

Five-o Ford

Reverend Horton Heat

Let me tell you the tale of a hot rod race,
That happened out in a secluded place
Where no one lives
'Cept cows and a few raccoons.

I was drivin' around in my shoe-box car,
My baby and me underneath the stars,
My engine was knockin'
But I knew it'd clear real soon.

I was cruisin' along 'bout ninety-five,
I looked in my mirror and man alive
Some guy was gaining on me
As his engine roared.

So I gave that holly carb' some gas.
My baby cried out don't let him pass.
I guess it's just that bitch got bored,
I had to race my fucked up Ford.

I made the turn at one-o'-eight,
And he was up on my back gate,
And I knew he had something bad
Underneath that hood.

So I pushed it up to a hundred and ten,
That flathead motor was about to give in.
I crossed my fingers and prayed to the lord,
Don't let me down you fucked up Ford.

It's my fucked up Ford!
It's my fucked up Ford!

When cherry tops began to spin,
I knew this race was about to end.
It's a cop by God
My engine can't give no more.

He threw me in jail, warrant ignored.
My car blew up as the oil poured.
I guess it's just that bitch got bored,
I had to race my fucked up Ford.

It's my fucked up Ford! Yaaagh!
It's my fucked up Ford!