

Switchblade 327

The Brian Setzer Orchestra

Switchblade 327
Lit cigarette in his hand
Steel-toed boots on the accelerator
Oil leakin' outta the pan.

Switchblade, three 2-barrels
Gettin' there as fast as he can
All juiced up like a hot carburetor
Spittin' gas onto the fan
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night
Try and catch him if you can

Switchblade 327
Switchblade, seven come eleven
Switchblade, he's all right
When he get's drunk he fights all night

Switchblade 327
Pullin' way ahead of the pack
Chop top deuce, Saturday night
Flames shootin' outta the back
Switchblade, don't cut him off
He won't cut you no slack
He'll cut you to ribbons if you come to town

He'll carve out his name in your back
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night
Try and catch him if you can

Switchblade 327
Switchblade, seven come eleven
Switchblade, he's all right
When he get's drunk he fights all night

Switchblade 327
Someone was calling his name
All he could hear was his engine
And the sound of the pouring down rain

Switchblade 327
Ran 125 down the lane
But someone cut both his fuel lines
And the '32 burst into flames
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night
Try and catch him if you can

Switchblade 327
Switchblade, seven come eleven
Switchblade, he's all right
When he get's drunk he fights all night