

Adam Ant

"Dirt Track Cowboys"

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(If this don't turn you on folks, you haven't got a switch. Friday night is speedway night at the national capitol of speed. Sit down and hang on, here come the dirt track cowboys).

Strap yourself in
Hang on for the ride
Dirts gonna fly
Grounds gonna shake tonight
You don't have to look far
'Cause it's right here in your back yard
There's a hundred tracks across our land
They call home this fearless band of dirt track
Dirt Track cowboys

Dirt tracking Cowboys
Mudslinging Outlaws
This ain't no Hollywood star wars
It's the real deal open wheel
Dirt Track cowboys

There ain't nothing like
A big angry field
Tearing down the back straight
Wheel to wheel
He's got a big V8 underneath that hood
When the lights go green
Rushy's gonna scream
The wildest boys you ever have seen
They're dirt track, dirt track cowboys

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(Gary Rush, the living legend of sprint car racing, fires his seven hundred horsepower six shooter down the back straight, pushin' the cushion as he chases on the tail of the world series champ, Skip Jackson, Adrian

Marr, Brooke Taddal and Kelly Lenegan, Oooh yeah
here come the things with wings. Last lap, here's the
boss of the sprint car bull ring, the Bunbury boy, Ron
Krikie, making the check on the final corner, Krikie
smokes 'em, Oooh yeah, that ones for the boys)

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