

John Hiatt, Thunderbird

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
Put your head on my shoulder
Don't say a word
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird

There's a burial ground
Beneath a cattle herd
Mr. Henry Ford's building me a Thunderbird

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
Put your head on my shoulder
Don't say a word
We'll cut across the country in my Thunderbird

We're from Pennsylvania
Welsh men of words
My daddy drove a Desoto
I drive a Thunderbird

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
She's the voice of the future
Baby, have you heard
Tomorrow's taken wing on my Thunderbird

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
Put your head on my shoulder
Don't say a word
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird

Got electric windows
Tilt away wheel
Slide across the bucket seat
For that sexy leather feel of

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
Put your head on my shoulder
Don't say a word
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird

From the old Volkswagen
Back to the Model T
A lot of men died
Just so you could ride with me in

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
She drives like a dream
Baby rest assured
It don't get any better than a Thunderbird

My daddy was a salesman
My brother was too
I would sell anything
Just to try to stay with you

But not my Thunderbird
No not my Thunderbird
Willy Loman's saying something
I can't hear a word
I'm going too fast in my Thunderbird

They make 'em that way
Yeah they make 'em that way
Well they make 'em that way
Yeah they make 'em that way

Well they make 'em that way