

Checkered Flag

Brian Setzer

Your daddy says that I'm no good
He don't know what's under my hood
427 straight pipe exhaust
Lapping up hi-test, screw the cost

Earth Angel speed demon, out of our way
Bored out rocket blow 'em all away
Calloway cam I'm supercharged
Daddy can't catch us in his beat up-Dodge

Looking like the cover of a hot rod mag
Baby's wrapped up in a checkered flag
All souped up and ready to drag
My baby's wrapped up in a checkered flag
Can't be humble, gotta have the rumble
Can't be humble, gotta have the rumble
Can't be humble, gotta have the rumble
Can't be humble, gotta have the rumble

Ten red lights, only stopped at five
Bury the needle I'm in over-drive
Dropped it on down to manual mode
White line fever, King of the Road

Hot rod momma gotta take the wheel
Eyes are getting bleary - it's part of the deal
Check the rear view - put the pedal down
I'm blasting out of this one-horse town
Looking like the cover of a hot rod mag
My baby's wrapped up in a checkered flag
No need to sweat it she's in the bag

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Your brother got a Mustang
Thinks he's tough 4th gear Leave him in the dust
8 barrels pumping in harmony
Peel out, burn rubber, street symphony

Posi-traction on all the curves
No slip, no slide, no need to swerve
Full tank, top down, by my side
Rockabilly dream is coming alive

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