

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