

Blue Cheer, Blues Cadillac

(Dickie Peterson)

Why don't you ride in it, babe
Why don't you ride in my Cadillac
Come on and ride in it, babe
Why don't you ride in my Cadillac
You know my window's rolled down
And baby, my seat is back
Well tell me baby, what'd you-what'd you think about that!

Ride in it, babe
Ride in it, babe
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!

I'm gonna run it on strong with high-grain alcohol
I said I'll run it on strong with high-grain alcohol
And she might even compete, Show it's nimble roll
I tell you baby, baby that ain't all.

Ride in it, babe
Ride in it, babe
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!
(Come back here awhile, yeah!)

Said she's a storm flyin' buggy
Lord, she was built to last
Yeah she's a storm flyin' buggy
Lord, she was built to last
Know I slide down my windows
And I stomp down on that gas
Well tell me baby, what'd you-what'd you think about that!

Ride in it, babe
Ride in it, babe
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!

Said she's a storm flyin' buggy
Lord, she was built to last
Yeah she's a storm flyin' buggy
Lord, she was built to last
Oh, I can let down my windows
And I stomp down on that gas
So won't you ride, baby, ride
C'mon and ride, baby, ride
Get on and ride, baby, ride
C'mon and, ride, ride, ooooh!

Ride in it, babe
Ride in it, babe
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!
Ride in it, babe
Ride in it, babe
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillaaaaaac!