

# Bill Haley & his Comets, Rocket '88

You may have heard of jalopies,  
You heard the noise they make,  
Let me introduce you to my Rocket &#039;88.  
Yes it&#039;s great, just won&#039;t wait,  
Everybody likes my Rocket &#039;88.  
Gals will ride in style,  
Movin&#039; all along.  
(Guitar solo, leading into steel guitar solo.)  
V-8 motor and this modern design,  
My convertible top and the gals don&#039;t mind  
Sportin&#039; with me, ridin&#039; all around town for joy.  
(Spoken) -- Blow your horn, Rocket, blow your horn!  
(Horn sound effect leading into guitar solo.)  
Step in my Rocket and-a don&#039;t be late,  
We&#039;re pullin&#039; out about a half-past-eight.  
Goin&#039; on the corner and-a havin&#039; some fun,  
Takin&#039; my Rocket on a long, hot run.  
Ooh, goin&#039; out,  
Oozin&#039; and cruisin&#039; along.  
(Guitar solo.)  
Now that you&#039;ve ridden in my Rocket &#039;88,  
I&#039;ll be around every night about eight.  
You know it&#039;s great, don&#039;t be late,  
Everybody likes my Rocket &#039;88.  
Gals will ride in style,  
Movin&#039; all along.  
(Fade out, ending with sound effect of a car driving away.)