

Greased Lightnin'

John Travolta

Well this car is automatic, it's systematic, it's hydromatic
Why it's a greased lightnin'!
We'll get some overhead lifters, and four barrel pods,
Keep talkin', whoah keep talkin'
Fuel injection cut off, and chrome plated rods,
oh yeah I'll get the money, I'll see you get the money
With a four-speed on the floor, we'll be waitin' at the door
You know that ain't shit
when we'll be gettin' lots of tit - greased lightnin'

Go, greased lightnin',
you're burnin' up the quarter mile
Greased lightnin', go greased lightnin'
Go, greased lightnin',
you're crossin' through the hit that trial
Greased lightnin', go greased lightnin'

You are supreme, the chicks'll cream for greased lightnin'
We'll get some purple pitched tail lights
and thirty inch fins, oh yeah
A palomina dashboard and duel muffin' twins, oh yeah
With new boosters, plates and shocks,
I can get her on my rocks
You know that I ain't braggin',
she's a real pussy wagon - greased lightnin'

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