

# Rapid Roy (That Stock Car Boy)

Words & Music:  
Jim Croce

CHORUS:

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

*[same chords as Chorus]*

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.

CHORUS:

Yeah, Roy 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 toothpick 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.

CHORUS: