

# Hot Rod Lincoln

## Asleep At the Wheel

My pappy said son you gonna drive me to drinkin'  
If you don't stop drivin' that Hot Rod LincolnHave you heard the story about the hot rod race  
When the Ford and the Lincoln were settin' the pace  
That story's true I'm here to say  
Cause I was a drivin' that Model AIt's got a Lincoln motor and it's really souped up  
That Model A body makes it look like a pup  
It's got eight cylinders and uses them all  
And an overdrive that just won't stallIt's got a 4-barrel carb and dual exhausts  
4:11 gears that really get lost  
Safety tubes and I'm not scared  
The brakes are good and the tires are fairWe left San Pedro late one night  
The moon and the stars were shinin' bright  
We were drivin' up Grapevine Hill  
Passin' cars like they were standin' stillThen all of a sudden, in the wink of an eye  
A Cadillac sedan passed us by  
I said boys that's the mark for me  
But by then the taillights was all you could seeNow the fellers ribbed me for bein' behind  
So I started to make that Lincoln unwind  
Took my foot off the gas and man alive  
I shoved it down into overdriveWell I wound it up to hundred and ten  
Twisted the speedometer cable hit top end  
Had my foot glued right to the floor  
I said that's all there is there ain't no moreNow the fellas thought I'd lost all sense  
The telephone poles looked like a picket fence  
They said slow down I see spots  
The lines on the road just looked like dotsI took a corner and passed a truck  
I crossed my fingers just for luck  
The fenders clickin' the guard rail post  
The guy beside me was white as a ghostSmoke was comin' outta the back  
When I started to gain on that Cadillac  
I knew I could catch him and hoped I could pass  
But when I did I'd be short on gasHad flames comin' from out of the side  
You could feel the tension man what a ride  
I said look out boys I've got a license to fly  
And the Cadillac pulled over and let me byNow all of a sudden a rod started knockin'  
Down in the depths she started a rockin'  
I looked in the mirror and a red light was blinkin'  
The cops was after my Hot Rod LincolnThey arrested me and put me in jail.  
They called my pop to throw my bail.

And he said son you're gonna drive me to drinkin'  
If you don't quit drivin' that Hot Rod Lincoln

Songwriters

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