

Thunderbird

Steve Azar

Down a lonesome Georgia highway
Ridin' on a mountain breeze
You can feel that engine roarin'
You can hear them tires scream
Thunderbird

Legend has it, it was twilight
Some thirty years ago
They say Mary's momma begged her
Please don't ride in Billy Joe's
Thunderbird

But the race was on that Friday night
Mary had to be by Billy's side
Everybody in that Georgia town
Knew that Thunderbird could fly

He pulled up beside that Chevy
Just like he'd done a thousand times
They say Billy Joe kissed Mary
Then blew that Chevy off the line
Thunderbird

But the race was on that Friday night
Mary had to be by Billy's side
Everybody in that Georgia town
Knew that Thunderbird could fly

No one knows what really happened
Or why Billy Joe drove off the edge
They say the whole town searched for hours
But they never found the wreck
Thunderbird

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Oh, Thunderbird
Thunderbird
Oh, Thunderbird