

1970 Red Chevelle

Eleni Mandell

1970 red Chevelle
Fire-engine hot, I'm going to sell
I'm gonna be rich, I'm gonna be a millionaire
Deep-bucket seats, black-lined on top
Rolling down the street, I'm ready to pop
There ain't nobody, there ain't nobody, there ain't nobody to m
mm stop me

Seven-inch chrome rims, never seen a day Since 1982 been tucked
away
Hundred miles an hour
Oh man, this boy is fast

1970 red Chevelle
Hot-rod muscle car going to hell
I'll never get caught
I'll never get caught
I'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never get caught

Single-spot Malibu, everything's stark
Look out, Mama, when I'm screaming down the block
California, New York, whoa baby, you're a big shot
1970 red Chevelle
Cranberry tart I'm going to sell
I'm gonna get rich
I'm gonna get rich
I'm gonna get rich
I'm gonna be a millionaire