

## 455 Rocket

Kathy Mattea

Mr. smith had an Oldsmobile  
Baby blue with wire wheels  
Took her home the day that she was baptised  
They said she leaked when it would rain  
Sounded like an airplane  
I knew she was a jewel in disguise

She had a 455 rocket  
The biggest block alive  
Couldn't hardly wait just to take my turn  
She was made for the straight-a-ways  
She grew up hatin' Chevrolets  
She's a rocket  
She was made to burn

Well who's junk pile piece of shh-velle is this  
Did you boys come here to race or just kiss  
Hmmm don't you want to know what I got underneath my hood  
I know she might sound like she's missin  
But honey 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  
Couldn't hardly wait just to take my turn  
She was made for the straight-a-ways  
She grew up hatin' Chevrolets  
She's a rocket she was made to burn

I'm tellin' you and I ain't ashamed  
I cried when that wrecker came  
As we skid, I thought I heard the angels sing  
(Sounded like the beach Boys)  
Hit the curb, and began to sail  
Took out most of the safety rails  
Even the cop asked me  
"man, what you have in that thing"

I had a 455 rocket  
The very kind you drive  
Better watch yourself when you take that turn  
She was made for the straight-a-ways  
She grew up hatin' Chevrolets  
She's a rocket, she was made to burn

Burn, oh  
She's a rocket she was made to burn