

Kellie Coffey, Texas Plates

Trans-Am, t-top's down.
Red-light in my home town.
Nothin' to do, just cruisin' around,
With a couple of my best friends.
So he pulls up in this blue Mustang.
Finest thing we'd ever seen.
All cowboy'd up in his hat 'n jeans.
Only one thing to do when he pulled away.

(Chorus)□

We went flyin' down the interstate,
Chasin' those Texas plates.
Seventeen, we couldn't wait,
To see where the road might lead.
Not a care in the whole wide world,
Just three Oklahoma girls,
Wantin' a piece of the Lone Star state,
Chasin' those Texas plates.

Blue letters read Cowboy fan
Texas flag on top of them
He looked like the kinda man,
You can't take home to Mama.
He went slow for a couple of miles,
Flashin' lights an' tradin' smiles.
Then he stepped on the gas an' he waved goodbye,
An' we couldn't catch up but we had to try.

(Chorus)

We went flyin' down the interstate,
Chasin' those Texas plates.
Seventeen, we couldn't wait,
To see where the road might lead.
Not a care in the whole wide world,
Just three Oklahoma girls,
Wantin' a piece of the Lone Star state,
Chasin' those Texas plates.

Oh yeah.
We were flyin'.

An' I still love to remember,
That Trans-Am and that summer.
And just how good it felt.....

(Chorus)

When we went flyin' down the interstate,
Chasin' those Texas plates.
Seventeen, couldn't wait,
To see where the road might lead.
Not a care in the whole wide world,
Just three Oklahoma girls,
Wantin' a piece of the Lone Star state,
Chasin' those Texas plates.

Oh yeah, chasin' those Texas plates.