

Guitars, Cadillacs

Dwight Yoakam

Girl you taught me how to hurt real bad
And cry myself to sleep
You showed me how this town can shatter dreams
Another lesson about a naive fool
That came to Babylon
And found out that the pie don't taste so sweet

Now it's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
Lonely, lonely streets that I call home
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs and hillbilly music
Is the only thing that keeps me hanging on

There ain't no glamor in this tinseled land
Of lost and wasted lives
And painful scars are all that's left of me
But thank you girl for teaching me
Brand new ways to be cruel
If I can find my mind now, I guess I'll just leave

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