

## 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 tinsel 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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