

## Flathead One More Time

Ry Cooder

Three o'clock, this morning, I woke up in a dream.  
Thought I heard a flathead motor roar, I thought I smelled gaso  
line.  
A feeling came upon me, that I ain't had in years.  
Something like a hot dry wind, whistling past my ears.  
Saying "time, time, time is all you got".  
There's a memory that's still burning, way down in my mind.  
And that's why, I'm going out and trying, a flathead one more t  
ime.

I ain't seen my racing buddies in thirty years, or more.  
One by one I lost them, out on the dry leaf floor.  
We learnt to push those flathead cars as hard as they could go.  
Just like old Whiskey Bob, down on Thunder Road.  
I hear their voices calling, just accross the finish line.  
And that's why, I'm going out and trying, a flathead one more t  
ime.

I'll get back to you baby, don't you have no fear.  
'Cos I been there, and I wrecked that, and baby I'm still here.  
But I can't take you with me, when I cross the finish line.  
And that's why, I'm going out and trying, a flathead, one, more  
, time.

Time, time, time is all you got.