

Reverend Horton Heat "Five-O Ford"

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Let me tell you the tale of a hot rod race,
That happened out in a secluded place
Where no one lives
'cept cows and a few raccoons

I was drivin' around in my shoebox car,
My baby and me underneath the stars,
My engine was knockin
But i knew it'd clear real soon.

I was cruisin' along 'bout 95,
I looked in my mirror and man alive
Some guy was gaining on me
As his engine roared.

So i gave that holly carb some gas,
My baby cried out don't let him pass,
I guess it's just that bitch got bored,
I had to race my fucked up ford.

I made the turn at 108,
And he was up on my back gate,
And I knew he had something bad,
Underneath that hood.

So I pushed it up to 110,

That flathead motor was about to give in,
I crossed my fingers and prayed to the lord,
Don't let me down you f***ed up ford.

It's my fucked up ford!
It's my fucked up ford!

When cherry tops began to spin,
I knew this race was about to end,
It's a cop by god
My engine can't give no more.

He threw me in jail, warrant ignored
My car blew up as the oil poured,
I guess it's just that bitch got bored,

I had to race my fucked up ford.

It's my fucked up ford! whoooo!

It's my fucked up ford!

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