The Car Was The One

Mark Knopfler

In summer sixty three I was staying alive
Hanging at the races, hoping to drive
When they were done with the weekend and loading the cars
I couldn't get a pass so I went to the bar
I'm up in the corner nursing a beer
Who should come laughing and joking in here
But Bobby Brown, the winner of the sports car race
With some friends and a girl, man, she lit up the place
Bobby was a wild boy, one summer
He knocked down a motel wall with a hammer
He'd do anything, one night for a bet
He raced through the cornfields in a Corvette
I thought it's got to be a thrill to be like that
With the beautiful girl and be king of the track
But the truth is when all was said and done
It was his Cobra I wanted, the car was the one
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The car was the one
The car was the one

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