

Hot Rod Lincoln

Asleep at the Wheel

My pappy said, 'Son, you're gonna drive me to drinkin'
If you don't stop drivin' that - Hot ... Rod ... Lincoln!' Have you heard the story of the hot rod
race,
When the Ford and the Lincolns were settin' the pace?
That story's true I'm here to say,
Cause I was drivin' that Model A. It's got a Lincoln motor and it's really souped up;
And that Model A body makes it look like a pup.
It's got 8 cylinders and uses 'em all;
Got overdrive that just won't stall. With 4-barrel carbs and a dual exhaust,
And 4: 11 gears, you can really get lost -
Got safety too but I ain't scared,
The brakes are good and the tires fair.
We pulled out of San Pedro late one night;
The moon and the stars were shinin' bright.
We was drivin' up ol' Grapevine Hill,
Passin' cars like they were standin' still. All of a sudden, in the wink of an eye,
a Cadillac sedan passed us by.
I said boys, "That's a mark for me."
By then, the taillights was all you could see. Now, the fellas ribbed me for bein' behind,
So I thought I'd make that Lincoln unwind.
Took my foot off the gas and, man alive,
I shoved it on down into overdrive. Well, I wound it up to 110;
My speedometer said that I'd hit top end.
My foot was glued like lead to the floor;
That's all there is - there ain't no more.
Now the boys all thought that I'd lost my sense;
And them telephone poles looked like a picket fence.
They said, "Slow down, I see spots."
The lines on the road just looked like dots. We took a corner, side swiped a truck;
And I crossed my fingers just for luck -
And my was fenders clickin' the guard rail post;
The guy beside me was white as a ghost. Smoke was comin from outta the back
When I started to gain on that Cadillac
I knew I could catch him and I thought I could pass
Don't ya know by then, we'd be low on gas. I had flames comin' from out of the side;
You could feel the tension; man, what a ride.
I said, "Look out, boys, I've got a license to fly"
And that Caddy pulled over and let us by. All of a sudden she started a-knockin';
Down in the depths she started a-rockin'.
I looked in the mirror and a red light was blinkin';
The cops was after my Hot Rod Lincoln. Well they arrested me and put me in jail.
They called my pappy to throw my bail.

And he said, 'Son, you're gonna drive me to drinkin',
If you don't stop drivin' that - Hot ... Rod ... Lincoln!'
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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