

Bette Midler, Pink Cadillac

Now you may think I'm foolish
with all the foolish things I do.
You may wonder how come you love me
when I get on your nerves like I do.

Aw, baby, you know you love me.
Ain't no secret 'bout that.
Come on over here and touch me, baby.
We're gonna seal a pact.

Now, honey, it ain't about money,
'cause I know you got plenty of that.
You love me for my pink cadillac,
crushed velvet seats,
low in the back, oozing down the street,
waving to the girls, feeling outa sight,
spending lots of money on a saturday night.
Aw, don't you love it when you're
riding in the back of my pink cadillac, baby?

Now some folks say it's too big,
uses too much gas.
Some say that it's too damned old.
Does not go real fast.
But, honey, your love is bigger than a Honda.
I heard it's bigger than a Subaru, yeah!
But my car's the real thing, baby,
ain't no one else will do.
Anyway, we don't have to ride it,
we can just park it out in the back
and have a party in my
Cadillac! Cadillac! Cadillac! Cadillac! Cadillac!

When the moon comes up,
the sun goes down,
ooo, we love to creep around.
We get a flame in our blood,
a fire in our breath,
and fourteen names carved on my chest.

Got a rose tattooed on this thigh.
Made a dead man rise and shine.
You got to drive them men folks wild.
You got to drive them men folks wild.
My my my, do that talk.
Woops, the Cadillac walk.

Early to rise! Early to bed!
The grown men that we have lead.
Little-bitty baby, you are the one!
Sign your name right on my gun.
Ain't we something nice?
Really cheap at twice the price.
We're gonna raise your fahrenheit!
We're gonna raise it tonight!
My my my, do that talk.
We're gonna Cadillac walk.
We're gonna Cadillac walk.
Make your Cadillac walk!
Make your Cadillac,
Make your Cadillac walk!!!