

She Runs Hot

John Hiatt

Sittin' on the line
Tryin' to change her mind
Red light, yellow light, green light time
You're standing on it buddy
But she's chilly as a Tastee Freeze

Ease it over, son
I'll show you how she runs
Screamin'' like a demon
When the quarter mile comes
Crankcase cookin'
That's her manifold destiny
Now, she might run cold for you
She runs hot for me

She runs hot for me
She runs hot for me
She runs hot for me
Now she might run cold for you
She runs hot for me

She's got a fire in her veins
That's high octane
When her heart starts pumpin'
Her cylinders are jumpin'
Then I give it to her slow
And she gives me back the low E.T.'s
Burnin' down the line

Ten seconds time
Half an hour later
I can still accelerate her
'Till we're out of Hardin County
And in another Galaxy
Now she might run cold for you
She runs hot for me