

# And The Crowd Goes Wild

Mark Wills

Oh, come on, here it goes

He was an underdog, a no threat  
A NASCAR jockey, a rookie, a wannabe  
Still wet behind the ears, a red-line revver  
Just a-jammin' his gears, there are those that are  
An' those that ain't the quickest get stickers  
He was nothin' but paint, chartreuse paint

Big race, now we cut to the last ten laps  
Here comes Junior, sneakin' up  
From the back of the pack with fire in his eyes  
Wavin' out the window as he passes 'em by  
The tension mounts now he's number two  
All out of rubber an' runnin' on fumes  
It's door to door, outta turn four  
He sees those chequers an' he hears that roar

An' the crowd goes wild  
An' the crowd goes wild  
You're shinin' like a superstar, baby  
An' the crowd goes wild

He played the honky-tonks, the roadside bars  
A real humdinger, a blue-eyed singer  
With a red guitar around his neck payin'  
Payin' them dues by starvin' to death  
But he told his Momma every time he came back  
"One of these days I'm gonna buy you  
A big long Cadillac an' get you outta this shack"

Then he hit the road, frontin' the band  
Six long hairs bobbin' up an' down  
In a Chevy van, all beat up  
He did a lotta givin' but he never gave up  
Then one night, he wrote a song  
Made a little record; started catchin' on  
Now it's coliseums, he's all the rage  
The lights go down when he hits the stage

An' the crowd goes wild  
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You're shinin' like a superstar, baby  
An' the crowd goes wild  
(You're shinin' like a superstar)

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You're shinin' like a superstar, baby  
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You're shinin' like a superstar, baby  
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