

# Racing In The Street

Steve Earle

I got a sixty-nine chevy with a 396  
Fuelie heads and a hurst on the floor  
She's waiting tonight down in the parking lot  
Outside the seven-eleven store  
Me and my partner sonny built her straight out of scratch  
And he rides with me from town to town  
We only run for the money got no strings attached  
We shut 'em up and then we shut 'em down  
Tonight tonight the strip's just right  
I wanna blow 'em off in my first heat  
Summer's here and the time is right  
We're goin' racin' in the street  
We take all the action we can meet  
And we cover all the northeast state  
When the strip shuts down we run 'em in the street  
From the fire roads to the interstate  
Some guys they just give up living  
And start dying little by little piece by piece  
Some guys come home from work and wash up  
Then go racin' in the street  
Tonight tonight the strip's just right

I wanna blow 'em all out of their seats  
Calling out around the world  
We're going racin' in the street  
I met her on the strip three years ago  
In a camaro with this dude from l.a.  
I blew that camaro off my back and drove that little girl away  
But now there's wrinkles around my baby's eyes  
And she cries herself to sleep at night  
When I come home the house is dark  
She sighs "baby did you make it all right"  
She sits on the porch of her daddy's house  
But all her pretty dreams are torn  
She stares off alone into the night  
With the eyes of one who hates for just being born  
For all the shut-down strangers and hot rod angels  
Rumbling through this promised land  
Tonight my baby and me we're gonna ride to the sea

And wash these sins off our hands  
Tonight tonight the highway's bright  
Out of our way mister you best keep  
'cause summer's here and the time is right  
We're goin' racin' in the street

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