

## **Charlie Ryan And The Timberline Riders "Hot Rod Lincoln"**

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Well, you heard the story of  
The hot rod race that fatal day  
When a Ford and a Mercury  
Went out to play

Well, this is the inside story  
And I'm here to say  
I was the kid that was  
Driving that Model A

It's got a Lincoln motor  
And it's really souped up  
And that Model A body  
Makes it look like a pup

It's got twelve cylinders  
Uses them all  
With an overdrive  
That just won't stall

It's got a four barrel carb  
Dual exhaust, 4.11 gears  
You can really get lost

It's got safety tubes  
And I'm not scared  
The brakes are good  
And the tires are fair

We left San Pedro late one night  
The moon and the stars was shining bright  
Everything went fine up the Grapevine Hill  
We was passing cars like  
They was standing still

All of a sudden like a flick of an eye  
A Cadillac sedan had passed us by  
The remark was made  
There's the car for me  
By then the tail lights  
Were all you could see

Now the fellas ribbed me for being behind  
So I started to make that Lincoln unwind  
I 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  
Twist the speedometer off at the end  
I had my foot feed clear to the floor  
Said that's all there is  
And there ain't no more

Went around a corner and I passed a truck  
I whispered a prayer just for luck  
Fenders was clicking the guardrail posts  
The guys beside me were white as a ghost

I guess they thought I'd lost my sense  
The telephone poles looked like a picket fence  
They said, slow down, I see spots  
The lines on the road just look like dots

Smoke was rolling out the back  
When I started to gain on that Cadillac  
I knew I could catch him  
And hoped I could pass  
But when I did I'd be short on gas

Went around a corner  
With the tires in the side  
You could feel the tension  
Man, what a ride

I said, hold on  
I've got a license to fly  
And the Cadillac pulled over  
And let me go by

And then all of the sudden  
A rod started knocking  
When down in the dips  
She started to rocking

I look in my mirror  
And a red light was blinking  
Cops was after my Hot Rod Lincoln

Well, they arrested me and put me in jail  
I called my pop to go my bail  
He said, son, you're gonna drive me to drinking  
If you don't quit driving that Hot Rod Lincoln

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