

Ragtop Cadillac

Lonestar

I've got a black book full of numbers
All the makings of a real hot summer
Radio cranked up a-rockin'
Week's pay burning a hole in my pocket

I've got everything I need almost
Everything I need I'm this close
Everything I need wouldn't you know
The only thing I lack is you and a ragtop Cadillac

I've got my new boots off of layaway
It's Friday night and I'm ready to play
Fist full of quarters for the telephone
A '65 Chevy from a friend on lone

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You and a ragtop Cadillac
I need you and a ragtop Cadillac