

Blue Chevrolet

Beat Farmers

He's the king of the cobras, a pavement hound
He plays upon a waitress at the Space Lodge Lounge
In walks 'no shoes no service' as the plates hit the ground
Her two-weeks notice just blew into town
There goes a red-head, a legend in a blue chevrolet
He cools the evening with a Pabst Blue Ribbon beer
She's chewin' gum in his right ear
Broke down in Bedrock Canyon, dropped the clutch and pressure plate
You know the red-head took two quarts
Now she's runnin' great
There goes a red-head, a legend in a blue chevrolet
I went on vacation, out on Interstate
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The heat's gettin' to ya, so's the wife and kids
He'll rise up out of the blacktop, like a pagan god
And blow on by you like some mirage
There goes a red-head, a legend in a blue chevrolet

Songwriters

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