

HQ454 Monroe

Cold Chisel

You tell me that you're leaving me
For someone you believe to be
Devoted just to you and you alone

Well goodbye baby, you know I'll
Be thinkin' of you only while
I get my Chevy motor fully blown

When you said I had to choose between
This muscle car and you, my queen
There was only one way that could ever go

I used to get home when I could
But there was nothing there as good
As when I light the nitro on my
HQ454 Monroe

She got fuelie heads, a tunnel ram
Roller rockers, lumpy cam
A seated seta new L34's

Gotta new four hundred Hydra shift
Simmons wheels, nine inch diff
Bridgestone Eagers, twelve inch just because

She's got four a colour, four a clear
She's lookin' better year by year
And unlike you tonight she's riding low

So baby its goodbye
You could never get me high
Like when I light the nitro on my
HQ454 Monroe

Well baby if I had to guess
I'd say your man is more or less
The figment of an overheated dream

The kinda thing a girl like you
Can fantasize to get you through
And rectify your battered self esteem

I'll bet he comes to get you in
Some shopping trolley kinda thing
That gets you where you're going nice and slow

Well off you go that's fine
The pleasure's all mine
When I light the nitro on my
HQ454 Monroe