

# Hot Rod Lincoln

## All

My pappy said son your gonna drive me to drinkin'  
If you don't stop driving that Hot Rod Lincoln  
Have you heard the story of the hot rod race  
Where the Fords and the Lincolns were setting the pace?  
That story is true I'm here to say  
Cause I was driving that model A. It's got A Lincoln motor and its really souped up  
And that model A body makes it look like a pup  
It's got eight cylinders, uses them all  
Got overdrive, It just won't stall  
With four barrel carbs, and A dual exhaust  
With four: eleven gears you can really get lost.  
Got safety tubes, but I ain't scared  
The breaks are good, the tires fair  
We pulled out of San Pedro late one night  
With the moon and the stars were shining bright  
We was driving up on Grapevine Hill  
Passing cars like they was standing 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 tail lights was all you could see  
Now the fellas all rid me for being behind  
So I thought I'd make that Lincoln unwind  
Took my foot of the gas and man alive  
I shoved it on down into over drive  
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  
Them telephone poles were 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  
My fenders was clicking the guard rail post  
The guy beside me was white as a ghost  
Smoke was coming from out of the back  
When I started to gain on that Cadillac  
I knew I could catch him, I thought I could pass  
But don't you know by then we'd be low on gas  
I had flames coming 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 the sudden she started knocking  
Down in the dips she started rocking  
I looked in the mirror. Red lights were blinking  
The cops was after my Hot Rod Lincoln  
Well they arrested me and they put me in jail  
Called my pappy to throw my bail  
And he said son, you're going to drive me to drinkin'

If you don't stop driving that Hot Rod Lincoln

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>