My Chevrolet

Phil Vassar

It had a 327 and a 4 on the floor
It was Detroit built back in '64
Red bucket seats, she was mine all mine
Yeah, she was one of a kind
Kevin called shot gun and the boys piled in
We were young, we were innocent, we were guilty as sin
And every Friday night we'd make our get away in my Chevrolet
Big yellow moon on a country road and night moves on the stereo
The windows down and the smell of fresh cut hay, hey, hey
If that Chevy could talk the stories she'd tell
About broken hearts and love and raising hell
Yeah, it was summertime, man those were the days in my Chevrolet
Yeah, Jenny was an angel, she was my first love
Steaming up the windows and getting all tangled up
Stumbling round in the darkness trying to find our way, hey, hey
At the drive-in movies, parked way up at the back

I couldn't tell you what was playing, I didn't care nothing about that
But after that we'd hit the road
And parked down by the lake in my Chevrolet
Big yellow moon on a country road and night moves on the stereo
The windows down and the smell of fresh cut hay, hey, hey
If that Chevy could talk the stories she'd tell
About broken hearts and love and raising hell
Yeah, it was summertime, man those were the days in my Chevrolet
Oh yeah
May 28th, graduation day we set out to see the USA
We got as far as Smith Mountain Lake
Yeah, but that's okay in my Chevrolet
Oh yeah, in my Chevrolet
We were rolling away in my Chevrolet
Those were the days, yeah, in my Chevrolet
Oh, oh yeah, we were rolling away

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/