

# Charlie Daniels Band, Stroker's Theme

Stroker Ace was born to race.  
He had a mean streak ten feet wide.  
A son of a gun with a taste for fun and  
more than his share of pride.  
Take a dirt road curve with the devil's  
nerve and make a car dance across the mud.  
Hauling shine was his regular line 'til the  
track got in his blood.

Was a real hot shot and he bragged a lot but,  
man that fool could drive. 'Cause he loved the  
feel of the steering wheel and the girls with the  
bed-room eyes. And in a racing tide or a bar  
room fight old Stroker stole the show. A back  
stretch blazer, a real hell raiser and a race  
track Romeo.

Mama lock your daughters up  
that wild bunch is back in town  
And them little girls get frisky  
when they hear that racecar sound  
They're bringin out the yellow flag,  
somebody's brakes have failed  
There's an oilslick on the inside  
and a wreck along the rail  
You better stand on it, Stroker,  
cause a bandit's on your tail.

It's a downright joy for a country boy  
When he hears them engines moan  
But you gotta hang tough and it gets real rough  
When you're out there on your own  
Cause they'll push you around, they'll knock you down  
They'll shove ya up against the wall  
And you always know when an engine blows  
And a man can't win 'em all  
You could push that car  
just a little too far any Sunday afternoon  
And if you break your neck  
in some d---- fool's wreck they'll forget about you soon  
But old Stroker Ace was born to race  
and it's worth all the trying  
Just to drink champagne in the Victory Lane  
and to hear that concrete whine

Stroker get your dander up  
this ain't no time to lag  
You've got to make a lap up  
if you want to take that checkered flag  
Number ten is closin' in to even up the score  
It's time to wave bye-bye and put the pedal on the floor  
You better stand on it Stroker  
cause you're blowin' off their doors.

Blow their doors off, Stroker. Stand on it, Son. Ah, you good lookin' devil, you.