Stroker's Theme

Charlie Daniels

Stroker Ace was born to race.
He had a mean streak ten 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 the devil's
nerve and make a car dance a cross the mud.
Hauling shine was his regular line 'til the
track got in his blood.

Was 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 the
bed-room eyes. And in a racing tide or a bar
room fight old Stroker stole the show. A back
stretch blazer, a real hell raiser and a race
track Romeo.

Mama lock your daughters up
that wild bunch is back in town
And them little girls get frisky
when they hear that racecar sound
They're bringin out the yellow flag,
somebody's brakes have failed
There's an oilslick on the inside
and a wreck along the rail
You better stand on it, Stroker,
cause a bandit's on your tail.

It's a downright joy for a country boy
When he hears them engines moan
But you gotta hang tough and it gets real rough
When you're out there on your own
Cause they'll push you around, they'll knock you down
They'll shove ya up against the wall
And you always know when an engine blows
That a man can't win 'em all
You could push that car
just a little too far any Sunday afternoon
And if you break your neck

in some d

- fool's wreck they'd forget about you soon
But old Stroker Ace was born to race
and it's worth all the trying
Just to drink champagne in the Victory Lane
and to hear that concrete whine

Stroker get your dander up
this ain't no time to lag
You've got to make a lap up
if you want to take that checkered flag
Number ten is closin' in to even up the score
It's time to wave bye-bye and put the pedal on the floor
You better stand on it Stroker
cause you're blowin' off their doors.

Blow their doors off, Stroker. Stand on it, Son. Ah, you good lookin' devil, you.

Lyrics submitted by Bobby.

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