

## Blues Cadillac

Blue Cheer

Why don't you ride in it, babe  
Why don't you ride in my Cadillac  
Come on and ride in it, babe  
Why don't you ride in my Cadillac  
You know my window's rolled down  
And baby, my seat is back  
Well tell me baby, what'd you-what'd you think about that!

Ride in it, babe  
Ride in it, babe  
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!

I'm gonna run it on strong with high-grain alcohol  
I said I'll run it on strong with high-grain alcohol  
And she might even compete, Show it's nimble roll  
I tell you baby, baby that ain't all.

Ride in it, babe  
Ride in it, babe  
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!  
(Come back here awhile, yeah!)

Said she's a storm flyin' buggy  
Lord, she was built to last  
Yeah she's a storm flyin' buggy  
Lord, she was built to last  
Know I slide down my windows  
And I stomp down on that gas  
Well tell me baby, what'd you-what'd you think about that!

Ride in it, babe  
Ride in it, babe  
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!

Said she's a storm flyin' buggy  
Lord, she was built to last  
Yeah she's a storm flyin' buggy  
Lord, she was built to last  
Oh, I can let down my windows  
And I stomp down on that gas  
So won't you ride, baby, ride  
C'mon and ride, baby, ride  
Get on and ride, baby, ride  
C'mon and, ride, ride, ooooh!

Ride in it, babe  
Ride in it, babe  
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!  
Ride in it, babe  
Ride in it, babe  
Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillaaaaaac!