

Two-Lane Blacktop

NFS7

We've been goin', I've never been at ease
I met a gypsy girl and I took her on the track
The kinda girl walk, the driver don't talk
Tryin' bucks between them just to keep them alive

Drivin'

Drivin'

Drivin'

Blacktop rollin'

Were goin', goin' to Amarillo
A zero to a sixty, in a seven point five
A model and a bagel steels, California
A glass of a beer, a shot of a rye

(Come on)

Drivin'

(Come on)

Drivin'

(Come on)

Drivin'

(Come on)

Drivin'

(Come on)

Drivin'

(Come on)

Drivin'

Blacktop rollin'

Come on baby, I ain't crazy
Come on baby, pick me up, pick me up
Come on baby, do me baby
Come on baby, hook it up, hook it up

(Come on)

(Come on)

(Come on)

(Come on)

Drivin'

(Come on)

Drivin'

(Come on)

Drivin'

Blacktop rollin'

Where you goin' on airport road
A clean machine, a real home girl
Barracuda, sixty-eight
Nothing there, she can wait
(Come on)
Drivin'
(Come on)
Drivin'
(Come on)
Drivin'
(Come on)
Drivin'
(Come on)
Drivin'
(Come on)
Drivin'
Blacktop rollin'
Come on baby, I ain't crazy
Come on baby, pick me up, pick me up
Come on baby, do me baby
Come on baby, hook it up, hook it up
(Come on)
(Come on)
(Come on)
(Come on)
Drivin'
(Come on)
Drivin'
(Come on)
Drivin'
Blacktop rollin'

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