

# The Brian Setzer Orchestra, Switchblade 327

written by B. Setzer

Switchblade 327

Lit cigarette in his hand  
Steel-toed boots on the accelerator  
Oil leakin' outta the pan

Switchblade, three two-barrels  
Gettin' there as fast as he can  
All juiced up like a hot carburetor  
Spittin' gas onto the fan

Blacktop burnout, Saturday night  
Try to catch him if you can

Switchblade 327

Switchblade, seven come eleven  
Switchblade, he's all right  
When he gets drunk he fights all night

Switchblade 327

Pullin' way ahead of the pack  
Chop top deuce, Saturday night  
Flames shootin' outta the back

Switchblade, don't cut him off  
He won't cut you no slack  
He'll cut you to ribbons if you come to town  
He'll carve his name in your back

Blacktop burnout, Saturday night  
Try to catch him if you can

Switchblade 327

Switchblade, seven come eleven  
Switchblade, he's all right  
When he gets drunk he fights all night

Switchblade 327

Someone was calling his name  
All he could hear was his engine  
And the sound of the pouring down rain

Switchblade 327

Ran 125 down the lane  
But someone had cut both his fuel lines  
And the '32 burst into flames

Blacktop burnout, Saturday night  
Try to catch him if you can

Switchblade 327

Switchblade, seven come eleven  
Switchblade, he's all right  
When he gets drunk he fights all night (repeat)