

## Left Y'all in the Dust

Colt Ford

Gentlemen, start your engines

[?] rubber, turnin' my fast car  
Racin' to the Sprint Cup 'cause I'm NASCAR  
Call me Robby, Jeff, or Dale Earnhardt  
Gentlemen, start your engines, it's NASCAR  
Number one, I'll never be the last car  
Finish line's all mine 'cause I'm NASCAR  
Sorry, it's time to go party  
Left y'all in the dust

Sprint Cup from Daytona to Talladega  
Colt Ford gear shiftin' at the [?] speedway  
You can call me Jimmie Johnson, board leader all day  
Got the Chevy [?] car without keys  
Five hundred laps to go, and the track is all me  
Too many sponsors on my car from Kellogg's to Kraft Cheese  
That's me walkin' in [?]  
My game plan is simple, son I came to win  
Just give me a Budweiser, this one for Rough Rider  
[?] passing signal just like [?]  
Chase to Bank America, my gas tank full now  
See the checker flag drop, I'm feelin' good now  
Foot to the pedal, asphalt touchin' rubber  
Used to watch Richard Petty growin' up, I learned from it  
My pit crew sick too, it's like Amazing Grace  
I say a prayer 'fore the helmet touch my face

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I wanna go fast, it's either first or last  
So we can bang and trade paint if you're trying to pass  
I feel the need for speed, guess I was born to do it  
It's a crash [?], pick a line and drive through it  
My fuel's gettin' low, but I got to go  
This is NASCAR baby, ain't no time for slow  
If you wanna come get it, we could walk the ground  
But I'm here for one thing, and that's the finish line  
Runnin' side by side with smoke and Kurt Busch  
[?] comin' fast, can't stop, I gotta push  
Casey Mears and Mark Martin in the outside groove  
Kasey Kahne goin' low, but they all too slow  
Old [?] got the lead with twenty laps to go  
See ya all at victory lane where they pop the champagne  
Dodge and Toyota, even Chevy and Ford  
I love 'em all, baby doll, when the pedal's to the floor

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Hey, Colt  
You look pretty good out there, buddy  
I'm comin', baby  
I know you wanna win  
I came to win  
You got to slow down  
You're all over the track  
Don't crash that car  
You'll be in trouble if you crash that car  
Don't worry about it son, I got it  
How far back are they?  
I don't know, just slow down  
I can't slow down baby, this is NASCAR  
I'll see y'all at the finish line