

Asleep At The Wheel "Hot Rod Lincoln"

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My pappy said, "Son, you're gonna drive me to drinkin'
If you don't stop drivin' that Hot Rod Lincoln"

Have you heard this story of the Hot Rod Race?
When the Fords and the Lincolns were settin' the pace
That story is true, I'm here to say
'Cause I was 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 use them all
Got overdrive, just won't stall

With four barrel carbs and a dual exhaust
With four-eleven gears you can really get lost
Got safety tubes, but I ain't scared
The brakes are good, tires fair

We pulled out of San Pedro late one night
The moon and the stars were shinin' bright
We was drivin' up on Grapevine Hill
Passing cars like they were standing still

All of a sudden in a wink of an eye
A Cadillac sedan passed us by
I said, "Boys, that's a mark for me"
By then the tail light was all you could see

Now the fellas all ribbed me for bein' behind
So I thought I'd make the Lincoln unwind
Took my foot off the gas and man alive
I shoved it on down into overdrive

Well I wound it up to a hundred-and-ten
My speedometer said that I'd hit top end
My foot was glued like lead to the floor
That's all there is, there ain't no more

Now the boys all thought I'd lost my sense
And telephone poles looked like a picket fence
They said, "Slow down, I see spots
The lines on the road just look like dots"

We took a corner, sideswiped a truck
And I crossed my fingers just for luck
My fenders was clickin' the guardrail posts
And the guy beside me was white as a ghost

Smoke was comin' from out of the back
When I started to gain on that Cadillac
I knew I could catch him and I thought I could pass
Don't you know by then we'd be low on gas

We had flames comin' from out of the side
Even feel the tension, man, what a ride
I said, "Look out, boys, I've got a license to fly"
And that Caddy pulled over and let us by

Now all of a sudden she started to knockin'
Down in the dips she started to rockin'
I looked in the mirror, red light was blinkin'
The cops were after my Hot Rod Lincoln

Well, they arrested me and they put me in jail
They called my pappy to throw my bail
And he said, "Son, you're gonna drive me to drinkin'
If you don't stop drivin' that Hot Rod Lincoln"

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