Roger Taylor, Racing In The Street

(Bruce Springsteen, arranged by Roger Taylor)

I got a 69 Chevy with a 396 Fuellie heads and a Hurst on the floor She's waiting tonight down in the parking lot Outside the seven eleven store Me and my partner Sonny built her straight out of scratch And he rides with me from town to town We only run for the money got no strings attached We set 'em up and then we shut 'em down Tonight tonight the strips just right I wanna blow 'em off in my first heat Summer's here and the time is right For racing in the street We take all the action we can meet And we cover all the north east states When the strip shuts down we run 'em in the street From the fire roads to the interstate Now some guys they just give up livin' And start dyin' little by little piece by piece Some guys come home from work and wash up And go racing in the street Tonight tonight the strips just right I wanna blow 'em all out of their seats Callin' out around the world We're goin' racing in the street

I met her on the strip three years ago In a Camero with this dude from L.A. I blew that Camero off my back And drove that little girl away But now there's wrinkles round my baby's eyes And she cries herself to sleep at night When I come home the house is dark She sighs 'baby did you make it alright?' She sits on the porch of her daddy's house But all her pretty dreams are torn She stares off alone into the night With the eyes of one who hates for just bein' born For all the shut-down strangers and hot-rod angels Rumblin' through this promised land Tonight my baby and me we're gonna ride to the sea And wash these sins off our hands Tonight tonight the highway's bright Out of our way mister you best keep Summer's here and the time is right For racing in the street

Tonight tonight the strip's just right
I'm gonna blow 'em all outa their seats
'Cos summer's here and the time is right
For racing in the street
In the street - in the street - in the street