

# Johnny Bond

## "Hot Rod Lincoln"

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Now you've heard the  
Story of the Hot Rod race  
When the Fords and the  
Mercury was setting the pace

That story is true  
I'm here to say cause  
I was driving that Model A

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

It's got eight cylinders  
And uses them all  
With an overdrive  
That just won't stall

Got a 4-barrel carb  
And a dual exhaust  
With 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 at Grapevine Hill  
We was passing cars like  
They was standing still

Then all of a sudden  
Like the flick of an eye  
A Cadillac sedan

Passed us by

The remark was made  
That's the car for me  
By then the tail light  
Was all you could see

Well, the fellas ribbed me  
For being behind  
So I started to make  
That Lincoln unwind

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  
Twisted the speedometer  
Cable right off the end

Had my foot glued  
Right to the floor  
I said, that's all there is  
There ain't no more

Went around a corner  
And passed a truck  
I crossed my fingers  
Just for luck

The fenders clicking  
The guard rail post  
The guy beside me  
White as a ghost

I guess they thought  
I'd lost my sense  
The telephone poles  
Looked like a picket fence

Said, slow down  
I see spots  
The lines in the road  
They just look like dots

Smoke was rolling  
Outta 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 the corner  
With the tires on 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 by

Then all of a sudden  
A rod started knocking  
Down in the depths  
She started a rocking

I looked in the mirror  
And a red light was blinking  
The cops was after  
My Hot Rod Lincoln

Well, they arrested me  
And they 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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