

Two-Lane Blacktop

Rob Zombie

We've been goin', I've never been at ease
I met a gypsy girl and took her on the track
The kinda girl walk
The driver don't talk
20 bucks between them just to keep them alive

Drivin'
Drivin'
Drivin'
Blacktop rollin'

Were goin', goin' to Amarillo
A zero to a sixty, in a 7.5
A model and a bagel steels California
A glass of a beer, a shot of rye

Come on!
Drivin'
Come on!
Drivin'
Come on!
Drivin'
Come on!
Drivin'
Come on!
Drivin'
Come on!
Drivin'
Blacktop rollin'

Come on baby, I ain't crazy
Come on baby, pick me up, pick me up!
Come on baby, do me baby
Come on baby, hook it up, hook it up!

Come on!
Come on!
Come on!
Come on!
Drivin'
Come on!
Drivin'
Come on!
Drivin'
Blacktop rollin'

Where ya goin', an airport road
A clean machine, a real home grown
Baracuda, '68
Nothing there, she can wait

Come on!
Drivin'
Come on!
Drivin'
Come on!
Drivin'

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