Number 34

Adam Brand

Little brother's in the backyard revin' up the engine
Tuning up for Saturday night
Be a dirt track mogul
Racing round the oval
Passing everything in sight
But come Sunday mornin we'll all pile in
And head down the road to church
Mamma in the back hangin on for dear life
Cursing brother on every curveNumber 34 painted on the doors
Flames on the fenders
STP stickers
A Hurst shifter four on the floor
The preacher shuts his eyes
Starts preying hard
When brother cuts a donut in the church house yard
The congregation roars for number 34When brother was a baby
We knew he'd be a racer
He loved the smell of gasoline
He could say Max Dumsdy
Before Dad and Mummy
He could even say Valvoline
He took the family car to the demolition derby
When he was just fifteen
He said don't worry mamma
I'll fix it up good
Now we've got a mean machineWith number 34 painted on the doors
Flames on the fenders
STP stickers
A Hurst shifter four on the floor
Even mamma now and then gets behind the wheel
And pops second gear and makes the rubber peel
A hot mamma for sure at number 34
The preacher shuts his eyes
Starts preying hard
When brother cuts a donut in the church house yard
The congregation roars for number 34
A hot mamma for sure is number 34

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/