

John Travolta

"Greased Lightenin' (Single Version)"

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This car is automatic
Systematic
Hydromatic
Why it's a Grease Lightning (Grease lightning)
I got chills they're multiplying
And I'm losing control
Cause the power you're supplying
It's electrifying
You better shape coz i need a man
And my heart is set on you
You better shape up
You better, to my heart i must be true
You're the one that I want
The one that I need
Oh yes indeed
Why it's a Grease lightning (grease lightning)
We'll get some overhead lifters
And some four barrel quads oh yeah
(keep talking whoa keep talking)
Fuel injection cutoffs and chrome plated rods oh yeah
(I'll get the money I'll kill to get the money)
With a four speed on the floor they'll be waiting at the
door
You know that I ain't braggin she's a real pussy wagon
Grease Lightning
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go
Go Grease Lightning you're burning up the quarter
mile
Grease lightning go grease lightning
Go grease lightning you're coasting through the hit lap
trial
Grease lightning go grease lightning
You are supreme the chicks'll cream for grease
lightning
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go
Summer loving had me a blast
Summer loving happened so fast
I met a girl crazy for me
Met a boy cute as can be
Summer days drifting a way to oh oh the summer night
Tell me more, tell me more
Did you get very far?

Tell me more, tell me more
Like does he have a car?
She swam by me she got a cramp
He ran by me got my suit damp
I saved her life she nearly drown
He showed off splashing around
Summer sun somethings begun but oh oh the summer
nights
Tell me more tell m

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