Dead Man's Curve

Jan & Dean

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 drag

I said "You're on buddy -- my mill's running fine
Let's come off the line now at Sunset and Vine
But I'll go you one better, if you've got the nerve
Let's race all the way -- to Dead Man's Curve"

(Dead Man's Curve) is no place to play
(Dead Man's Curve) you'd best keep away
(Dead Man's Curve) I can hear 'em say
"Won't come back from Dead Man's Curve"

The street was deserted late Friday night
We were buggin' each other while we sat out the light
We both popped the clutch when the light turned green
You shoulda heard the whine from my screamin' machine!

I flew past La Brea, Schwab's and Crescent Heights
And all the Jag could see were my six taillights
He passed me at Doheny then I started to swerve
But I pulled her out and there we were - at Dead Man's Curve

(Dead Man's Curve) is no place to play
(Dead Man's Curve...)

"Well, 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 right"

Won't come back from Dead Man's Curve

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