

# The Car Was The One

Mark Knopfler

In summer '63 I was staying alive  
hanging at the races, hoping to drive  
When they were done with the weekend and loading the cars  
I couldn't get a pass so I went to the bar

I'm up in the corner nursing a beer  
who should come laughing and joking in here  
but Bobby Brown, the winner of the sports car race  
with some friends and a girl, man, she lit up the place

Bobby was a wild boy - one summer  
he knocked down a motel wall with a hammer  
He'd do anything - one night for a bet  
he raced through the cornfields in a Corvette

I thought it's got to be a thrill to be like that  
with the beautiful girl and be king of the track  
But the truth is when all was said and done  
it was his Cobra I wanted - the car was the one  
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