

# The W's, Frank

Frank was a contractor  
Who got up every morning  
Skinn'n cats and fix'n cars  
His day was far from boring

Souped up Ford, V-8 289  
Runnin down those punks  
Was always on his mind

Frank was a contractor  
Is he after you?  
Frank was a contractor  
Is he after you?

Ford was wired for nitro  
Canister sat in the back  
Ten inch slicks, ratchet shift  
smoke, rubber laid in his tracks

Frank didn't like us  
Just wanted to have some fun  
So we played our music  
And he put us on the run

Frank was a contractor  
Is he after you?  
Frank was a contractor  
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Frank started the beast  
Smoke spewed from the trunk  
Oil sprayed from the hood  
That can of the nitro junk

The car swelled then exploded  
Flying across the street  
Frank slowly stepped out  
Staggering to his feet

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Is he after you?  
Frank was a contractor  
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So our story ends  
With the phycho contractor guy  
The moral of the story is  
&quot;If Frank's around, turn the music down  
Or you better learn how to run fast&quot;;

Frank was a contractor  
Is he after you?