

Jim Croce, Rapid Roy (The Stock Car Boy)

Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy
He too much too believe
You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes
Rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve
He got a tattoo on his arm that say "baby";
He got another one that just say "hey";
But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
In a '57 Chevrolet

Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy
He's the best driver in the land
He say that he learned to race a stock car
By runnin' shine outta Alabam'
Oh the demolition derby
And the figure eight
Is easy money in the bank
Compared to runnin' from the man
In Oklahoma City
With a 500 gallon tank

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Yeah, Roy's so cool, that racin fool
He don't know what fear's about.
He do a hundred thirty mile an hour, smilin at the camera
With a tooth pick in his mouth.
He got a girl back home, name of Dixie Dawn
But he got honeys all along the way
And you oughta hear 'em screamin for that dirt track demon
in a '57 Chevrolet.

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