

# Two-Lane Blacktop

## NFS7

We've been goin', I've never been at ease  
I met a gyspie 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'  
    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'

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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