

Scat Pack Sue

Puffball

I saw her standing at the stoplight by the pinball shack.
A "scat packers - unite !" sticker on the back.
She filled up the whole area with a heavy smell of gas.
Then it turned green and she was already going full blast.

She is the kind of girl whose name you will tattoo.
And everybody knows her by the name of Scat Pack Sue.

She handled the gearshift in a way that knocked me dead.
I pictured her Mopar with a sign that said "Newly wed".
She was everything I wanted plus she owned the coolest car.
So I headed to the racetrack, I felt up to par.

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I got out to the raceway and saw her car out on the track.
She didn't look my way, she really kept me on the rack.

She asked me why I stalked her, I said "I think you are so fine".
I rode my mothers Fury but I said that it was mine.
"At least you drive a Mopar so let's give this thing a shot".
And we became a scat pack couple in that moment on that spot.

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And everybody knows her by the name of Scat Pack Sue.

I had walked up to her Mopar when she'd passed the flags.
I was desperate to meet her and now I had her in the bags ...