

My Chevrolet

Phil Vassar

I had a 327 and a 4 on the floor
It was Detroit built back in '64
Red bucket seats she was all mine, all mine
Yeah, she was one of a kind
Kevin called "shot gun" and the boys piled in
We were young and we were innocent
We were guilty as sin
And every Friday night, we'd make our getaway
In my Chevrolet

Big, yellow moon on a country road
And "Night Moves" on the stereo
The windows down and the smell of fresh cut hay, hey hey
If that Chevy could talk, the stories she'd tell
About broken hearts and love and raising hell
Yeah, it was summertime
Man those were the days
In my Chevrolet

Now, Jenni was an angel, she was my first love
Steaming up the windows and getting all tangled up
Stumbling around in the darkness and trying to find our way, hey, hey
At the drive-in movies parked way up in the back
I couldn't tell you what was playing
I didn't care nothing about that
But after the show we'd hit the road and park down by the lake
In my Chevrolet

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May 28th, graduation day
We set out to see the USA
We got as far as Smith Mountain Lake
Yeah, but that's okay
In my Chevrolet
In my Chevrolet
We were rolling away
In my Chevrolet
Those were the days, yeah
In my Chevrolet
Whoa, yeah
We were rolling away