

Carpenters

"Deadman's Curve"

Visit "[Deadman's Curve](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was cruisin' in my Stingray late one night
When an XKE pulled up on my right.
He rolled down the window of his shiny, new Jag
And challenged me then and there to a drag.
I said, "You're on, Buddy, my mill's running fine
Let's come of the line, now, at Sunset and Vine
But I'll go ya one better, if you've got the nerve
Let's race all the way ~~to~~ to Deadman's Curve"

CHORUS:

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

The street was deserted late Friday night,
We were buggin' each other as we sat out the light
We both popped the clutch when the light turned green
You shoulda heard the whine from my screamin'
machine
I flew past La Brea, Schwabs, and 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 it out and there we were: At Deadman's
curve

(SPOKEN) Well, the last thing I remember, Doc, I started
to swerve
And then I saw the Jag slide into the curve
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!

Repeat chorus and fade

Visit [Carpenters](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.