

# 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 there I 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 Chevrolet I 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, no Hallelujah, Hallelujah, ride my Chevrolet  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, ride my Chevrolet

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