

## **Carpenters, The**

### **"Deadman's Curve"**

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The street was deserted late Friday night  
We were buggin' each other while we sat out the light  
We both popped our clutch when the light turned green  
You should have heard the wine from my screamin'  
machine  
I flew past La Brea, down to Crescent Heights  
And all the Jag could see were my six tail lights  
He passed me at Doheny and I started to swerve  
But I pulled her out and there we were at Deadman's  
Curve  
Deadman's Curve is no place to play  
Deadman's Curve

Well, the last thing I remember Doc.  
I started to swerve, and then I saw the Jag slide into the  
curb  
I know I'll never forget that horrible sight  
I found out for myself, that everyone was right

Won't come back from Deadman's Curve  
Deadman's Curve is no place to play  
Deadman's Curve you best keep away  
Deadman's Curve I can hear them say  
Won't come back from Deadman's Curve

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