

Cowboy Cadillac

Confederate Railroad

Well Deke's got a Ford, Hank's got a Chevy
Booger's got a beat-up Dodge
Well they fight like the devil over which one's better
Fridays at the Moose Head Lodge
Just a friendly chatter 'cause it really don't matter
When it comes to the model or make
Now they're all the same no matter what name's
Underneath the mud on the ol' tailgate

It's a cowboy cadillac, mud grips, gun rack
Factory four-on-the-floor
Quarter tank of gas and a spare in the back
Lord who could ever ask for more
Sitting up high as the world goes by
Kicking-up dust in your tracks
It's a matter of pride as a matter of fact to
Them folks that ride in them cowboy cadillacs

Now Bobby Jean Cordell dreams 'bout wedding bells
Ringing in her life one day
And a fine young man armed with a wedding band
Stealing her heart away
But when the "I Do's" done and the songs are sung
And she finally gets to kiss the groom
It ain't a white limousine in her wildest dreams
Hauling her away on a honeymoon

Now a lot of my friends are folks like them
I feel I know them well enough to say
They've got a parking space at the pearly gates
When they run out of road some day
Now I hesitate to speculate
About the workings of those heavenly things
But when they meet the Lord for the just reward
I bet instead of a pair of angel wings
They get a cowboy cadillac.