Pat Green, Going Down In Style

verse 1: i left Houston, Texas on a gulf coast hurricane i was blowed down by a tornado washed up by the rain well my pappy wasnt happy with mehe told me to go so i stole my daddy's cadillac and head on down the road i had a grin from ear to ear with each and every mile i was headed for the border man and i was going down in style
verse 2: now i hit Corpus Christi and the wind was at my back i drove them women crazy with my daddy's cadillac ya i cruised them down that boulevard i treated them like queens took em all the places that they wanted to be seen and when i had to leave em i'd tell with a smile im headed for the border man and i'm goin down in style
bridge: well you gotta take your chances if they ever come along close your eyes and listen to the great big engine wind it dont really matter weather you are right or wrong cause when you cross the border man you leave this world behind
verse 3: i stomped on down the peddle set the cruise control 500 raging horses be on by the state patrol lord the sirens were a screamin lights flashin red there's a dozen more waitin at the road block up ahead had them scatteren like chickens a heard one of them say he's headed toward the border and he's going down in style
verse 4: now when you cross the border you aint never comin back there aint to redemption when the cops are on your tail when the closest thing to heaven is a great big cadillac the city lights of Houston or the firey gates of hell well the nabbed me on the hill that over looks the Rio Grande and i was feeling just like moses lookin on the promise land well they hauled me back to Houston put me in the jail where my momma started crying my daddy paid the bail well im sorry im not there to hear the outcome of my trial cause im headed for the border man and im going down in style