And The Crowd Goes Wild

Mark Wills

Oh, come on, here it goes

He was an underdog, a no threat A NASCAR jockey, a rookie, a wannabe Still wet behind the ears, a red-line revver Just a-jammin' his gears, there are those that are An' those that ain't the quickest get stickers He was nothin' but paint, chartreuse paint

Big race, now we cut to the last ten laps Here comes Junior, sneakin' up From the back of the pack with fire in his eyes Wavin' out the window as he passes 'em by The tension mounts now he's number two All out of rubber an' runnin' on fumes It's door to door, outta turn four He sees those chequers an' he hears that roar

An' the crowd goes wild An' the crowd goes wild You're shinin' like a superstar, baby An' the crowd goes wild

He played the honky-tonks, the roadside bars A real humdinger, a blue-eyed singer With a red guitar around his neck payin' Payin' them dues by starvin' to death But he told his Momma every time he came back "One of these days I'm gonna buy you A big long Cadillac an' get you outta this shack"

Then he hit the road, frontin' the band Six long hairs bobbin' up an' down In a Chevy van, all beat up He did a lotta givin' but he never gave up Then one night, he wrote a song Made a little record; started catchin' on Now it's coliseums, he's all the rage The lights go down when he hits the stage

An' the crowd goes wild An' the crowd goes wild You're shinin' like a superstar, baby An' the crowd goes wild (You're shinin' like a superstar)

An' the crowd goes wild
An' the crowd goes wild
You're shinin' like a superstar, baby
An' the crowd goes wild
(You're shinin' like a superstar)

An' the crowd goes wild
(You're shinin' like a superstar, baby)
An' the crowd goes wild
(You're shinin' like a superstar)

You're shinin' like a superstar, baby (An' the crowd goes wild) You're shinin' like a superstar You're shinin' like a superstar, baby You're shinin' like a superstar