

Ray Quinn

"Speed Ball"

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Here he comes - There he go

Well Speed Ball, the wild motorcyclist,
Rode his motorcycle very fast
With a twist of the wrist he'd give it the gas
There wasn't nothin' on the road he couldn't pass

He had a big black leather jacket
With an eagle on the back & zippers up the sleeves
And when he rode down the road
His long black greasy duck tails just blowed in the breeze

Every night he'd rev up his motor
And drag down the main street of town
He had plenty of nerve, he'd swerve on a curve
He loved to run those pedestrians down (Aaaaaa!)

{spoken}
Look out here comes that happy fool on that Harley.
Say how do you know he's happy?
Say by the bugs on his teeth.
Watch out here he comes. (Brrrrrrrrrrrrrr)

Well Speed had a girl name of Sugar Beet
Sayin' my she was a lovely child
When she'd sit back of Speed on the buddy seat
You know it would drive old Speed Ball wild

{spoken}
And she'd say, 'Come on baby, Say let's get some kicks'
'So let's make it, So let's take off, So let's scratch man'
'Say come on cool daddy, Let's hear them tires screech
On that concrete, Yeah Yeah Yeah'
Oh when she talked that trash to ol' Speed like that,
Say it'd just tear him up and he'd just oh lose his mind
And he'd say, 'Hang on Baby'
And he'd twist that handlebar (Brrrow)
Take off and burn that road for half a mile
(Brrrrrrrrrrrr)

Well one night he was rollin' down the highway
Sugar Beet was hangin' on ridin' double
When he heard that police siren scream
And he knew he was in for some trouble

So he gave it the gas and watched the speedometer
Needle say a hundred and ten
And then he looked back around and he smiled
'Cause he knew he'd done outrun the police again

Well he thought he was the king of the highway
And that's when he ran out of luck, yeah
Just for a thrill, he passed on a hill
And blapt, right into a truck

{spoken}

Whoa it was terrible, when the police found them
Next mornin' they was both hangin' up in the trees
That motorcycle was tore all to pieces
But you know Speed Ball & Sugar Beet
They weren't hurt much, No they wasn't
Say he just broke his arm in seven places
And all it did to her was smear her lipstick...
All over the highway. But you know it wasn't serious
And when they got out of the hospital
They learned their lesson
And from now on they're gonna play it safe
They gonna take that Greyhound
And leave the drivin' to that smiley cat on t.v.
And everything is gonna be cool, Yeah

Whoa, And that's the story of Speed Ball
The wild motorcyclist, don't ride his motor no more
No Speed Ball, the wild motorcyclist
Done found a better way to go

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