

Carpenters

"Medley D: 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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