

PCA Songs 01G (Genl Use)

By Joe Holzer with apologies to Willie Nelson & Whomever

Momma...

Reprise

Momma, don't let your babies grow up to drive Porsches
Don't let 'em yank shifters and smoke that old clutch
Make 'em drive slush-boxed old Pintos and such
Momma, don't let your babies grow up to drive Porsches
They'll never go slow and they'll spend all their dough
On driving suits, brake pads and gloves.

Porsche Club people think speed limits are just a joke
Made for cars driven by all the rest of the folks
Them that don't know 'em won't like 'em,
but won't never take 'em
They may have more power, but for 24 hours
They'll simply not ever out-brake 'em.

Reprise

Porsche Club people like air-cooled engines behind 'em
Sure, some got that green stuff, and No;
we really don't mind 'em
Some think that 356 was the Best Lady Luck
For most 911 is nearest to heaven,
While other folks just drive a truck.

Reprise Twice

On the Track Again...

On the Track Again, I just can't wait to get
On the Track Again

The time I love is makin' brake dust with my friends
I can't wait to get On the Track Again

On the Track Again, like a band of crazies
We go down the front straight
But then in the end, the one who's fastest is the one
Who always brakes late, and drifts great

On the Track Again, I just can't wait to get
On the Track Again
The time I love is makin' squeelin' with my friends
An' I can't wait to get On the Track Again

Good Hearted Woman...

She's a good hearted woman in love with
a Porsche-Cleanin' Man
She loves him in spite of his concour'd overhead cams
Q-Tips and towels from motels don't stop her masochist
They'll sure be disgraced to take only third place
Their judge is a proctologist

In the Twilight...

In the twilight lo I see it
Parked twixt the perfect Porsche cars
Parade can be brutal on the psyche
For those whose steeds are covered with mars

Someday, though, the weather will dampen
Hermetically sealed will be their abode
I'll still be out enjoyin' my Porsche
Impressin' everyone else out on the road.

The Silver Bullet (...Always On My Mind)

Maybe I didn't wash you quite as often as I should have
Maybe I never bought you those expensive parts
I could have
Trailer Queen you never were to me; Daily Driver
Was your grind
But you were always on my mind, you were always
On my mind

Leaving oil at every venue, corner workers were so kind
When it got to be ridiculous, I just diapered your behind
PCA'ers called you Club Car, everybody got their ride
And you were always on my mind, you were always
On my mind

You then carried Baby Jessie home on her first day. Mom
was pissed off, we did "wowwies" all the way
Eighteen more years getting door dings with the groceries
All the time
But you soon taught Jess the line,
Yes, you soon taught her the line

But you'd got a younger sibling, fast and easier to drive
You became the stand-by Porsche, wondering if
You would survive
Relegated now to Jessie, still you took it all in stride
You were both there in my mind,
you were both there in my mind

Now your powertrain's been changed out
And you really now can wind
Your cosmetics even worse now, the disuse
Has not been kind
But you'll be treated well by Jessie, cause I know
That you will find
You've been also on her mind, yes you're right there
in her mind

Repeat last line

Porsche...
Porsche..., Porsche...
No place I find, is another autos name treated
So unkind

I say Porsche..., Porsche...
You're just a car. But you don't find Mike the Schu
Drivin' a Ferrar

Other cars are idolized,
shouted out as though announced
So why do they Lionize,
Yet they mispronounce?

Porsche..., Porsche...
The car for me
Sounds as sweet and clear as sunshine
Finished with an "E"