

Chevette

Audio Adrenaline

Twenty years ago I watched in awe
as my dad drove up the driveway.
More than proud to have a brand
new family car.
Thirty miles to the gallon, 0 to 60,
sometimes.
I remember putting down the back
seat and lying in the hatchback.
Looking at the sky watching
trees go by.
I was the son of a preacher, and
he was a rich poor man.

No A.C.
No FM,
And no regrets,
in my Chevette.

The winter cracked the highway and
we tried to dodge the potholes.
He never promised us it would be a
gentle ride.
He never had a problem though,
keeping it on the narrow road.