Racing in the Street

Charlie Robison

I got a sixty-nine Chevy with a 396
Fuelie heads and a Hurst on the floor
She's waiting tonight down in the parking lot
Outside the 7-11 store
Well, me and my partner Sonny built her straight out of scratch
And he rides with me from town to town
We only run for the money, got no strings attached
We shut 'em up and then we shut 'em down

Tonight, tonight, the strip's just right
I wanna blow 'em off in my first heat
Summer's here and the time is right
For racin' in the street

We take all the action we can meet
And we cover all the northwest state
When the strip shuts down, we run 'em in the street
From the fire roads to the interstate
Some guys, they just give up living
And start dying little by little, piece by piece
Some guys come home from work and wash up
And go racin' in the street

Tonight, tonight, the strip's just right
I wanna blow 'em all out of their seats
Calling out around the world, we're going racin' in the street

Well, I met her on the strip three years ago
In a Camaro with this dude from LA
I blew that Camaro off my back and drove that little girl away
But now there's wrinkles round my baby's eyes
And she cries herself to sleep at night
When I come home, the house is dark
She sighs, "Baby, did you make it all right"
She sits on the porch of her daddy's house
But all her pretty dreams are torn
Well, she stares off alone into the night
With the eyes of one who hates for just being born
For all the shut down strangers and hot rod angels
Rumbling through this promised land
Tonight, my baby and me, we're gonna ride to the sea
And wash these sins off of our hands

Tonight, tonight, the highway's bright
Out of our way, mister, you best keep
'Cause summer's here and the time is right
For racin' in the street

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