

Little Village "She Runs Hot"

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Little Village

Sittin' on the line
Tryin' to change her mind
Red light, yellow light, green light time.
You're standing on it buddy
But she's chilly as a Tastee Freeze
Ease it over, son
I'll show you how she runs
Screamin' like a demon
When the quarter mile comes
Crankcase cookin', that's her manifold destiny
Now she might run cold for you
She runs hot for me.
She runs hot for me
She runs hot for me
She runs hot for me
Now she might run cold for you
She runs hot for me
She's got a fire in her veins
That's high octane
When her heart starts pumpin'
Her cylinders are jumpin'
Then I give it to her slow
And she gives me back the low ET's
Burnin' down the line
Ten seconds time
Half an hour later
I can still accelerate her 'till we're out of Hardin County
And in another Galaxy---
Now she might run cold for you
She runs hot for me
She runs hot for me
She runs hot for me
She runs hot for me
Now she might run cold for you
She runs hot for me

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