

Songs of the Open Road An MG Songbook

Author's Note: This isn't a short story. It's a series of new lyrics to old songs. Sometimes it's fun to sing songs like these at car club meetings. Enjoy!

My eBay MG

(To the tune of "My Little Deuce Coupe")

Well I ain't bragging and I ain't lying yet
But I've got the sweetest little B on the net
Got a '63 title and an 80 chassis
And a 10-year old top came from J.C. Whitney
She's my eBay MG
You don't know what I got.

Just a little MG with an overdrive tran
And a buy it now price of a measly 10 grand
Or you can drive up the bidding while you kindle you lust
For this little MG that's a bucket of rust
She's my eBay MG
You don't know what I've got

She's got a self-oiling clutch and a bondoed-in door
But the pictures don't show it so she's worth even more
And if that ain't enough to make you raise your bid
There's one more thing, I got the smog pump daddy

And comin' off the line when the light turns green
Well she blows out blue smoke like you've never seen
I get twisted out of shape and it's hard to steer
When I'm using both hands to hold her into third gear
She's my eBay MG
You don't know what I've got

My eBay MG
You don't know what I've got

The Scourge of Lucas

(To the tune of "The Sounds of Silence")

Hello darkness my old friend
I've come to sit in you again
Because a wire softly loosening
Left its place while I was cruising
And my vision, that was guided by its light
Gave way to night
Thanks to the Scourge of Lucas

So many nights I've worked 'til dawn
Trying to find out what went wrong
'Neath the halo of a street lamp
I've jiggled wires 'til my fingers cramp
And my arms are scarred from the bright sparks that split the air
And singed my hair
Thanks to the Scourge of Lucas

And in the sparking light I saw
10,000 MG's maybe more.
Engines cranking without starting
Switches clicking without switching
People starting drives that ended in a tow
And dreams laid low
Thanks to the Scourge of Lucas.

Fools say I do not know
How to fix a dynamo
Under the dash I can't quite reach you
Despite my cursing that I'll teach you
But my words, like burned-out lightbulbs fell
into the hell
Of Lucas

And the experts bowed and prayed
To the manuals that they'd made
And the manuals gave dire warning
About the hazards of most everything
But the words of those prophets gave not one single clue
What I could do
To end the Scourge of Lucas

Me and My Twin-Cam MG

(To the tune of "Me and Bobby McGee")

Broken down in Baton Rouge, waiting for a tow
And I's feeling bout as low as I could be
Burned another piston, I heard the damn thing go
Swore I'd spent my last thin dime on that MG

I pulled out my checkbook from beneath the tonneau cover
I was writing checks to give the driver his due
Tow truck winches whining low, it was then my right rear wheel let go
We said every curse that driver knew.

Twin-cam's just another word for nothing left to lose
Nothing, I ain't got nothing honey and it ain't free, now now.
But feeling good was easy, Lord, when she ran for me,
You know running good was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my twin-cam MG.

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun,
Hey that twin-cam probed the limits of my soul.
Through all kinds or weather, despite everything she done,
The good times showed she had a heart of gold.

One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,
I sold her to some guy and I hope he's happy,
But I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday
Just to drive that twin-cam one more time again.

Freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose,
Nothing, now the twin-cam's gone from me, yeah
But feeling good was easy, Lord, when she ran for me,
You know running good was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my twin-cam MG.

"La la la" ad nauseum, with an occasional "Na Na," "Lordy Lordy," or "twin-cam MG" thrown in.

Lord, I'm calling my twin-cam, calling my ride, I said I'm calling my twin-cam, I'll drive
her with pride,
C'mon, where is my twin-cam, where is my twin-cam MG, yeah,
Lordy lordy lordy lordy lordy lordy lord
Hey, hey, hey, twin-cam MG, lord!

King of the Cones

(To the tune of "King of the Road")

Trailer with fender dent
Rims that ain't too badly bent.
I'll take what I can get
To prep my race Midget.
I use old pistons I have found
And I got my cam reground.
I'm an autocrossing fo•ol
King of the cones.

Used tires are just my type
Rollbar made of plumbing pipe.
No lights, bad paint you bet
Ain't got no fuel cell yet.
So I can't run SCCA,
but in club events I sure make hay.
I'm an autocrossing fo•ol
King of the cones.

I know every scrutineer, they're wise to my game
They know me by sight and they know me by name.
But I know the rule book I'll argue all day
Sooner or later they give in
And I get my way.

I soak,
Long johns in Epson salts
Looks like Nomex but it's got it's faults.
No Sprite, no Porsche, no Vette
Can catch my race Midget.
And those Spitfires just eat my dust
They hate losing to a pile of rust.
I'm an autocrossing fo•ol
King of the cones.

Tourin'

(To the tune of "Trukin'")

Tourin', in my old TC. Keep tourin', got the world to see.
Together, more or less in line, just keep tourin' on.

The Fall Tour the Spring Tour, Fourth of July and the Concourse
Chicago, New York, Detroit and they're all planning car tours.
Your typical club, great people great cars what a great scene
Check it out, or take to the road by yourself.

TC, was our first great dream; TD, what a cool machine;
TF, looks so good in cream, but just no trailer queens, oh no.

Some of the guys that you meet in the club speak of driving,
Most of the time they're waxing their car at home.
One of these days they know they better get goin'
Down the street, and out on the road all alone.

Tourin', like the TC man. once told me you've got to see the land
Sometimes the cars ain't worth a dime, if you don't drive 'em hard,

On good days the sun's all shinin' on me;
When it rains I can barely see.
Lately it occurs to me what a long, fun trip it's been.

What in the world ever became of Jimmers?
He sold his TD, you know he isn't the same
Drivin' those Vettes, Audis, Porsches and Bimmers
All a friend can say is ain't it a shame?

Tourin', up to Buffalo, been thinkin', the oil pressure's low
Good Lord! The pump's about to go, I can't keep tourin' on.

Sittin' and starin' at the wavering oil gauge
Got a hunch the relief valve is wearing thin.
I'd like to make it home without a breakdown
But with no lubrication, I guess I gotta pull in.

Busted, feelin' so hopeless. Broke down, my oil pump's a mess
Thank God, for overnight express, it gets me on the road again.

You're sick of hangin' around and you'd like to travel,

Songs of the Open Road

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You're scared of travelin' what if something goes wrong?
I guess some folks just ain't cut out for tourin'
Go sit in your driveway and dream of drivin' to town.

On good days the sun's all shinin' on me;
When it rains I can barely see.
Lately it occurs to me what a long, fun trip it's been

Tourin', I'm back on the road, whoa whoa baby, back where I belong,
Back home, sit down and patch my bones, and get back tourin' on.
Hey now get back tourin' on.