

Kathy Mattea, 455 Rocket

Mr. Smith had an Oldsmobile
Baby-blue with wire wheels
I took her home the day she was advertised
He said she would leaked when it would rain
Sounded like an aeroplane
but I knew she was 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 straight-a-ways
She grew up hating Chevrolets
She's a rocket
She was made to burn

Well, who's junk pile piece of Chevelle is this?
Did you boys come here to race or just kiss?
mmm now don't ya want to know what I got underneath my hood
I know she might sound like she's missin
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 to just take my turn
She was made for 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 angels sing
Sounded like the Beach Boys
Hit the curb then 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 wanna watch yourself when you take that turn
She was made for straight aways
She grew up hating Chevrolets
She's a rocket she was made to burn, burn
Ohh she's a rocket she was made to burn