

Claps Donald, Beep! Beep!

(Donald Claps & Carl Cicchetti)

While riding in my Cadillac, what to my surprise,
a little Nash Rambler was following me, about one third my size.
The guy must have wanted to pass me up as he kept on tooting his horn,
Beep! Beep!

I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

Beep! Beep! (Beep! Beep!)

Beep! Beep! (Beep! Beep!).

His horn went Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

I pushed my foot down to the floor to give the guy the shake,
but the little Nash Rambler stayed right behind,
he still had on his brake.

He must have thought his car had more guts
as he kept on tooting his horn.

Beep! Beep!

I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

Beep! Beep! (Beep! Beep!)

Beep! Beep! (Beep! Beep!).

His horn went Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

My car went into passing gear and we took off with dust,
and soon we were doing ninety, must have left him in the dust.

When I peeked in the mirror of my car,

I couldn't believe my eyes,

That little Nash Rambler was right behind,
you'd think the guy could fly.

Beep! Beep! (Beep! Beep!) Beep! Beep! (Beep! Beep!).

His horn went Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

Now we're doing a hundred and ten,
it certainly was a race for a Rambler
to pass a Caddy would be a big disgrace.

For the guy who wanted to pass me,
he kept on tooting his horn. (Beep! Beep!)

I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

Beep! Beep! (Beep! Beep!)

Beep! Beep! (Beep! Beep!).

His horn went Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

Now we're doing a hundred and twenty, as fast as I could go,
the Rambler pulled along side of me as if I were going slow.

The fellow rolled down his window and yelled for me to hear,
"Hey, buddy, how can I get this car out of second gear?"
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