

# You Can't Catch Me

Chuck Berry

I bought a brand-new air-mobile  
It was custom-made, 'twas a Flight De Ville  
With a pow'ful motor and some hideaway wings  
Push in on the button and you can hear her sing  
CHORUS:  
Now you can't catch me, baby you can't catch me  
'Cause if you get too close, you know I'm gone like a cool breeze  
New Jersey Turnpike in the wee wee hours  
I was rollin' slowly 'cause of drizzlin' showers  
Here come a flat-top, he was movin' up with me  
Then come wavin' by me in a little' old souped-up jitney  
I put my foot on my tank and I began to roll  
Moanin' siren, 'twas the state patrol  
So I let out my wings and then I blew my horn  
Bye bye New Jersey, I've become airborne  
(chorus) Flyin' with my baby last Saturday night  
Not a gray cloud floatin' in sight  
Big full moon shinin' up above  
Cuddle up honey, be my love  
Sweetest little thing I've ever seen  
I'm gonna name you Maybellene  
Flyin' on the beam, set on flight control  
Radio tuned to rock 'n' roll  
Two, three hours passed us by  
Altitude dropped to 5:05  
Fuel consumption way too fast  
Let's get on home before we run out of gas  
(chorus)

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