

Brian Setzer, Switchblade 327

(B. Setzer, 1998)

Switchblade 327

Lit cigarette in his hand

Steel-toed boots on the accelerator

Oil leakin' outta the pan.

Switchblade, three 2-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 and catch him if you can

Switchblade 327

Switchblade, seven come eleven

Switchblade, he's all right

When he get's 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 out his name in your back

Blacktop burnout, Saturday night

Try and catch him if you can

Switchblade 327

Switchblade, seven come eleven

Switchblade, he's all right

When he get's 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 cut both his fuel lines

And the '32 burst into flames

Blacktop burnout, Saturday night

Try and catch him if you can

Switchblade 327

Switchblade, seven come eleven

Switchblade, he's all right

When he get's drunk he fights all night