

## That's Racin'

The Association

I was born with a silver wheel in my mouth  
And when I got old enough I drove it south  
Down to the dirt tracks to get a start  
I didn't know a lot about racin'

But I talked the part; and they said put your wheels where your  
mouth is, boy

So I moved right on up to a 50 dollar car  
With a few thousand more, I knew I'd be a star  
With a hocked up, propped up, clunky wreck  
I knew it wasn't much, but it was racin'

And I said "Daytona, you're next"

Well, I ate dust and bad food, and drank from a jar  
When things got bad I even slept in that car  
With a dirt pan, dirty nails and grease in my hair  
I knew it wasn't much, but it was racin'

But I didn't know where; and I still don't

I've been a pit man, a flag man, a gas man, a tow man  
Many a man just to run a car  
I hadn't had a run o-luck to get me far  
I know it ain't much, but it's racin'

Someday I'm gonna be a star

I could sing a long song about me and that sport  
But I got me a ride so I'll cut it short  
Just don't call me crazy 'til you've tried it out  
Dirts of Daytona, it's racin'

That's what it's all about  
Alright boys, let's roll it on out  
Oh, that's a pretty machine  
I think I'd even steal for that car