I Can't Start My Chevy

Raspberry Pie

Bought from a lot where it said "good as new"
On the bumper, she's a clunker in cerulean blue
I'd be ridin' in style but most of the time
I find myself a-givin' her a push from behind
If you've got somewhere you need to be
I promise you can't count on me 'cause

I can't start my Chevy when I'm ready to go for a drive
My ride is dusted, and busted, think the engine is
Fried, could be the carburetor
Timing belt or alternator
Keeping me from drivin' away
Now I'm dreamin; of highway, stuck in the driveway
Listenin' to the radio and waitin' on triple A

Pumping the brakes and turning the key
Now it's bending, but the engine won't turn over for me
Tryin' in vain to shift into drive
But the starter makes it harder when it finally dies
If you've gotta go, if you're in a rush
You're better off takin' a train or a bus 'cause

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My friends keep tellin' me, they all agree that
I should sell it for scrap
Or make a trade, there's cash to be made
That I could put towards the purchase of a compact
But I won't give it up, I can't get enough
Of goin' nowhere all day
My hand on the wheel of my automobile
My '82 cerulean blue Chevrolet

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