

## The W's "Frank"

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Frank was a contractor, who got up every morning  
Skinin' cats and fixin' 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  
A ten inch slicks, ratchet shift, smoke, rubber laid in his  
tracks  
Frank didn't like us, just wanted to have some fun  
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  
A moral of the story is  
If Frank's around, turn the music down  
And you better learn how to run fast

Frank was a contractor  
Is he after you?

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