

Carolina Hotfoot

Gas Huffer

The car, it was a-workin', so they made it go
All the way to Charlotte just to see the show.
Pulled into the parking lot with time to kill.
Popped in a cassette so they could sit and chill.

But they forgot to take the proper steps to avoid an ancient curse.
Never listen to the band you're going to see, or things get worse.

Later on they milled around the club front waitin',
Some bullies from the town came up and tried to bait 'em.
Heard a clickin' sound and someone say, "Let's do it."
Saw the open door and made a long dive to it.

Put your buckets down, come and gather round!
I got a tale to tell, and it won't take long!
About a kid from Boone and his honeymoon
With a thing they call the Carolina Hotfoot.
Hotfoot, the Carolina Hotfoot.
A Hotfoot. Yeah, that's a hot foot.