455 Rocket

Francine Reed

Mr. smith had an Oldsmobile
Baby blue with wire wheels
Took her home the day that she was baptised
They said she leaked when it would rain
Sounded like an airplane
I knew she was a jewel in the sky

She had a 455 rocket
The biggest block alive
Couldn't hardly wait just to take my turn
She was made for the strait ways
She grew up hatin' Chevrolets
She's a rocket
She was made to burn

Well who's junk pile piece of shh-velle is this
Did you boys come here to race or just kiss
Hmmm don't you want to know what I got underneath my hood
I know she might sound like she's missin
But honey she could teach you a lesson
In just a quarter mile and I'll smoke you good

In my 455 rocket
The kind the police drive
Couldn't harldy wait just to take my turn
She was made for the strait ways
She grew up hatin' Cheverolets
She's a rocket she was made to burn

I'm tellin' you and I ain't ashamed
I cried when that wrecker came
As we skid, I thought I heard the angels sing
(sounded like the beach Boys)
And the curb, and began to sail
Took out most of the safety rails
Even the cop asked me
"man, what you have in that thing"

I had a 455 rocket
The very kind you drive

Better watch yourself when you take that turn
She was made for the strait ways
She grew up hatin' Chevroletes
She's a rocket, she was made to burn

Burn, oh
She's a rocket she was made to burn

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