

## **Mattea Kathy**

### **"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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