

## **Phil Vassar** **"My Chevrolet"**

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I had a 327 and a 4 on the floor  
It was Detroit built back in '64  
Red bucket seats she was all mine, all mine  
Yeah, she was one of a kind  
Kevin called "shot gun" and the boys piled in  
We were young and we were innocent  
We were guilty as sin  
And every Friday night, we'd make our getaway  
In my Chevrolet

Big, yellow moon on a country road  
And "Night Moves" on the stereo  
The windows down and the smell of fresh cut hay, hey  
hey  
If that Chevy could talk, the stories she'd tell  
About broken hearts and love and raising hell  
Yeah, it was summertime  
Man those were the days  
In my Chevrolet

Now, Jenni was an angel, she was my first love  
Steaming up the windows and getting all tangled up  
Stumbling around in the darkness and trying to find  
our way, hey, hey  
At the drive-in movies parked way up in the back

I couldn't tell you what was playing  
I didn't care nothing about that  
But after the show we'd hit the road and park down by  
the lake  
In my Chevrolet

Big, yellow moon on a country road  
And "Night Moves" on the stereo  
The windows down and the smell of fresh cut hay, hey  
hey  
If that Chevy could talk, the stories she'd tell  
About broken hearts and love and raising hell  
Yeah, it was summertime  
Man those were the days  
In my Chevrolet

May 28th, graduation day  
We set out to see the USA  
We got as far as Smith Mountain Lake  
Yeah, but that's okay  
In my Chevrolet  
In my Chevrolet  
We were rolling away  
In my Chevrolet  
Those were the days, yeah  
In my Chevrolet  
Whoa, yeah  
We were rolling away

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