

## Sandpaper Cadillac

Joe Cocker

Riding along in a sandpaper Cadillac  
Somebody's strikin' a match on the back  
Brimstone lines marring the body so fair  
Brimstone lines marring the body so fair

Slowly, my mind and dream change into woe, now  
My car is dead and gone, Lord  
And I just can't carry on  
Changing, my thoughts become so clear to me  
My car wants to be free, I know  
And it's calling out to me, yeah  
Walking along with a gold-plated pussycat  
Somebody's pouring blood on its back  
Paint that has pierced all the pores in his hide  
Paint that has pierced all the pores in his hide

Slowly, my mind and dream change into woe, now  
My cat is all alone, I know it  
And it hasn't got a bone  
Changing, my thoughts become so clear to me  
My cat begins to sleep  
And it's sleeping 'round with me  
Don't you know I need that thing so bad  
My car and my cat are going bad  
And I need everything I can, Lady  
Aaaaa! Oh, no no, this can't be the same, no  
They're gonna meet me once again, yeah  
They're gonna meet me once again, Lord