

Marty Robbins

"Twentieth Century Drifter"

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Drivin' a race car is my way of makin' a livin'
My way of puttin' the bread on the table at home
I'm gettin' back about half as much as I'm givin'
And I couldn't make it without a good woman at home

First Place could be just a dream, but I'm gonna chase
it
Finishin' out of the "Top Ten" is nothin' but bad
In a "junker", won't ever be first, I might as well face it
First Class equipment is something a man's got to
have

You might even call me a twentieth century drifter
Thirty-two week-ends, I load up the car and I'm gone
And my woman cries with each "good-bye" kiss that I
give her
And she prays that come Monday mornin', I'll be driftin'
home

Well, my woman sleeps in my arms and I lie here
thinkin'
Half awake, half asleep, I run and re-run the race
From Dark until dawn, it goes on, my half-awake
dreamin'
And every so often, I dream that I'm takin' First Place

But it's got to be more than a dream - dreamin' won't
make it
Aw, dreamin' won't ever put bread on the table at home
And racin' runs deep in my veins. I'll never shake it
I'm tied to it just like I'm tied to that woman at home

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And she prays that come Monday mornin', I'll be driftin'
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