

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON (THE NASCAR SONG)

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2005

The midwife cried out it's a boy, it's a boy
As a next generation racer was born
His mother said he looked like his father some
As she rocked him on that beastly hot summer morn
Growin' up he'd watch his daddy race stock cars
On those red Carolina clay tracks
His dad ran 100-proof out of Wilkesboro
Earnin' just enough to put clothes on their backs
Now Junior'd be raised in the shadow his father'd cast
Pigheaded like his dad and always talkin' trash; livin' life hard and fast
That kid had a lust, an all-consuming need
It was checkered flag or bust; that was his creed
Like Father, Like Son; he was hell bent for leather and could trade paint with the best of 'em;
Like Father, Like Son; Like Father, Like Son

They'd shoot the breeze for hours about engine torque
And modifyin' flat Ford V-8's
Everything in that garage was hand custom built
There was a lot ridin' on it all, and sponsor money at stake
His dad made the cut at Daytona
But he qualified by the skin of his teeth
While Junior lapped the field and broke all them records
His younger brother scratched his head in sheer disbelief
For Junior it'd been some kinda grand banner year
With the next 500 miles bein' the final frontier, only fate could interfere
His pit crew rolled him out in his black and tan Catalina
He was new to Daytona, no stranger to the arena
Like Father Like Son, signin' autographs for the fans, he ain't forgot where he came from;
Like Father Like Son, Like Father Like Son

Now the traffic crawled along all the state roads and I-65
Security checked bags as the crowds arrived
In the sky single engine planes trailed advertising banners
Hospitality suites served artichoke dip and crab cake platters

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM ANNOUNCER

Ladies & Gentlemen welcome to Daytona International Speedway
The home of the Daytona 500. Gentleman, start your engines; let's go racing!

The green flag had dropped in a halo of blue smoke
Junior led the field; but knew his father was goin' for broke
The old man gave 'em everything he left it all out on the track
But he was spinnin' his wheels today in hopin' for a comeback
Then Junior changed gears and made a fateful decision
To let his father take the lead; and then he'd protect his position
His spotter on the roof yelled out, "watch out for number six!"
He was 'drafin' to hitch a ride, up to his old dirty tricks
Junior managed to block every move of this hotshot cowboy
But this kid was no pushover and his Camaro no toy
They saw the white flag wavin' to signal the final lap
Then that young gun rammed him hard; and you heard somethin' crack
All you saw was this cartwheelin' race car turned fireball
He might've survived the burns, but he spun out into a wall
Now his father won the race, not aware of what it cost
There'd be no Victory Lane party, once he realized what he'd lost
The firemen pried the door open just as he'd arrived
When he pulled him from that wreck he was barely alive
Now don't you whisper a word my son, daddy knows darn well what you done; it's taken these years for me to hold you this near;
Don't you go and spoil it all and leave me, you hear; hush don't you even try and talk
But Junior slipped away as he rocked him back and forth

Now as tragic as life can be, you get through 'cause you have to
But layin' Junior to rest was the hardest thing he'd ever had to do

For some the mourning period lasts 'til the very next race
Why already Junior's Kid brother's been talkin' 'bout drivin' in his place

Like Father, Like Son; a chip off the old block another Nascar top gun, Like Father, Like Son; Like Father, Like Son