

Ws "Frank"

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Frank was a contractor, who got up every morning.
Skinn'n cats and fix'n cars, his day was far from boring.
Souped up Ford, V-8 289, running down those punks
was always on his mind.
Frank was a contractor. Is he after you?
Frank was a contractor. Is he after you?
Ford was wired for nitro. Canister sat in the back.
Ten inch slicks, ratchet shift, smoke, rubber layed in
his tracks.
Frank didn't like us, just wanted to have some fun.
So we played our music, and he put us on the run.
Frank was a contractor. Is he after you?
Frank was a contractor. Is he after you?
Frank started the beast. Smoke spewed from the trunk.
Oil sprayed from the hood, that can of nitro junk.
The car swelled then exploded, flying across the street.
Frank slowly stepped out, staggering to his feet.
Frank was a contractor. Is he after you?
Frank was a contractor. Is he after you?
So our story ends, with the psycho contractor guy.
Moral of the story is "if Franks around, turn the music
down, or you better
learn how to run fast." Frank was a contractor. Is he
after you?
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