LITTLE DEUCE COUPE

Music by BRIAN WILSON
Words by ROGER CHRISTIAN

Medium Rock beat
Tacet

Well, I'm not braggin', babe, so don't put me down,
but little deuce coupe with a flat-head mill, but she'll

I've got the fastest set of wheels in town,
When something pulls up to me, it
walk a Thunderbird like it's stand-in' still.
She's ported and relieved, and she's

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don't e - ven try. And if it had a set of wings, man, I know I could fly, she's my stroked and she's bored. She'll do a hun-dred and for-ty with the top end floored, she's my

lit - tle deuce coupe you don't know what I got. lit - tle deuce coupe you don't know what I got.

Just a She's got a com-pe-ti-tion clutch, with

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four on the floor—yeah, she purrs like a kitten till the lake pipes roar, and
if that ain't enough to make you flip your wig, there's one more thing, I've got the
pink slip, daddy! And comin' off the line, when the lights turn green, she
blows 'em out-ta the water like you've never seen. I get pushed out of shape, and it's hard to steer, when I get rubber in all four gears. She's my little deuce coupe, you don't know what I've got! She's got a