

## Detroit Made

John Hiatt

I got me a deuce and a quarter, babe  
She will ride you right  
Pick you up 'bout half past nine  
We can ride all night

Came up from the country, baby  
City's where I stay  
Got me a deuce and a quarter, babe  
That's all I got to say

She's Detroit made  
Deuce and a quarter, babe  
She's Detroit made  
Deuce and a quarter, babe

Big block, she'll do all the work  
So we can ride in style  
Leather on those bucket seats  
Carpet, double pile

Chrome that takes the moonlight on  
Sea to shining sea  
You can hear those glass pipes rumble  
To the Statue of Liberty

Now, when I first got outta high school  
I drove an old farm truck  
All the girls they walk right by me  
Didn't even say good luck

Now, I ride in my 225  
They all wanna be my friend  
I'll pick you up later tonight now, babe  
If you can wait 'til then

Just about every cat I know  
Wants him a Coupe de Ville  
I pay half the price and get twice as nice  
And they still tryin' to pay that bill

Now, I can't say everything's ok  
Ridin' in my car  
But I got me a deuce and a quarter babe  
She goes like a shootin' star