

# Heather Myles, Big Car

I like big cars,  
Like the one that's sittin' in my Grandpa's yard.  
He'll say: &quot;they don't make 'em like that no more,  
&quot;Not Pontiac, Cadillac, Chevy or Ford.&quot;  
Big cars.  
Yeah, I like big cars.

She's got white wall tyres and suicide doors,  
And under the hood, gotta four-fifty-four.  
Well, they don't make 'em like that no more,  
Not since nineteen seventy four.  
Big cars.  
Yeah, I like big cars.

Well, the paint's a little faded an' the seats are torn.  
She was Detroit made, before I was born.  
I remember when I turned sixteen,  
Learnin' how to drive up an' down Main Street.  
Big cars.  
Yeah, I like big cars.

Instrumental break

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She was Detroit made, before I was born.  
I remember when I turned sixteen,  
Learnin' how to drive up an' down Main Street.  
Yeah, I like big cars.

Cruisin' with my friends down the Boulevard,  
Drive-in movies, Jimmy playin' guitar.  
They don't make 'em like that no more,  
Not Pontiac, Cadillac, Chevy or Ford.  
Big cars.  
Yeah, I like big cars.

Cruisin' with my friends down the Boulevard,  
Drive-in movies, Jimmy playin' guitar.  
Big cars.  
Yeah, I like big cars.

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Not Pontiac, Cadillac, Chevy or Ford.  
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