

# Two-lane Blacktop

Rob Zombie

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