

Greased Lightnin'

Olivia Newton-John

Why this car is automatic
It's systematic
It's hydromatic
Why it's greased lightnin'!
(grease lightnin'!)

We'll get some overhead lifters, and four-barrel quads, oh yeah
(Keep talkin', oh keep talkin')
Fuel injection cut off, and chrome plated rods, oh yeah
(I'll get the money, I'll kill to get the money)
With a four-speed on the floor, they'll be waitin' at the door
You know that ain't no shit
We'll be gettin' lots of tit in grease lightnin'

Go, grease lightnin', you're burnin' up the quarter mile
(Grease lightnin', go grease lightnin')
Go, grease lightnin', you're coastin' through the heat lap trials
(Grease lightnin', go grease lightnin')
You are supreme, the chicks'll cream for grease lightnin'

We'll get some purple French tail lights and thirty-inch fins, oh yeah
A palomino dashboard and duel muffler twins, oh yeah
With new pistons, plugs, and shocks, I can get off my rocks
You know that I ain't braggin',
She's a real pussy wagon - grease lightnin'

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