

Kathy Mattea

"Mr. Smith Had An Oldsmobile"

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Baby blue with wire wheels
I took her home the day that she was advertised
He sais she leaked when it would rain
Sounded like an aeroplane
But I knew she was a jewel in disguise
She had a 455 rocket
Biggest block alive
I couldn't hardly wait just to take my turn
She was made for the straight aways
She grew up hatin' Chevrolets
She's a rocket, she was made to burn
Well whose junkpile piece of C-Chevelle is this?
You boys come here to race or just kiss?
Hmmm Don't you want to 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 quarter 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 hatin' 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 hears the angels sing
We hit the curve and began to sail
took out most of the saftey rail
Even the cop asked me, "Man what you have in that
thing?"
I had a 455 rocket
The very kind you drive
You oughta watch yourself when you take that turn
She was made for the straight aways
She grew up hatin' Chevrolets
She's a rocket, she was made to burn, burn
Lord she's a rocket, she was made to burn

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