

# Comin' Back in a Cadillac

Joe Nichols

Leavin' this town got the ticket in my hand,  
Greyhound gonna haul me to the promised land.  
Can't shake this restless in my bones,  
Mama don't fret I won't be alone.  
Gonna make me a fortune and I'm comin' back...  
In a cadillac!

Ain't no jobs, mill closed last year,  
If ya wanna get ahead, get the hell outta here.  
There's a lot of new money in this old guitar,  
Hold on Daddy, don't ya sell that farm.  
Gonna make me a pile and I'm comin' back...  
In a cadillac!

This backwoods boy's gonna be an uptown deal,  
And I'll be back home in my coverted "ville".  
There'll be so much green  
They're gonna think I robbed a bank when I get back...  
In a Cadillac!

These neon lights leave me shinin' like glitter,  
And if I play real good I get the pick of the litter.  
If what she's workin' feels just right,  
She might wind up and be my wife.  
Throw her suitcase in and then I'll drive her on back...  
In my Cadillac!

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In my Cadillac!