

Kathy Mattea

"455 Rocket"

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(Gillian Welch/David Rawlings)

Mr. Smith had an oldsmobile
Baby blue with them wire wheels
I took her home the day that she was advertised
He said she leaked when, it would rain
And sounded like an aeroplane
But I knew she was a jewel in disguise
She had a 455 Rocket
The biggest block alive
I couldn't hardly wait just to take my turn
She was made for the straight aways
She grew up hating Chevrolets
She's a Rocket, she was made to burn
Whose junkpile piece of Chevelle is this?
You boys come here to race or just kiss?
Don't you wanna know what I got underneath my hood?
I know she might sound like she's missing
But buddy, she could teach you a lesson
In just a quater mile, and I'll smoke you good
In my 455 Rocket

The kind the police drive
I couldn't hardly wait just to take my turn
She was made for the straight aways
She grew up hating Chevrolets
She's a Rocket, she was made to burn
I'm telling you and I ain't ashamed
I cried when that wrecker came
As we skid I thought I heard the angels sing (sounded
like the Beach Boys)
We hit the curve and began to sail
Took out most of the safety rail
Even the cop asked me
"Man, what'd you have in that thing?"
I had a 455 Rocket
The very kind you drive
You oughta watch yourself when you take that turn
'Cause she was made for the straight aways
She grew up hating Chevrolets
She's a Rocket, she was made to burn
Lord, she's a Rocket she was made to burn

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