

The Carpenters

"Dead Man's Curve"

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The street was deserted late Friday night

We were buggin' each other while we sat out the light

We both popped our clutch when the light turned green

You should have heard the wine from my screamin'
machine

I flew past La Brea, down to Crescent Heights

And all the Jag could see were my six tail lights

He passed me at Doheny and I started to swerve

But I pulled her out and there we were at Deadman's
Curve

Deadman's Curve is no place to play

Deadman's Curve

Well, the last thing I remember Doc.

I started to swerve, and then I saw the Jag slide into the
curb

I know I'll never forget that horrible sight

I found out for myself, that everyone was right

Won't come back from Deadman's Curve

Deadman's Curve is no place to play

Deadman's Curve you best keep away

Deadman's Curve I can hear them say

Won't come back from Deadman's Curve

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