

Roger Taylor

"Racing In The Streets"

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I got a 69 Chevy with a 396
fuellie heads and a Hurst on the floor
she's waiting tonight down in the parking lot
outside the seven eleven store
me and my partner Sonny built her straight out of
scratch
and he rides with me from town to town
we only run for the money got no strings attached
we set 'em up and then we shut 'em down
tonight tonight the strips just right
I wanna blow 'em off in my first heat
summers here and the time is right
for racing in the street

we take all the action we can meet
and we cover all the north-east states
and when the strip shuts down we run 'em in the street
from the fire-roads to the inter-state
now some guys they go racin' in the street
tonight tonight the strips just right
I wanna blow 'em all outta their seats
we're calling out around the world
we're going racing in the street

I met her on the strip three years ago
in a Camaro with this dude from L.A.
I blew that Camaro off my back
and drove that little girl away
but now there's wrinkles round my baby's eyes
and she cries herself to sleep at night
when I come home the house is dark
she sighs 'baby did you make it alright'
she sits on the porch of her daddy's house
but all her pretty dreams are torn
she stares off alone into the night
with the eyes of one who hates for just bein' born
for all the shut-down strangers and hot-rod angels
rumblin' through this promised land
tonight my baby and me we're gonna ride to the sea
and wash these sins off our hands
tonight tonight the highways bright
out of our way mister you best keep

summers here and the time is right
for racing in the street

tonight tonight the strips just right
I wanna blow 'em all outta their seats
'cos summers here and the time is right
for racing in the street

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