

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 Lincoln Have 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 A It'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 stall It'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 fair We 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' still Then 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 see Now 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 overdrive Well 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 more Now 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 dots I 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 ghost Smoke 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 gas Had 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 by Now 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 Lincoln They 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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