

Blink-182, Dead Man's Curve

The *exact* lyrics (100%) are:

I was cruisin' in my Stingray late one night,
when an XKE pulled up on the right.
He 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 pop off the line now, at Sunset and Vine.
But I'll pull you one better if you've got the nerve,
let's race all the way...to Dead Man's Curve."

Dead Man's Curve (that's no place to play)
Dead Man's Curve (you must 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 at the light.
We both popped the clutch when the light turned green.
You should'a heard the whine from my screamin' machine.

I flew past LaBrea, Schwabs, and Crescent Heights,
and all the Jag could see were my six taillights.
He past me at Doheny then I started to swerve.
But I pulled her out and there we were at,

Dead Man's Curve (that'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
Dead Man's Curve (that's no place to play)
Dead Man's Curve (you must keep away)
Dead Man's Curve (I can hear 'em say)
Won't come back from Dead Man's Curve
(repeat to fadeout)