

# Roger Tylor, Racing In The Streets

I got a 69 Chevy with a 396  
Fuellie heads and a Hurst on the floor  
She's waiting tonight down in the parking lot  
Outside the seven eleven store  
Me and my partner Sonny built her straight out of scratch  
And he rides with me from town to town  
We only run for the money got no strings attached  
We set 'em up and then we shut 'em down  
Tonight tonight the strips just right  
I wanna blow 'em off in my first heat  
Summers here and the time is right  
For racing in the street  
We take all the action we can meet  
And we cover all the north-east states  
And when the strip shuts down we run 'em in the street  
From the fire-roads to the inter-state  
Now some guys they go racin' in the street  
Tonight tonight the strips just right  
I wanna blow 'em all outta their seats  
We're calling out around the world  
We're going racing in the street  
I met her on the strip three years ago  
In a Camaro with this dude from L.A.  
I blew that Camaro off my back  
And drove that little girl away  
But now there's wrinkles round my baby's eyes  
And she cries herself to sleep at night  
When I come home the house is dark  
She sighs 'baby did you make it alright'  
She sits on the porch of her daddy's house  
But all her pretty dreams are torn  
She stares off alone into the night  
With the eyes of one who hates for just bein' born  
For all the shut-down strangers and hot-rod angels  
Rumblin' through this promised land  
Tonight my baby and me we're gonna ride to the sea  
And wash these sins off our hands  
Tonight tonight the highways bright  
Out of our way mister you best keep  
Summers here and the time is right  
For racing in the street  
Tonight tonight the strips just right  
I wanna blow 'em all outta their seats  
'Cos summers here and the time is right  
For racing in the street