

## Alabama "Sunday Drive"

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Well this ain't no Sunday drive  
Got the tach red lined, throttle opened wide  
Gentlemen, start the engines

You got an all new diagnostic tuned  
Polished, shined, lookin' like new  
This car will blow your mind  
And your door right off

Rotated tires, balanced, aligned  
Highest octane money can buy  
She looks like she's flyin'  
When she's sittin' at a stop  
Your grocery gettin' garbage  
Is nothing next to mine

This ain't no Sunday drive  
Got the tach red lined, throttle opened wide  
Gonna kill a lot of bugs, pass a lot of poles  
Burn a little rubber down a blacktop road  
Better be able to bury that needle, your pink slip's on  
the line  
This ain't no Sunday drive, no, they ain't

On your mark, set and ready, fly  
Be waitin' at the finish  
Hand your keys to my baby  
And don't ask for a ride  
This ain't no Sunday drive, no it ain't son

Well this ain't no Sunday drive  
Got the tach red lined, throttle opened wide  
Gonna kill a lot of bugs, pass a lot of poles  
Burn a little rubber down a blacktop road  
Better be able to bury that needle, your pink slip's on  
the line  
This ain't no Sunday drive, this ain't no Sunday drive

Overdrive, overdrive, overdrive, overdrive  
This ain't no Sunday drive

