

# 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  
It was his Cobra I wanted, the car was the one  
The car was the one  
The car was the one

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