

Kenny Price

"Hot Rod Lincoln"

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Hot Rod Lincoln

My pappy said, son, you're gonna drive me to drinkin'
If you don't stop drivin' that hot rod Lincoln
[guitar]

Now you've heard the story of the hot-rod race
When the Ford and Lincoln was settin' the pace
That story's true I'm here to say
cause I was drivin' that Model-A

Got a Lincoln motor and it's really souped up
that Model-A body makes it look like a pup
Got eight cylinders'n uses them all
got overdrive, just won't stall

Got a four-barrel carb and dual exhaust
4-11 gears it can really get lost
Got safety tubes but I'm not scared
the brakes are good, tires fair

Was out on San Pedro late one night
the moon and the stars was shining bright
We were drivin' up on Grapevine hill
passin' cars like they was standin' still

[guitar]

Now all of a sudden in the wink of an eye
a Cadillac sedan passed us by
I said boys that's a mark for me
By then, the taillights was all you could see

Well the fellers ribbed me for bein' behind
So I thought I'd make that Lincoln unwind
Took my foot off the gas and man alive
I shoved it down into overdrive

Well I wound her up to a hundred and ten
my speedometer said I'd hit top end
My foot was glued like lead to the floor

that's all there is and there ain't no more

Now the boys all 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 looked like dots

Went around a corner and passed a truck
I crossed my fingers just for luck
My fenders was clickin' the guard rail post
The guy beside me was white as a ghost

[guitar]

Well smoke was comin' outta the back
when I started to gain on that Cadillac
I knew I could catch him, thought I could pass
Don't ya know by then we'd be low on gas

Went around a corner, side-swiped the side
you could feel the tension man what a ride
I said hold on boys, I got a license to fly
and the Caddy pulled over and let me by

Now all of a sudden the rods started knockin'
and down in the dip she started a'rockin'
I looked in the mirror, red lights was blinkin'
the cops was after my hot rod Lincoln

They arrested me and put me in jail
And I called my pappy to throw my bail
And he said son you're gonna drive me to drinkin'
If you don't stop drivin' that hot rod Lincoln

[guitar]

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