

# MARC COHN, Silver Thunderbird

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 Batmobile  
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 sayin'...  
Don't gimme 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  
But I remember the sound of him shuffling around  
Then right before the crack of dawn  
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'...  
(Chorus)