

Brand New '64 Dodge

Greg Brown

Money comes out of Dad's billfold.
Hankies come out of Mom's purse.
The engine hardly makes a sound
Even when you put it in reverse.
It's got a push-button transmission, hardtop
convertible, 4-door.
It's November of '63
And the brand new Dodge is a '64.

And we're rolling slow down Main Street -
The asphalt and gravel crunch.
Church is finally over
And we're going to have our Sunday lunch.
And then I will play football
With my buddies down in park.
Later I'll dream about my girlfriend
As I lie alone in the dark.

She's got short red hair and blue eyes
And her swimsuit's also blue
And her little brother is retarded,
But Jesus loves him, too.
And Jesus loves our president,
Even though he is a Catholic.
There's a lot for a boy to think about
As he walks along the railroad tracks.

And my sister won't get carsick
'cause we're going only half a mile
And the car still has that new car smell
And dad looks like he might smile
And the world is big and full of Autumn
And I'm hungry as can be
And we're in our brand new '64 Dodge
November of '63