Dead Man's Curve

Jan Berry

I was cruisin' in my Stingray late one night
When an XKE pulled up on the right
He rolled down the window of his shiny new Jag
And challenged me then and there to a dragI said, "You're on buddy, my mill's runnin' fine
Let's pop off the line now, at Sunset and Vine
But I'll pull you one better if you've got the nerve
Let's race all the way to Dead Man's Curve"Dead Man's Curve
(That's no place to play)
Dead Man's Curve
(You must keep away)
Dead Man's Curve
(I can hear 'em say)
Won't come back from Dead Man's CurveThe street was deserted late Friday night
We were buggin' each other while we sat at the light
We both popped the clutch when the light turned green
You should'a heard the whine from my screamin' machineI flew past LaBrea, Schwabs and Crescent Heights
And all the Jag could see were my six tailights
He past me at Doheny then I started to swerve
But I pulled her out and there we were atDead Man's Curve
(That's no place to play)
Dead Man's CurveWell the last thing I remember, Doc I started to swerve
And then I saw the Jag slide into the curve
I know, I'll never forget that horrible sight
I guess I found out for myself that everyone was rightWon't come back from Dead Man's Curve
(That's no place to play)
Dead Man's Curve
(You must keep away)
Dead Man's Curve
(I can hear 'em say)
Won't come back from Dead Man's CurveWon't come back from Dead Man's Curve
(That's no place to play)
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Dead Man's Curve
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Won't come back from Dead Man's Curve
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