

# Jan & Dean, Dead Man's Curve

I was cruisin' in my Stingray late one night  
When an XKE pulled up on the right  
And rolled down the window of his shiny new Jag  
And challenged me then and there to a drag  
I said, "You're on, buddy, my mill's runnin' fine  
Let's come off the line now, at Sunset and Vine  
But I'll throw you one better if you've got the nerve  
Let's race all the way  
To Dead Man's Curve"

Dead Man's Curve, it's no place to play  
Dead Man's Curve, you best keep away  
Dead Man's Curve, I can hear 'em say  
Won't come back from Dead Man's Curve

The street was deserted late Friday night  
We were buggin' each other while we sat out the light  
We both popped the clutch when the light turned green  
You should of heard the whine from my screamin' machine  
I flew past LaBrea, Schwab's, and Crescent Heights  
And all the Jag could see were my six tail lights  
He passed me at Doheny then I started to swerve  
But I pulled her out and there we were  
At Dead Man's Curve

Dead Man's Curve, it's no place to play  
Dead Man's Curve

Well, the last thing I remember, Doc, I started to swerve  
And then I saw the Jag slide into the curve  
I know I'll never forget that horrible sight  
I guess I found out for myself that everyone was right  
Won't come back from Dead Man's Curve

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