

Rapid Roy (The Stock Car Boy)

Jim Croce

Oh, Rapid Roy, that stock car boy
He, too much too believe
You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes
Rolled up in his T-shirt sleeve

He got a tattoo on his arm that say, "Baby"
He got another one that just say, "Hey"
But every Sunday afternoon
He is a dirt track demon in a '57 Chevrolet

Oh, Rapid Roy, that stock car boy
He's the best driver in the land
He say that he learned to race a stock car
By runnin' 'shine outta Alabam'

Oh, The Demolition Derby and The Figure Eight
Is easy money in the bank
Compared to runnin' from the man
In Oklahoma City with a 500 gallon tank

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Yeah, Roy so cool, that racin' fool
He don't know what fear's about
He do a 130 mile an hour smilin' at the camera
With a toothpick in his mouth

He got a girl back home, name of 'Dixie Dawn'
But he got honeys all along the way
And you oughta hear 'em screamin'
For that dirt track demon in a '57 Chevrolet

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