

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