

## **Kathy Mattea**

### **"Rocket"**

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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 airplane  
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 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 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

