Dwight Yoakam, Guitars, Cadillacs

Girl, you taught me how to hurt real bad and cry myself to sleep
And showed me how this town can shatter dreams
Another lesson 'bout a naive fool who came to Babylon
And found out that the pie don't taste so sweet

Now it's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
Lonely, lonely streets that I call home
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
It's the only thing that keep me hangin' on

Ain't no glamour in this tinsleland of lost and wasted lives
Painful scars are all that's left of me
Oh, but thank you girl for teachin' me brand new ways to be cruel
If I can find my mind now, I guess I'll just leave

And it's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
Lonely, lonely streets that I call home
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
It's the only thing that keep me hangin' on

Oh it's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
Lonely, lonely streets that I call home
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
It's the only thing that keep me hangin' on
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