

# Jewel, Race Car Driver

Come on baby, let's get in the car  
I'm gonna take you real, real far  
I'm gonna paint your mamma's face on the door  
You ain't gonna see her anymore

Cuz I'm gonna be your race car driver  
Your race car driver

They gonna paint a red flame, firebird on front  
I will be Evel Kenevil, you can double my stunts  
This ain't no Malibu Barbie Corvette  
This is a real 350 V-8, fuel-injected engine from a private liner jet

And I'm gonna be your race car driver  
Your race car driver

Come on baby, let's get on the road  
Let's get on track  
And I will grab the wheel like it was your hair I was pulling back  
I'm gonna straddle the line  
Swear to God it's gonna take you real far  
I'm just a real small man in a real big car

And I'm gonna be your race car driver

Got studded tires, excuse me if I'm blunt  
I've got ribbed rims for her pleasure up front  
Got fuzzy dice with a secret door  
Full of flavored serums, breath fresheners and more

And I'm gonna be your race car driver  
Your race car driver

Anybody ever tell you you look smashing by the dashboard light  
Come on baby gonna make you feel alright  
We'll take you at high warp speed  
It's better than watching Star Trek after you smoked weed

And I'm gonna be your race car driver  
Your race car driver

Come on baby, let's get on the road  
Let's get on track  
And I will grab the wheel like it was your hair I was pulling back  
I'm gonna straddle the line  
Swear to God it's gonna take you real far  
I'm just a real small man in a real big car

And I'm gonna be your race car driver

So come on baby tell me what's your answer, you gonna cross the line  
Ah, quit your sniveling, it's no or yes this time  
What you're hungry? We'll stop by Mickey D's for a happy meal  
Eat a regular hot dog or fantasco on wheels

And I'm gonna be your race car driver  
Your race car driver

I can see that you're not impressed  
By the way that you are fully dressed  
Looks like I'll have to pull out all the stops  
I'm a sensitive man of the 90's, sweetheart, who cares for your  
emotional being an awful lot

And I'm gonna be your race car driver  
Your race car driver

Come on baby, let's get on the road  
Let's get on track  
And I will grab the wheel like it was your hair I was pulling back  
And I will straddle the line  
Swear to God it's gonna take you real far  
I'm just a real small man in a real big car

And I'm gonna be your race car driver  
Yes, I'm gonna be your race car driver