

# Silver Thunderbird

Marc Cohn

Watched it comin' up Winslow, down south park boulevard  
Yeah it was looking good from tail to hood  
Great big fins and painted steel  
Man it looked just like the batmobile  
With my old man behind the wheel

Well you could hardly even see him  
In all of that chrome  
The man with the plan and the pocket comb  
But every night it carried him home  
And I could hear him sayin'

Don't you gimme no buick  
Son you must take my word  
If there's a God in Heaven  
He's got a silver thunderbird  
You can keep your El Dorados  
And the foreign car's absurd  
Me I wanna go down  
In a silver thunderbird

He got up every mornin' while I was still asleep  
But I remember the sound of him shufflin' around  
Right before the crack of dawn  
When I heard him turn the motor on  
But when I got up they were gone

Down the road in the rain and snow  
The man and his machine would go  
Oh the secrets that old car would know  
Sometimes I hear him sayin'

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The man and his machine would go  
Oh the secrets that old car would know  
I still hear him sayin'

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