

Peter Tork

"MGB-GT"

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Lately my mind is drifting back
To former days that used to be.
I think about some folks I knew and of my MGB-GT.
People let me tell you that if I had to make a recipe
For fun in driving I would have to spell it MGB-GT.

Cruising, using, choosing it,
amusing myself without a care;
Striving, thriving, hot-rod driving,
not arriving anywhere.

Folks, this little car of mine
was like a kitten purring throatily.
Sometimes it even seemed to soar
into the heavens, my red MGB-GT.

Tooling, fueling my good feeling,
schooling me in ways to know
Soaring, flooring it, adoring it,
my little way to go.

Folks, this little car of mine
was like a kitten purring throatily.
Sometimes it even seemed to soar
into the heavens, my red MGB-GT.

But I, I learned you have to lose some things
before you treasure them,;that's how it goes.
And I, I didn't give time to my car
and lost my car to time; what did I know?

And so life carries on,
And lots of things are better now for me.
And yet I think back on those golden times
When I had my red MGB-GT.

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