

Jaguar And Thunderbird

The Troggs

(Slow down, little Jaguar, keep cool, little Thunderbird Ford)

Ten miles stretch on an Indiana road, t'was a sky blue Jaguar and a Thunderbird Ford

Jaguar setting on ninety nine tryin' to beat the Bird to the county line

Just a half-a-mile from Ludenville, there had a speed sign sitting at the top of the hill

It said: '35 miles, and stay in line' - but the Jaguar and Thunderbird never read the sign.

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Ludenville was a real small town, had a hundred and two and nine acres of ground

Some stool pigeon but the sheriff wise told him: 'Park down in Ludenville and catch 'em guys'

Sheriff laid down, half hid in the weeds parked for eight days, didn't nobody speed

All of a sudden, dust rose on the road said: 'Here come the Jaguar and Thunderbird Ford'.

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Sheriff doubled clutched, sink and put it in third, took right after the Jaguar and Thunderbird

He knew he'd get a bonus and a big fat fine if he caught 'em 'fore they crossed that line

Sheriff never drove his car a hundred and flat but if he aimed to get 'em he'd have to do more than that

Crest of the hill, is about a mile behind there wasn't but two more miles to the county line.

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Old Sheriff was countin' on the downward grade with the tall wind pushin', he had it made

Thunderbird saw the Jaguar gainin' speed and waved: 'Goodbye, Jaguar' - and pulled in the lead

Jaguar said 'You ain't won the race ye' - and pulled back around the Bird like a sabre jet

Sheriff's front bumper was a yard behind when the T-Bird, Jaguar crossed the line.

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