

Sunday Drive

Alabama

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