

Silver Thunderbird

Marc Cohn

Watched it coming up Winslow
Down South Park Boulevard
Yeah it was looking good from tail to hood
Great big fins and painted steel
Man it looked just like the bat mobile
With my old man behind the wheel
Well you could hardly even see him in all of that chrome
The man with the plan and the pocket comb
But every night it carried him home
And I could hear him saying
Don't you give me no Buick
Son, you must take my word
If there's a God in heaven
He's got a Silver Thunderbird
You can keep your Eldorados
And the foreign car's absurd
Me, I wanna go down
In a Silver Thunderbird He got up every morning
While I was still asleep
And I remember the sound of him shuffling around
Right before the crack of dawn
Is when I heard him turn the motor on
But when I got up they were gone
Down the road in the rain and snow
The man and his machine would go
Oh, the secrets that old car would know
Sometimes I hear him sayin'
Don't you give me no Buick
Son, you must take my word
If there's a God in heaven
He's got a Silver Thunderbird
You can keep your Eldorados
And the foreign car's absurd
Me, I wanna go down
In a Silver Thunderbird Ohhh...
(x4) Down the road in the rain and snow
The man and his machine would go
Oh, the secrets that old car would know
I still hear him sayin' Don't you give me no Buick
Son, you must take my word
If there's a God up in heaven
He's got a Silver Thunderbird

You can keep your Eldorados
And the foreign car's absurd
Me, I wanna go down
In a Silver ThunderbirdMe, I wanna go down
In a Silver ThunderbirdOhhh...(x4)Hi ho silver...

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