

Flathead One More Time

Ry Cooder

Three o'clock, this morning, I woke up in a dream.
Thought I heard a flathead motor roar, I thought I smelled gaso
line.
A feeling came upon me, that I ain't had in years.
Something like a hot dry wind, whistling past my ears.
Saying "time, time, time is all you got".
There's a memory that's still burning, way down in my mind.
And that's why, I'm going out and trying, a flathead one more t
ime.

I ain't seen my racing buddies in thirty years, or more.
One by one I lost them, out on the dry leaf floor.
We learnt to push those flathead cars as hard as they could go.
Just like old Whiskey Bob, down on Thunder Road.
I hear their voices calling, just accross the finish line.
And that's why, I'm going out and trying, a flathead one more t
ime.

I'll get back to you baby, don't you have no fear.
'Cos I been there, and I wrecked that, and baby I'm still here.
But I can't take you with me, when I cross the finish line.
And that's why, I'm going out and trying, a flathead, one, more
, time.

Time, time, time is all you got.