Chevrolet

Zz Top

In a flat Forty-One with my strat by the door
We was goin' to the country for what we came for
I'm sure you've smelled the trees in the air
The best of motor cruisin's just the joy to get thereI was approachin' Simonton down by the cotton gin
There was old man, Berkman trying to flag me in
He asked if I would stay awhile and if I needed gas
I said, "No thanks, anyhow I don't drive too fast"Hallelujah, Hallelujah, ride my Chevrolet
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, ride my ChevroletI took the road down to Cinco
Through that red Brazos River land
Done hit that freeway at sunset
Now the big city lights are at hand, oh, noHallelujah, Hallelujah, ride my Chevrolet
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, ride my Chevrolet

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