapid Roy, that stock car boy  
He, too much too believe  
You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes  
Rolled up in his T-shirt sleeve  
He got a tattoo on his arm that say, "Baby"  
He got another one that just say, "Hey"  
But every Sunday afternoon  
He is a dirt track demon in a '57 Chevrolet  
Oh, Rapid Roy, that stock car boy  
He's the best driver in the land  
He say that he learned to race a stock car  
By runnin' 'shine outta Alabam'  
Oh, The Demolition Derby and The Figure Eight  
Is easy money in the bank  
Compared to runnin' from the man  
In Oklahoma City with a 500 gallon tank  
Oh, Rapid Roy, that stock car boy  
He, too much too believe  
You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes  
Rolled up in his T-shirt sleeve  
He got a tattoo on his arm that say, "Baby"  
He got another one that just say, "Hey"  
And Sunday afternoon, he is a dirt track demon  
In a '57 Chevrolet  
Yeah, Roy so cool, that racin' fool  
He don't know what fear's about  
He do a 130 mile an hour smilin' at the camera  
With a toothpick in his mouth  
He got a girl back home, name of 'Dixie Dawn'  
But he got honeys all along the way  
And you oughta hear 'em screamin'  
For that dirt track demon in a '57 Chevrolet  
Oh, Rapid Roy, that stock car boy  
He, too much too believe  
You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes  
Rolled up in his T-shirt sleeve  
He got a tattoo on his arm that say, "Baby"  
He got another one that just say, "Hey"  
But every Sunday afternoon

He is a dirt track demon in a '57 Chevrolet

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