

Rocket in My Pocket

Wishbone Ash

My baby called me up, she said
Why don't you come and take me out
Pick me up in your brand new car
Shake the short change from the old fruit jar

Put on your dancing shoes
Head straight for the rhythm and blues
The music was hot but my baby was not

I've got a rocket in my pocket
Well, a finger in the socket
No way you can stop it
I've got a rocket, I've got a rocket

I don't understand that girl
I can't explain
She got one foot on the platform
And the other on the train

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