

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
Is he after you?

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

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

So our story ends
With the phycho contractor guy
The moral of the story is
"If Frank's around, turn the music down
Or you better learn how to run fast"

Frank was a contractor
Is he after you?