

And The Crowd Goes Wild

Mark Wills

Oh, come on, here it goes

He was an underdog, a no threat
A NASCAR jockey, a rookie, a wannabe
Still wet behind the ears, a red-line revver
Just a-jammin' his gears, there are those that are
An' those that ain't the quickest get stickers
He was nothin' but paint, chartreuse paint

Big race, now we cut to the last ten laps
Here comes Junior, sneakin' up
From the back of the pack with fire in his eyes
Wavin' out the window as he passes 'em by
The tension mounts now he's number two
All out of rubber an' runnin' on fumes
It's door to door, outta turn four
He sees those chequers an' he hears that roar

An' the crowd goes wild
An' the crowd goes wild
You're shinin' like a superstar, baby
An' the crowd goes wild

He played the honky-tonks, the roadside bars
A real humdinger, a blue-eyed singer
With a red guitar around his neck payin'
Payin' them dues by starvin' to death
But he told his Momma every time he came back
"One of these days I'm gonna buy you
A big long Cadillac an' get you outta this shack"

Then he hit the road, frontin' the band
Six long hairs bobbin' up an' down
In a Chevy van, all beat up
He did a lotta givin' but he never gave up
Then one night, he wrote a song
Made a little record; started catchin' on
Now it's coliseums, he's all the rage
The lights go down when he hits the stage

An' the crowd goes wild
An' the crowd goes wild
You're shinin' like a superstar, baby
An' the crowd goes wild
(You're shinin' like a superstar)

An' the crowd goes wild
An' the crowd goes wild
You're shinin' like a superstar, baby
An' the crowd goes wild
(You're shinin' like a superstar)

An' the crowd goes wild
(You're shinin' like a superstar, baby)
An' the crowd goes wild
(You're shinin' like a superstar)

You're shinin' like a superstar, baby
(An' the crowd goes wild)
You're shinin' like a superstar
You're shinin' like a superstar, baby
You're shinin' like a superstar