

Rapid Roy (The Stockcar Boy)

Jim Croce

Oh rapid Roy that stock car boy
He too much too believe
You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes
Rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve
He got a tattoo on his arm that say baby
He got another one that just say hey
But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
In a '57 Chevrolet Oh rapid Roy that stock car boy
He's the best driver in the land
He say that he learned to race a stock car
By runnin' shine outta Alabam'
Oh the demolition derby
And the figure eight
Is easy money in the bank
Compared to runnin' from the man
In Oklahoma City
With a five hundred gallon tank Oh rapid Roy that stock car boy
He too much too believe
You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes
Rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve
He got a tattoo on his arm that say baby
He got another one that just say hey
And Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
In a '57 Chevrolet Yeah Roy so cool
That racin' fool he don't know what fear's about
He do a hundred thirty mile an hour
Smilin' at the camera
With a toothpick in his mouth
He got a girl back home
Name of Dixie Dawn
But he got honeys all along the way
And you oughta hear 'em screamin'
For that dirt track demon
In a '57 Chevrolet

Songwriters

JAMES CROCE Published by

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