Stroker's Theme

Charlie Daniels Band

Stroker Ace was born to race he had a mean streak two feet wide
A son of a gun with a taste for fun and more than his share of pride
Take a dirt road curve with a devils nerve make a car dance across the mud
Haulin shine was his regular line till the track got in his bloodWas a real hot shot and he bragged a lot, but man that fool could drive
'Cause he loved the feel of the steering wheel
And the girls with bedroom eyes
And in a race of time or a bar room fight, Ol Stroker stole the show
A back stretch blazer, a real hell raiser and a racetrack RomeoMama lock your daughters up that vile bunch is back in town
And them little girls get frisky when they hear that race car sound
Theyre bringing out the yellow flag, somebodys brakes have failed
Theres an alsike on the inside and a wreck along the rail
Youd better stand on it Stroker 'cause a bandits on your tailIts a dynamite joy for a country boy when he hears them engines moan
But youve gotta hang tough when it gets real rough
When youre out there on your own 'cause theyll push you down
Theyll knock you down, theyll shove you up against the wall
And you always know when the engine blows that a man cant win em allYou can push that car just a little too far any Sunday afternoon
And if youd break your neck in some damn fool wreck
Theyd forget about you soon
But Ol Stroker Ace was born to race and its worth all the trying
Just the dirt champagne in the victory lane and to hear that concrete whineStroker get your dander up this ain't no time to laugh
Youve got to make the lap up if youre gonna take that checkered flag
Number 10 is closin in to even up the score
Its time to wave bye bye and put the pedal on the floor
Youd better stand on it Stroker 'cause your blowin off their doorsBlow their doors off Stroker
Stand on it, son
Ah, you good lookin devil you

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