

Stroker's Theme

Charlie Daniels

Stroker Ace was born to race
He had a mean streak two feet wide
A son of a gun with a taste for fun and more than his share of
pride
Take a dirt road curve with a devils nerve
Make a car dance across the mud
And haulin' shine was his regular line till the track got in hi
s blood
Was a real hot shot and he bragged a lot, but man that fool cou
ld drive
Cause he loved the feel of the steering wheel and the girls wit
h bedroom eyes
And in a race of time or a bar room fight, Ol' Stroker stole th
e show
A back stretch blazer, a real hell raiser and a racetrack Romeo

Mama lock your daughters up
That vile bunch is back in town
And them little girls get frisky when they hear that racecar so
und
They're bringing out the yellow flag; somebody's brakes have fa
iled
There's an alsike on the inside and a wreck along the rail
You'd better stand on it Stroker cause a bandit's on your tail

It's a dynamite joy for a country boy when he hears them engine
s moan
But you've gotta hang tough when it gets real rough when you're
out there on your own
Cause they'll push you down, they'll knock you down, they'll sh
ove you up against the wall
And you always know when the engine blows that a man can't win
'em all
You can push that car just a little too far any Sunday afternoo
n
And if you'd break your neck in some damn fool wreck they'd for
get about you soon
But Ol' Stroker Ace was born to race
And it's worth all the trying
Just the dirt champagne in the victory lane and to hear that co
ncrete whine

Stroker get your dander up this aint no time to laugh
You've got to make the lap up if you're gonna take that checker
ed flag
Number 10 is closin' in to even up the score
It's time to wave bye bye and put the pedal on the floor

You'd better stand on it Stroker cause your blowin' off their doors

Blow their doors off Stroker

Stand on it, son

Ahh, you good lookin' devil you