

# Adam Brand, Number 34

Little brother in the backyard revin' up the engine  
Tuning up for Saturday night  
He'll be a dirt track mogul  
Racing round the oval  
Passing everything in sight  
But come Sunday morning we'll all pile in  
And head down the road to church  
Mamma in the back hangin on for dear life  
Cursing brother on every curve

Number 34 painted on the doors  
Flames on the fenders, STP stickers  
A Hurst shifter four on the floor  
The preacher shuts his eyes, starts preying hard  
When brother cuts a donut in the church house yard  
The congregation roars for number 34

When brother was a baby  
We knew he'd be a racer  
He loved the smell of gasoline  
He could say Max Dumsney  
Before Dad and Mummy  
He could even say Valvoline  
He took the family car to the demolition derby  
When he was just fifteen  
He said don't worry mamma I'll fix it up good  
Now we've got a mean machine

With number 34 painted on the doors  
Flames on the fenders, STP stickers  
A Hurst shifter four on the floor  
Even mamma now and then gets behind the wheel  
And pops second gear and makes the rubber peel  
A hot mamma for sure at number 34

The preacher shuts his eyes, Starts preying hard  
When brother cuts a doughy in the church house yard  
The congregation roars for number 34  
A hot mamma for sure is number 34