

# Bruce Springsteen, Stand On It

Well Jimmy Lee was hookin' 'round the far turn of a funky southern Florida dirt track  
He had mud caked on his goggles and a screamin' 350 stacked up on his back  
Well as he passed the stands he was feelin' all tuckered out,  
When through the roar of his engine he heard somebody shout  
Stand on it, come on boy, stand on it

Mary Beth started to drift, she hit the shift but she just couldn't get a hand on it  
Racin' some Red Hill boys, she had the deed to the ranch and a grand on it  
With eight grand blowin' hot on the red line  
She blew past a hitchhiker out on Route 39  
He hollered Stand on it, go 'head baby, stand on it

Well now when in doubt and you can't figure it out  
Just stand on it  
Well, if your mind's confused, you don't know what you're gonna do  
Well buddy, stand on it  
Well if you've lost control of the situation at hand  
Go grab a girl; go see a rock and roll band  
And stand on it  
Come on man, stand on it

Well now Columbus he discovered America even though he hadn't planned on it  
He got lost and woke up one morning when he's about to land on it  
He wouldn't of got out of Italy, man that's for sure,  
Without Queen Isabella standing on the shore  
Shouting Stand on it, go ahead man, stand on it

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Bobby was leadin' the pack, he settled back and he got ready for the long haul  
Well fifty yards from the finish line somebody roared up and they blew him into the wall  
Well he rolled over twice, lucky to survive  
Layin' in the back of the ambulance more dead than alive  
Somebody shouted Man, you call that drivin'?  
Why didn't you stand on it?