

Phil Vassar, Athens Grease

If you're headin' south on
Georgia one twenty-nine
Straight into Athens past the Clark County line
There's an old Texaco right across
From the Athens Woolworth
Billy Joe Taylor's underneath that lift
There ain't a car on the planet that he can't fix
He swears on his chrome-plated ratchet
That his heaven on earth

Well, he can make a rusty muffler purr like a kitten
Or an old Nash Rambler top out at one-fifty
Georgia's never seen a man more at peace
Than when Billy's got his hands in
Athen's Grease

Six days a week, he's a man on a mission
He's the redneck Picasso of
The manual transmission
And the only man in town who can make
Charlie Vincent's van go
When the sun goes down
And the day is endin'
Billy's still rockin' with a rack and pinion
Long as that boy's at work, well he's right at home

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Or an old Nash Rambler top out at one-fifty
Georgia's never seen a man more at peace
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Athen's Grease

Well, he's a rotatin,' lug nuttin,'
Spark pluggin' good ole boy
With his name on his shirt
And Thelma Lou Taylor likes to hang out at the station
'Cause she loves to watch him work

Well, he can make a rusty muffler purr like a kitten
Or an old Nash Rambler top out at one-fifty
Georgia's never seen a man more at peace
Than when Billy's got his hands in
Athen's Grease

Yeah, Georgia's never seen a man more at peace
Than when Billy's got his hands in
Athen's grease
Athen's grease, baby