The 1964 Corvair song lyrics

The first car I ever had was a sixty-four Corvair.
One day she hit a wee bump and jumped up in the air.
When she came back down, she was spinnin' like a top.
We slid out in a hay field—I didn't think she'd ever stop.

That car was out a balance, with the engine in the rear.
It be an understatement to say she over-steered.
Turnin' left at a crossroads the back swung out so far
Ya needed the side window ta see the path of the car.

Comin' down that Wallace hill, a tire dropped to the berm.
I nudged that car a little left, and she began ta squirm.
Snap oversteer was new to me, but I learned that very night.
When I tried to counter-steer, she swung from left to right.

The more I tried to steer that car, the more I was loosin' ground,
Until finally that doggone car turned the whole damn way around.
There I was a-goin backwards, in the dark down Wallace hill.
Lookin' out the back window, tryin' not to get me killed.

With the motor on the downhill end, that car was a bit more stable.
Twistin' my head way around, I drove the best as I was able.
I drove backward down that long, long hill without a-getting' killed,
Then the car, she went clear sideways, and we landed in a field.

The last time she spun on me, the road was a glare of ice.
At just five miles per hour, she swapped ends purdy nice.
It happened in slow motion, as the rear end came around.
We bounced off a snow bank, and slid backwards without a sound.

This is my Corvair story from back when I was just a kid.
I didn't need to go very fast to have me a hellish skid.
Nader said they was unsafe when drove at any speed
Now, I don't really like that guy — but I just can't disagree.

Oh, I really don't much like that guy, but I sure can't disagree.