

Stand On It

Bruce Springsteen

Well Jimmy Lee was hookin' 'round the far turn of a funky southern Florida dirt track
He had mud caked on his goggles and a screamin' 350 stacked up on his back
Well as he passed the stands he was feelin' all tuckered out,
When through the roar of his engine he heard somebody shout
"Stand on it, come on boy, stand on it"

Mary Beth started to drift, she hit the shift but she just couldn't get a hand on it
Racin' some Red Hill boys, she had the deed to the ranch and a grand on it
With eight grand blowin' hot on the red line
She blew past a hitchhiker out on Route 39
He hollered "Stand on it, go 'head baby, stand on it"

Well now when in doubt and you can't figure it out
Just stand on it
Well, if your mind's confused, you don't know what you're gonna do
Well buddy, stand on it
Well if you've lost control of the situation at hand
Go grab a girl