

Dean Friedman, Buy My Baby A Car

by Dean Friedman

Well, I don't make a lot of money,
But I know what I'm gonna do -
Buy a present for my honey,
With a note says, "I love you";

I'm gonna buy my baby a car.
I'm gonna buy my baby a car.
I'm gonna strap us in and we'll take a spin right down the boulevard.
I'm gonna buy my baby a car.
I'm gonna buy my baby a car.
And with the flick of a palm I'll turn the radio on,
We'll go searching for the stars.

My baby's in a mild depression,
All bewildered and perturbed.
But I can just see her expression,
When I pull up to the curb.

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Well, you can raise the price,
And you can hike my heating bill,
You can bring the pot to boil,
And you can do it all at will,

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