

Chevrolet

(Written by Pamela McNeill)

Semi's cry on Highway 61,
Summer's weaving gold into an August sun
Mama's standing in the screened-in porch
a gardenia in her hair.

Elm trees flicker light across the lawn,
my sister and I are playing all day long
A perfect moment written in my soul
just before it got away.

First your daddy's late,
then he doesn't come home
try to piece it together when you're all alone,
Mama says, "Someday you're gonna understand
but for now come take my hand..."

We were living in the lost and found,
no we didn't have much on that homestead ground.
A couple gardens, some hand-me-downs
and a beat-up Chevrolet.

First your daddy's late,
then he doesn't come home
try to piece it together when you're all alone,
Mama says, "Someday you're gonna understand
but for now come take my hand..."
Then your daddy leaves
and he never comes back
and you grow up, cryin', baby, way too fast
And at night you hear the trains roll by
and you dream of far away...

Well, I packed my suitcase and I never looked back,
tore out into this world to make my own fine mess
with a - couple dollars, a homemade dress
and a beat-up Chevrolet

Yeah, I packed my suitcase and I never looked back,
tore out into this world and I made my own fine mess
with a - couple dollars, a homemade dress
and a beat-up Chevrolet