

Rocket in My Pocket

Little Feat

My baby called me up
She said, "Why don't you ever take me out?
Pick me up in your brand new car
You shake the short change from your old fruit jar"

I put on my dancin' shoes
We headed straight for the rhythm and blues
The music was hot, but my baby was not

I've got a rocket in my pocket
I said a rocket
Finger in the socket
No way for you to stop it
Rocket
Why don't you just get off it
Rocket rocket rocket I said rocket rocket rocket

Let me tell you about that girl of mine
Who I can't explain
She's got one foot on the platform
And the other on the train

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