

# Jo Dee Messina, Silver Thunderbird

Watched him coming upwind, slow  
Down South Park Boulevard  
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 that chrome  
The man with the plan and a pocket comb  
But every night it carried home  
And I could hear him saying

Don't you give me no Buick  
Girl, you must take my word  
If there's a God up in Heaven  
He's got a silver Thunderbird  
You can keep your El Dorado  
Man, the foreign car's absurd  
Me, I wanna go down  
In a silver Thunderbird

Got up every morning while I was still asleep  
I remember the sound of him shuffling around  
Right before the crack of dawn  
Is when I heard him turn his motor on  
And 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 saying

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In a silver Thunderbird  
Yeah, me, I wanna go down  
In a silver Thunderbird