

## **Brian Setzer**

### **"Switchblade 327"**

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Ohh Switchblade 327  
Lit cigarette in his hand  
Steel toed boots on the accelerator  
Oil leakin' outta the pan

Switchblade, three two barrels  
Gettin' there as fast as he can  
All juiced up like a hot carburetor  
Spittin' gas onto the fan  
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night  
Try to catch him if you can

(Switchblade)  
327  
(Switchblade)  
Seven come eleven  
(Switchblade)  
Ahh he's all right  
When he gets drunk he fights all night

Switchblade 327  
Pullin' way ahead of the pack  
Chop top deuce, Saturday night  
Flames shootin' outta the back

Switchblade, don't cut him off  
He won't cut you no slack  
He'll cut you to ribbons if you come to town  
Carve out his name in your back  
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night  
Try to catch him if you can

(Switchblade)  
327  
(Switchblade)  
Seven come eleven  
(Switchblade)  
Ahh he's all right  
When he gets drunk he fights all night

Ohh Switchblade 327  
Someone was callin' his name

All he could hear was his engine  
And the sound of the pourin' down rain

Switchblade 327  
Ran 125 down the lane  
Someone had cut both his fuel lines  
And the 32 burst into flames  
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night  
Try to catch him if you can

(Switchblade)  
327  
(Switchblade)  
Seven come eleven  
(Switchblade)  
Ahh he's all right  
When he gets drunk he fights all night

(Switchblade)  
327  
(Switchblade)  
Seven come eleven  
(Switchblade)  
Ahh he's all right  
When he gets drunk he fights all night  
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