

In a flat Forty-One with my strat on the door
We was goin' to the country for what we came for.
I'm sure you've smelled the trees in the air.
The best of motor cruisin's just the joy to get there.

I was approachin' Simonton down by the cotton gin.
There was old man Berkman trying to flag me in.
He asked if I would stay awhile and if I needed gas.
I said, "No thanks, anyhow I don't drive too fast."

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Ride my Chevrolet.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Ride my Chevrolet.

I took the road down to Cinco
Through that red Brazos River land,
Done hit that freeway at sunset.
Now the big city lights are at hand.

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Ride my Chevrolet.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Ride my Chevrolet.